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THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS
The Standard Edition
IN 18 VOLUMES
VOLUME X

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES

VOLUME I.

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Oliver Cromwell

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS & SPEECHES

With Elucidations

By THOMAS CARLYLE

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IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

WITH PORTRAIT

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

NEW YORK

1905

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE First Edition of this Work[1] having, contrary to expectation, spread itself abroad with some degree of impetus, has, as in that case was partly natural, brought me into correspondence with various possessors and collectors of Cromwell Letters; has brought obliging contributions, and indications true and fallacious, from far sources and from near; and, on the whole, has disinterred from their widespread slumber a variety of Letters not before known to me, or not before remembered by me. With which new Letters it became a rather complex question what was now to be done.

They were not, in general, of much, or almost of any intrinsic importance; might here and there have saved some ugly labour and research, had they been known in time; but did not now, as it turned out, tend to modify, in any essential particular, what had already been set down, and sent forth to the world as a kind of continuous connected Book. It is true, all clearly authentic Letters of Cromwell, never so unimportant, do claim to be preserved; and in this Book, by the title of it, are naturally to be looked for. But, on the other hand, how introduce them now? To unhoop your cask again, and try to insert new staves, when the old staves, better or worse, do already hang together, is what no cooper will recommend! Not to say, that your Set of Cromwell Letters can never, in this Second or in any other Edition, be considered as *complete:* an uncounted handful of needles to be picked from an unmeasured continent of hay,—how can you ever assure yourself that you have them all?

After deliberation, the law of the case seemed to be somewhat as follows: *First*, that whatever Letters would easily fit themselves into the Book as it stood,—easily, or even with labour if that were

[1] December 1845.

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all,—should be duly admitted. *Secondly*, that for such Letters as tended to bring into better relief any feature of the Man or his Work,—much more, had they tended to correct or alter in any respect any feature I had assigned to him or to it: that for these an effort should be made, if needful; even a considerable effort; effort, in fact, to be limited only by this consideration, Not to damage by it to a still greater degree the already extant, and so by one's effort accomplish only loss. *Thirdly*, that for such Cromwell Letters as did not fall under either of these descriptions, but were nevertheless clearly of his composition, there should be an *Appendix* provided. In which, without pretension to commentary, and not needing to be read along with the Text, but only apart from it if at all, they might at least stand correctly printed: —they, and certain other Pieces of more doubtful claim; for most part Letters too, but of half, or in some cases of wholly, official character;—if by chance they were elucidative, brief, and not easily attainable elsewhere. Into which Appendix also, as into a loose back-room or lumber-room, not bound to be organic or habitable, bound only to be maintained in a reasonably swept condition, any still *new* Letters of Cromwell might without ceremony be disposed.

Upon these principles this Second Edition has been produced. New Letters intercalated into the Text, and Letters lying in loose rank in the Appendix, all that I had, or could hear of or get any trace of hitherto, are here given. For purchasers of the First Edition, the new matter has been detached, printed as a Supplement, which the Bookseller undertakes to sell at prime cost.—And now, having twice escaped alive from these detestable Dust-Abysses, let me beg to be allowed to consider this my small act of Homage to the Memory of a Hero as finished;—this Second Edition of *Oliver's Letters and Speeches* as the final one. New Letters, should such still turn up, I will not, except they contradict some statement, or fibre of a statement, in the Text, undertake to introduce there; but deposit them without ceremony in the loose lumber-room, in a more or less swept condition.

T. CARLYLE.

London, 11th May 1846.

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE small leakage of new Cromwell matter that has oozed in upon me from the whole world, since the date of that Second Edition, has been disposed of according to the principles there laid down. Some small half-dozen of Authentic new *Letters*, pleasantly enough testifying (once they were cleared into legibility) how every new fact fits into perfect preëstablished correspondence with all old facts, but not otherwise either pleasant or important, have come to me; one or two of these, claiming more favour, or offering more facility, have been inserted into the Text; the rest, as was my bargain in regard to all of them, have been sent to the Appendix. In Text or Appendix there they stand, duly in their places; they, and what other smallest of authentic glimmerings of additional light (few in number, infinitesimally small in moment) came to me from any quarter: all new acquisitions have been punctually inserted;—generally indicated as new, where they occur; too insignificant for enumerating here, or indeed almost for indicating at all.

On the whole, I have to say that the new Contributions to this Third Edition are altogether slight and insignificant, properly of no real moment whatever. Nay, on looking back, it may be said that the new Contributions to any Edition have been slight; that, for learning intelligibly what the Life of Cromwell was, the First Edition is still perhaps as recommendable a Book as either of its followers. Exposed, since that, to the influx of new Cromwell matter from all the world, one finds it worth observing how little of the smallest real importance has come in; what of effort has had to expend itself, not in improving the Book as a practical Representation of Cromwell's Existence in this world, but in hindering it from being injured as such,—from being swollen out of shape by superfluous details, defaced with dilettante

antiquarianisms, nugatory tagrags; and, in short, turned away from its real uses, instead of furthered towards them. An ungrateful kind of effort, and growing ever more so, the longer it lasts;—but one to which the Biographer of Cromwell by this method has to submit, as to a clear law of nature, with what cheerfulness he can.

Certain Dictionary *Lists*, not immediately connected with Oliver, but useful for students of this Historical Period, a *List of the Long Parliament*, and *Lists of the Association Committees;* farther, a certain Contribution called *The Squire Papers*, which is for the present, and must for a long time remain, of doubtful authenticity to the world: these I have subjoined to the Second[1] Volume, which offered space for such a purpose; but have been careful, in Text, Appendix, Index, to make no reference to them, to maintain a perfect separation between all parts of the Book and them, and to signify that these are not even an Appendix, or thing hooked-on, but rather a mere Adjacency, or thing in some kind of contact, —kind of contact which can at any moment be completely dissolved, by the very Bookbinder if he so please.

And in general, for the reader's sake, let me again say plainly that all these Appendixes and Adjuncts are insignificant; that the Life of Cromwell lies in the Text; and that a serious reader, if he take advice of mine, will not readily stir from that on any call of the Appendixes &c., which can only be a call towards things unessential, intrinsically superfluous, if extrinsically necessary here, and worthy only of a later and more cursory attention, if of any whatever, from him.

T. C.

London, 16th October 1849.

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[1] The *Lists* will be given at the end of the Third Volume in the present Edition; the *Squire Papers* are adjoined to the Second Volume.

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES:

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

ANTI-DRYASDUST.

WHAT and how great are the interests which connect themselves with the hope that England may yet attain to some practical belief and understanding of its History during the Seventeenth Century, need not be insisted on at present; such hope being still very distant, very uncertain. We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that Century, and indeed which had guided us in all preceding Centuries, but of which that Century was the ultimate manifestation: we have wandered very far; and must endeavour to return, and connect ourselves therewith again! It is with other feelings than those of poor peddling Dilettantism, other aims than the writing of successful or unsuccessful Publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried. The last glimpse of the God-like vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formulism,—antique 'Reign of God,' which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to modern Reign of the No-God, whom men name Devil: this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man! One wishes there were a History of English Puritanism, the last of all our Heroisms; but sees small prospect of such a thing at present.

'Few nobler Heroisms,' says a well-known Writer long occupied on this subject, 'at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever trans-'acted itself on this Earth; and it lies as good as lost to us; 'overwhelmed under such an avalanche of Human Stupidities as 'no Heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may 'be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the 'spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to 'the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of

'it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie 'there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as 'shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of 'every conceivable confusion;—yielding light to very few; yielding 'darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull Pedantry, conceited 'idle Dilettantism,—prurient Stupidity in what shape soever,—is 'darkness and not light! There are from Thirty to Fifty Thousand 'unread Pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: 'huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps 'one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. They lie pre-'served there, waiting happier days; under present conditions they 'cannot, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and such-'like, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nalsons, 'Thurloes; enormous folios, these and many others have been 'printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited,— 'edited as you edit wagonloads of broken bricks and dry mortar, 'simply by tumbling up the wagon! Not one of those monstrous 'old volumes has so much as an available Index. It is the 'general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct 'the press, it is an honourable distinction to him.

'Those dreary old records, they were compiled at first by 'Human Insight, in part; and in great part, by Human Stupidity 'withal;—but then it was by Stupidity in a laudable diligent 'state, and doing its best; which was something:—and, alas, they 'have been successively elaborated by Human Stupidity in the '*idle* state, falling idler and idler, and only pretending to be dili-'gent; whereby now, for us, in these late days, they have grown 'very dim indeed! To Dryasdust Printing-Societies, and suchlike, 'they afford a sorrowful kind of pabulum; but for all serious 'purposes, they are as if non-extant; might as well, if matters 'are to rest as they are, not have been written or printed at 'all. The sound of them is not a *voice*, conveying knowledge or 'memorial of any earthly or heavenly thing; it is a wide-spread 'inarticulate slumberous mumblement, issuing as if from the lake 'of Eternal Sleep. *Craving* for oblivion, for abolition and honest 'silence, as a blessing in comparison!—

'This then,' continues our impatient friend, 'is the Elysium 'we English have provided for our Heroes! The Rushworthian 'Elysium. Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. 'Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge: 'obscure, in lurid twilight as of the shadow of Death; trackless,

'without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human fore-'goer;—where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes 'bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambu-'lant Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by Phantasms, 'errors, inconceivabilities, by Nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, 'griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, over-'whelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and 'dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the Age of 'Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, 'for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping our 'Heroic Ones in memory. By way of sacred poet they have found 'voluminous Dryasdust, and his Collections and Philosophical 'Histories.

'To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories 'of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for 'himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport; but to 'us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, 'the faces of our vanished Fathers, it is death!—O Dryasdust, my 'voluminous friend, had Human Stupidity continued in the dili-'gent state, think you it had ever come to this? Surely at least 'you might have made an Index for these huge books! Even 'your genius, had you been faithful, was adequate to that. Those 'thirty thousand or fifty thousand old Newspapers and Pamphlets 'of the King's Library, it is you, my voluminous friend, that 'should have sifted them, many long years ago. Instead of dron-'ing out these melancholy scepticisms, constitutional philosophies, 'torpedo narratives, you should have sifted those old stacks of 'pamphlet-matter for us, and have had the metal grains lying here 'accessible, and the dross-heaps lying there avoidable; you had 'done the human memory a service thereby; some human remem-'brance of this matter had been more possible!'

Certainly this description does not want for emphasis: but all ingenuous inquirers into the Past will say there is too much truth in it. Nay, in addition to the sad state of our Historical Books, and what indeed is fundamentally the cause and origin of that, our common spiritual notions, if any notion of ours may still deserve to be called spiritual, are fatal to a right understanding of that Seventeenth Century. The Christian Doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts,—very mournful to behold; and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay worse still, the Cant of them does

yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is Cant;—in which fatal intermediate state the Eternal Sacredness of this Universe itself, of this Human Life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that too a Cant and a Creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us,—not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a ghastly condition: not as commandments of the Living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas, no, as something very different from that! Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the Seventeenth Century for us. From this source has proceeded our maltreatment of it, our miseditings, miswritings, and all the other 'avalanche of Human Stupidity,' wherewith, as our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed! Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our Unbelief and our Cant of Belief!—Our impatient friend continues:

'I have known Nations altogether destitute of printer's-types 'and learned appliances, with nothing better than old songs, monu- 'mental stoneheaps and Quipo-thrums to keep record by, who had 'truer memory of their memorable things than this! Truer 'memory, I say: for at least the voice of their Past Heroisms, if 'indistinct, and all awry as to dates and statistics, was still melo- 'dious to those Nations. The body of it might be dead enough; 'but the soul of it, partly harmonised, put in real accordance with 'the "Eternal Melodies," was alive to all hearts, and could not die. 'The memory of their ancient Brave Ones did not rise like a 'hideous huge leaden vapour, an amorphous emanation of Chaos, 'like a petrifying Medusa Spectre, on those poor Nations: no, but 'like a Heaven's Apparition, which it *was*, it still stood radiant 'beneficent before all hearts, calling all hearts to emulate it, and 'the recognition of it was a Psalm and Song. These things will 'require to be practically meditated by and by. Is human 'Writing, then, the art of burying Heroisms and highest Facts 'in Chaos; so that no man shall henceforth contemplate them 'without horror and aversion, and danger of locked-jaw? What 'does Dryasdust consider that he was born for; that paper and 'ink were made for?

'It is very notable, and leads to endless reflections, how the 'Greeks had their living *Iliad*, where we have such a deadly 'indescribable *Cromwelliad*. The old *Pantheon*, home of all the

'gods, has become a *Peerage-Book*,—with black and white surplice-
'controversies superadded, not unsuitably. The Greeks had their
'Homers, Hesiods, where we have our Rymers, Rushworths, our
'Norroys, Garter-Kings, and Bishops Cobweb. Very notable, I
'say. By the genius, wants and instincts and opportunities of the
'one People, striving to keep themselves in mind of what was
'memorable, there had fashioned itself, in the effort of successive
'centuries, a *Homer's Iliad:* by those of the other People, in
'successive centuries, a *Collins's Peerage* improved by Sir Egerton
'Brydges. By their Pantheons ye shall know them! Have not
'we English a talent for Silence? Our very Speech and Printed-
'Speech, such a force of torpor dwelling in it, is properly a higher
'power of Silence. There is no Silence like the Speech you cannot
'listen to without danger of locked-jaw! Given a divine Heroism,
'to smother it well in human Dulness, to touch it with the mace
'of Death, so that no human soul shall henceforth recognise it for
'a Heroism, but all souls shall fly from it as from a chaotic Torpor,
'an Insanity and Horror,—I will back our English genius against
'the world in such a problem!

'Truly we have done great things in that sort; down from
'Norman William all the way, and earlier: and to the English
'mind at this hour, the past History of England is little other than
'a dull dismal labyrinth, in which the English mind, if candid, will
'confess that it has found of knowable (meaning even *conceivable*),
'of lovable, or memorable,—next to nothing. As if we had done
'no brave thing at all in this Earth;—as if not Men but Night-
'mares had written of our History! The English, one can discern
'withal, have been perhaps as brave a People as their neighbours;
'perhaps, for Valour of Action and true hard labour in this Earth,
'since brave Peoples were first made in it, there has been none
'braver anywhere or anywhen:—but, also, it must be owned, in
'Stupidity of Speech they have no fellow! What can poor English
'Heroisms do in such case, but fall torpid into the domain of the
'Nightmares? For of a truth, Stupidity is strong, most strong.
'As the Poet Schiller sings: "Against Stupidity the very gods
'fight unvictorious." There is in *it* an opulence of murky stag-
'nancy, an inexhaustibility, a calm infinitude, which will baffle
'even the gods,—which will say calmly, "Yes, try all your light-
'nings here; see whether my dark belly cannot hold them!"

"Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens."'

Has our impatient friend forgotten that it is Destiny withal as

well as 'Stupidity;' that such is the case more or less with Human History always! By very nature it is a labyrinth and chaos, this that we call Human History; an *abatis* of trees and brushwood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of Today, there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other Years and Days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation; down deep to the beginnings of the History of Man. Think where our Alphabetic Letters came from, where our Speech itself came from; the Cookeries we live by, the Masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day's Occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubalcain and Triptolemus; the tap-roots of them are with Father Adam himself and the cinders of Eve's first fire! At bottom, there is no perfect History; there is none such conceivable.

All past Centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb and quiet, even as that Seventeenth is now threatening to do. Histories are *as* perfect as the Historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul! For the leafy blossoming Present Time springs from the whole Past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say:—and truly the Art of History, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred Poet, is very much even this: To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent for us; and what reaches no longer to the surface, but moulders safe underground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more: of the former we shall rejoice to hear; to hear of the latter will be an affliction to us; of the latter only Pedants and Dullards, and disastrous *male*factors to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion: it lies all there! Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern *Iliad* as memorial of the Past: when both are foolish, and the general soul is overclouded with confusions, with unveracities and discords, there is a 'Rushworthian chaos.' Let Dryasdust be blamed, beaten with stripes if you will; but let it be with pity, with blame to Fate chiefly. Alas, when sacred Priests are arguing about 'black and white surplices;' and sacred Poets have long *professedly* deserted Truth, and gone a woolgathering after 'Ideals'

and suchlike, what can you expect of poor secular Pedants? The labyrinth of History must grow ever darker, more intricate and dismal; vacant cargoes of 'Ideals' will arrive yearly, to be cast into the oven; and noble Heroisms of Fact, given up to Dryasdust, will be buried in a very disastrous manner!—

But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, That Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies *there*. The Fast-day Sermons of St. Margaret's Church Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb! In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us: by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon as read; they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead and gone, they and what they shadowed; the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbour to them. Alas, and did not the honourable Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess; Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye: the Printer has done for them what he could, and Mr. Speaker gave them the thanks of the House:—and no most astonishing Review-Article, or tenth-edition Pamphlet, of our day can have half such 'brilliancy,' such 'spirit,' 'eloquence,'—such *virtue to produce belief*, which is the highest and in reality the only literary success,—as these poor little dumpy quartos once had. And behold, they are become inarticulate quartos; spectral; and instead of speaking, do but screech and gibber! All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, prayings, pamphleteerings are sunk into one indiscriminate moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent: human Speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the 'Eternal Melodies,' and harmonise with them; human Action, Interest, if divorced from the Eternal Melodies, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away.

The Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest Purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive;

the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said of his Banner, and Lion of the Tribe of Judah: "Who shall rouse him up?"—

'For indisputably,' exclaims the above-cited Author in his vehement way, 'this too was a Heroism; and the soul of it remains 'part of the eternal soul of things! Here, of our own land and 'lineage, in practical English shape, were Heroes on the Earth once 'more. Who knew in every fibre, and with heroic daring laid to 'heart, That an Almighty Justice does verily rule this world; that 'it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the Devil's 'side! The essence of all Heroisms and Veracities that have 'been, or that will be.—Perhaps it was among the nobler and 'noblest Human Heroisms, this Puritanism of ours: but English 'Dryasdust could not discern it for a Heroism at all;—as the 'Heaven's lightning, born of its black tempest, and destructive to 'pestilential Mud-giants, is mere horror and terror to the Pedant 'species everywhere; which, like the owl in any sudden bright-'ness, has to shut its eyes,—or hastily procure smoked-spectacles 'on an improved principle. Heaven's brightness would be intoler-'able otherwise. Only your eagle dares look direct into the fire-'radiance; only your Schiller climbs aloft "to discover whence the 'lightning is coming." "Godlike men love lightning," says one. 'Our old Norse fathers called it a God; the sunny blue-eyed Thor, 'with his all-conquering thunder-hammer,—who again, in calmer 'season, is beneficent Summer-heat. Godless men love it not; 'shriek murder when they see it; shutting their eyes, and hastily 'procuring smoked-spectacles. O Dryasdust, thou art great and 'thrice-great!'——

'But, alas,' exclaims he elsewhere, getting his eye on the real nodus of the matter, 'what is it, all this Rushworthian inarticulate 'rubbish-continent, in its ghastly dim twilight, with its haggard 'wrecks and pale shadows; what is it, but the common Kingdom 'of Death? This *is* what we call Death, this mouldering dumb 'wilderness of things once alive. Behold here the final evanes-'cence of Formed human things; they had form, but they are 'changing into sheer formlessness;—ancient human speech itself 'has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse,— 'the etiolation of human features into mouldy blank; *dis*solution;

'progress towards utter silence and disappearance; disastrous 'ever-deepening Dusk of Gods and Men!——Why has the living 'ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-'swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onwards to these baleful halls 'of Dis and the three-headed Dog? Some Destiny drives him. It 'is his sins, I suppose:—perhaps it is his love, strong as that of 'Orpheus for the lost Eurydice, and likely to have no better issue!'—

Well, it would seem the resuscitation of a Heroism from the Past Time is no easy enterprise. Our impatient friend seems really getting sad! We can well believe him, there needs pious love in any 'Orpheus' that will risk descending to the Gloomy Halls;—descending, it may be, and fronting Cerberus and Dis, to no purpose! For it oftenest proves so; nay, as the Mythologists would teach us, always. Here is another Mythus. Balder the white Sungod, say our Norse Skalds, Balder, beautiful as the summer-dawn, loved of Gods and men, was dead. His Brother Hermoder, urged by his Mother's tears and the tears of the Universe, went forth to seek him. He rode through gloomy winding valleys, of a dismal leaden colour, full of howling winds and subterranean torrents; nine days; ever deeper, down towards Hela's Death-realm: at Lonesome Bridge, which, with its gold gate, spans the River of Moaning, he found the Portress, an ancient woman, called Modgudr, 'the Vexer of Minds,' keeping watch as usual: Modgudr answered him, "Yes, Balder passed this way; but he is not here; he is down yonder,—far, still far to the North, within Hela's Gates yonder." Hermoder rode on, still dauntless, on his horse, named 'Swiftness' or 'Mane of Gold;' reached Hela's Gates; leapt sheer over them, mounted as he was; *saw* Balder, the very Balder, with his eyes:—but could not bring him back! The Nornas were inexorable; Balder was never to come back. Balder beckoned him mournfully a still adieu; Nanna, Balder's Wife, sent 'a thimble' to her mother as a memorial: Balder never could return!——Is not this an emblem? Old Portress Modgudr, I take it, is Dryasdust in Norse petticoat and hood; a most unlovely beldame, the 'Vexer of Minds'!

We will here take final leave of our impatient friend, occupied in this almost desperate enterprise of his; we will wish him, which it is very easy to do, more *patience*, and better success than he seems to hope. And now to our own small enterprise, and solid despatch of business in plain prose!

CHAPTER II.

OF THE BIOGRAPHIES OF OLIVER.

OURS is a very small enterprise, but seemingly a useful one; preparatory perhaps to greater and more useful, on this same matter: The collecting of the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell,* and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible elucidation, to ingenuous readers. This is a thing that can be done; and after some reflection, it has appeared worth doing. No great thing: one other dull Book added to the thousand, dull every one of them, which have been issued on this subject! But situated as we are, new Dulness is unhappily inevitable; readers do not reascend out of deep confusions without some trouble as they climb.

These authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself—I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed, or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities (such a job of buckwashing as I do not long to repeat); and the world shall now see them in their own shape. Working for long years in those unspeakable Historic Provinces, of which the reader has already had account, it becomes more and more apparent to one, That this man Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an Epoch in the World's History; that in fact he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the Period in question, and have the Puritan Revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad,* which issue is already very visible for it. And then farther, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of that time are worth considering. His words,—and still more his *silences,* and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words,—will in several

ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver, and of the Affairs he worked in, is much the reverse of that mad jumble of 'hypocrisies,' &c. &c., which at present passes current as such.

But certainly, on any hypothesis as to that, such a set of Documents may hope to be elucidative in various respects. Oliver's Character, and that of Oliver's Performance in this world: here best of all may we expect to read it, whatsoever it was. Even if false, these words, authentically spoken and written by the chief actor in the business, must be of prime moment for understanding of it. These are the words this man found suitablest to represent the Things themselves, around him, and in him, of which we seek a History. The newborn Things and Events, as they bodied themselves forth to Oliver Cromwell from the Whirlwind of the passing Time,—this is the name and definition he saw good to give of them. To get at these direct utterances of his, is to get at the very heart of the business; were there once light for us in these, the business had begun again at the heart of it to be luminous!—On the whole, we will start with this small service, the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* washed into something of legibility again, as the preliminary of all. May it prosper with a few serious readers! The *heart* of that Grand Puritan Business once again becoming visible, even in faint twilight, to mankind, what masses of brutish darkness will gradually vanish from all fibres of it, from the whole body and environment of it, and trouble no man any more! Masses of foul darkness, sordid confusions not a few, as I calculate, which now bury this matter very deep, may vanish: the heart of this matter and the heart of serious men once again brought into approximation, to write some 'History' of it may be a little easier, —for my impatient friend or another.

To dwell on or criticise the particular *Biographies* of Cromwell, after what was so emphatically said above on the general subject, would profit us but little. Criticism of these poor Books cannot express itself except in language that is painful. They far surpass in 'stupidity' all the celebrations any Hero ever had in this world before. They are in fact worthy of oblivion,—of charitable Christian *burial*.

Mark Noble reckons up some half-dozen 'Original Biographies of Cromwell;'[1] all of which and some more I have examined; but cannot advise any other man to examine. There are several laudatory, worth nothing; which ceased to be read when Charles II. came back, and the tables were turned. The vituperative are many: but the origin of them all, the chief fountain indeed of all the foolish lies that have circulated about Oliver since, is the mournful brown little Book called *Flagellum, or the Life and Death of O. Cromwell, the late Usurper*, by James Heath; which was got ready so soon as possible on the back of the *Annus Mirabilis* or Glorious Restoration,[2] and is written in such spirit as we may fancy. When restored potentates and high dignitaries had dug up 'above a hundred buried corpses, and flung them in a heap in St. Margaret's Churchyard,' the corpse of Admiral Blake among them, and Oliver's old Mother's corpse; and were hanging on Tyburn gallows, as some small satisfaction to themselves, the dead clay of Oliver, of Ireton, and Bradshaw;—when high dignitaries and potentates were in such a humour, what could be expected of poor pamphleteers and garreteers? Heath's poor little brown lying *Flagellum* is described by one of the moderns as a '*Flagitium;*' and Heath himself is called '*Carrion* Heath,'—as being 'an unfortunate blasphemous dullard, and 'scandal to Humanity;—blasphemous, I say; who when the 'image of God is shining through a man, reckons it in his sordid 'soul to be the image of the Devil, and acts accordingly; who in 'fact has no soul, except what saves him the expense of salt; who 'intrinsically is Carrion and not Humanity:' which seems hard measure to poor James Heath. 'He was the son of the King's Cutler,' says Wood, 'and wrote pamphlets,' the best he was able, poor man. He has become a dreadfully dull individual, in addition to all!—Another wretched old Book of his, called *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, bears a high price in the Dilettante Sale-catalogues; and has, as that *Flagellum* too has, here and there a credible trait not met with elsewhere: but in fact, to the ingenuous inquirer, this too is little other than a tenebrific Book; cannot be read except with sorrow, with torpor and disgust,—and in fine, if you be of healthy memory, with *oblivion*. The latter end of Heath has been worse than the beginning was! From

[1] Noble's *Cromwell*, i. 294-300. His list is very inaccurate and incomplete, but not worth completing or rectifying.

[2] The First Edition seems to be of 1663.

him, and his *Flagellums* and scandalous Human Platitudes, let no rational soul seek knowledge.

Among modern Biographies, the great original is that of Mark Noble above cited;[3] such 'original' as there is: a Book, if we must call it a Book, abounding in facts and pretended-facts more than any other on this subject. Poor Noble has gone into much research of old leases, marriage-contracts, deeds of sale and such-like: he is learned in parish-registers and genealogies, has consulted pedigrees 'measuring eight feet by two feet four;' goes much upon heraldry;—in fact, has amassed a large heap of evidences and assertions, worthless and of worth, respecting Cromwell and his Connexions; from which the reader, by his own judgment, is to extract what he can. For Noble himself is a man of extreme imbecility; his judgment, for most part, seeming to lie dead asleep; and indeed it is worth little when broadest awake. He falls into manifold mistakes, commits and omits in all ways; plods along contented, in an element of perennial dimness, purblindness; has occasionally a helpless broad innocence of platitude which is almost interesting. A man indeed of extreme imbecility; to whom nevertheless let due gratitude be borne.

His Book, in fact, is not properly a Book, but rather an Aggregate of bewildered jottings; a kind of Cromwellian Biographical Dictionary, *wanting* the alphabetical, or any other, arrangement or index: which latter want, much more remediable than the want of judgment, is itself a great sorrow to the reader. Such as it is, this same Dictionary without judgment and without arrangement, 'bad Dictionary gone to pie,' as we may call it, is the storehouse from which subsequent Biographies have all furnished themselves. The reader, with continual vigilance of suspicion, once knowing what man he has to do with, digs through it, and again through it; covers the margins of it with notes and contradictions, with references, deductions, rectifications, execrations,—in a sorrowful, but not entirely unprofitable manner. Another Book of Noble's, called *Lives of the Regicides*, written some years afterwards, during the French Jacobin time, is of much more stupid character; nearly meaningless indeed; mere water bewitched; which no man need buy or read. And it is said he has a third Book, on some other subject, stupider still; which latter point, however, may be considered questionable.

[3] *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*, by the Rev. Mark Noble. 2 vols. London, 1787.

For the rest, this poor Noble is of very impartial mind respecting Cromwell; open to receive good of him, and to receive evil, even inconsistent evil: the helpless, incoherent, but placid and favourable notion he has of Cromwell in 1787 contrasts notably with that which Carrion Heath had gathered of him in 1663. For, in spite of the stupor of Histories, it is beautiful, once more, to see how the Memory of Cromwell, in its huge inarticulate significance, not able to *speak* a wise word for itself to any one, has nevertheless been steadily growing clearer and clearer in the popular English mind; how from the day when high dignitaries and pamphleteers of the Carrion species did their ever-memorable feat at Tyburn, onwards to this day, the progress does not stop.

In 1698,[4] one of the earliest words expressly in favour of Cromwell was written by a Critic of *Ludlow's Memoirs*. The anonymous Critic explains to solid Ludlow that he, in that solid but somewhat wooden head of his, had not perhaps seen entirely into the centre of the Universe, and workshop of the Destinies; that, in fact, Oliver was a questionable uncommon man, and he Ludlow a common handfast, honest, dull and indeed partly wooden man,—in whom it might be wise to form no theory at all of Cromwell. By and by, a certain 'Mr. Banks,' a kind of Lawyer and Playwright, if I mistake not, produced a still more favourable view of Cromwell, but in a work otherwise of no moment; the exact date, and indeed the whole substance of which is hardly worth remembering.[5]

The *Letter* of 'John Maidston to Governor Winthrop,'—Winthrop Governor of Connecticut, a Suffolk man, of much American celebrity,—is dated 1659; but did not come into print till 1742, along with Thurloe's other Papers.[6] Maidston had been an Officer in Oliver's Household, a Member of his Parliaments, and knew him well. An Essex man he; probably an old acquaintance of Winthrop's; visibly a man of honest affections, of piety, decorum and good sense. Whose loyalty to Oliver is of a genuine and altogether manful nature,—mostly silent, as we can discern. His *Letter* gives some really lucid traits of those dark things and times; especially a short portraiture of the Protector himself, which, the more you

[4] So dated in *Somers Tracts* (London, 1811), vi. 416,—but liable to correction if needful. Poor Noble (i. 297) gives the same date, and then placidly, in the next line, subjoins a fact inconsistent with it. As his manner is!

[5] *Short Critical Review of the Life of Oliver Cromwell*, by a Gentleman of the Middle Temple. London, 1739.

[6] Thurloe, i. 763-8;—and correct Noble, i. 94.

know him, you ascertain the more to be a likeness. Another Officer of Oliver's Household, not to be confounded with this Maidston, but a man of similar position and similar moral character to Maidston's; a 'Groom of the Bedchamber,' whose name one at length dimly discovers to be Harvey,[7] not quite unknown otherwise; is also well worth listening to on this matter. He, in 1659, a few months before Maidston wrote, had published a credible and still interesting little Pamphlet, *Passages concerning his late Highness's last Sickness;* to which, if space permit, we shall elsewhere refer. In these two little off-hand bits of writing, by two persons qualified to write and witness, there is a clear credibility for the reader; and more insight obtainable as to Oliver and his ways than in any of the express Biographies.

That anonymous *Life of Cromwell,* which Noble very ignorantly ascribes to Bishop Gibson, which is written in a neutral spirit, as an impartial statement of facts, but not without a secret decided leaning to Cromwell, came out in 1724. It is the *Life of Cromwell* found commonly in Libraries:[8] it went through several editions in a pure state; and I have seen a 'fifth edition' with foreign intermixtures, 'printed at Birmingham in 1778,' on gray paper, seemingly as a Book for Hawkers. The Author of it was by no means 'Bishop Gibson,' but one Kimber, a Dissenting Minister of London, known otherwise as a compiler of books. He has diligently gathered from old Newspapers and other such sources; narrates in a dull, steady, concise, but altogether unintelligent manner; can be read without offence, but hardly with any real instruction. Image of Cromwell's self there is none, express or implied, in this Book; for the man himself had none, and did not feel the want of any: nay in regard to external facts also, there are inaccuracies enough,—here too, what is the general rule in these books, you can find as many inaccuracies as you like: dig where you please, water will come! As a crown to all the modern Biographies of Cromwell, let us note Mr. Forster's late one:[9] full of interesting

[7] The 'Cofferer,' elsewhere called Steward of the Household, is 'Mr. Maidston:' 'Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, Mr. Charles Harvey, Mr. Underwood.' Prestwick's *Funeral of the Protector* (reprinted in Forster's *British Statesmen,* v. 436, &c.).

[8] *The Life of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth; impartially collected &c.* London, 1724. Distinguished also by a not intolerable Portrait.

[9] *Statesmen of the Commonwealth,* by John Forster (London, 1840), vols. iv. and v.

original excerpts, and indications of what is notablest in the old Books; gathered and set forth with real merit, with *energy* in abundance and superabundance; amounting in result, we may say, to a vigorous decisive tearing-up of all the old hypotheses on the subject, and an opening of the general mind for new.

Of Cromwell's actual biography, from these and from all Books and sources, there is extremely little to be known. It is from his own words, as I have ventured to believe, from his own Letters and Speeches well read, that the world may first obtain some dim glimpse of the actual Cromwell, and see him darkly face to face. What little is otherwise ascertainable, cleared from the circumambient inanity and insanity, may be stated in brief compass. So much as precedes the earliest still extant Letters, I subjoin here in the form most convenient.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CROMWELL KINDRED.

OLIVER CROMWELL, afterwards Protector of the Commonwealth of England, was born at Huntingdon, in St. John's Parish there, on the 25th of April 1599. Christened on the 29th of the same month; as the old Parish-registers of that Church still legibly testify.[1]

His Father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell, Knights both; who dwelt successively, in rather sumptuous fashion, at the Mansion of Hinchinbrook hard by. His Mother was Elizabeth Steward, daughter of William Steward, Esquire, in Ely; an opulent man, a kind of hereditary Farmer of the Cathedral Tithes and Church lands round that city; in which capacity his son, Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, in due time succeeded him, resident also at Ely. Elizabeth was a young widow when Robert Cromwell married her: the first marriage, to one 'William Lynne, Esquire, of Bassingbourne in Cambridgeshire,' had lasted but a year: husband and only child are buried in Ely Cathedral, where their monument still stands; the date of their deaths, which followed near on one another, is 1589.[2] The exact date of the young widow's marriage to Robert Cromwell is nowhere given; but seems to have been in 1591.[3] Our Oliver was their fifth child; their second boy; but the first soon died. They had ten children in all; of whom seven came to maturity, and Oliver was their only son. I may as well print the little Note, smelted long ago out of huge dross-heaps in Noble's Book, that the reader too may have his small benefit of it.[4]

[1] Noble, i. 92. [2] Ibid. ii. 198, and MS. *penes me.* [3] Ibid. i. 88.

[4] OLIVER CROMWELL'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Oliver's Mother had been a widow (Mrs. *Lynne* of Bassingbourne) before marrying Robert Cromwell; neither her age nor his is discoverable here.

1. *First* child (seemingly), *Joan*, baptised 24th September 1592; she died in 1600 (Noble, i. 88).

This Elizabeth Steward, who had now become Mrs. Robert Cromwell, was, say the genealogists, 'indubitably descended from the Royal Stuart Family of Scotland;' and could still count kindred with them. 'From one Walter Steward, who had accompanied Prince James of Scotland,' when our inhospitable politic Henry IV. detained the poor Prince, driven in by stress of weather to him here. Walter did not return with the Prince of Scotland; having 'fought tournaments,'—having made an advantageous marriage-settlement here. One of his descendants, Robert Steward, happened to be Prior of Ely when Henry VIII. dissolved the Monasteries; and proving pliant on that occasion, Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, became the first Protestant Dean of Ely, and—'was remarkably attentive to his family,' says Noble. The profitable Farming of the Tithes at Ely, above mentioned; this, and other settlements, and good dotations of Church lands among his Nephews, were the fruits of Robert Steward's pliancy on that occasion. The genealogists say, there is no doubt of this pedigree;—and explain in intricate tables, how Elizabeth Steward, Mother of Oliver Cromwell, was indubitably either the ninth, or the tenth, or some other fractional part of half a cousin to Charles Stuart, King of England.

Howsoever related to Charles Stuart or to other parties, Robert Cromwell, younger son of the Knight of Hinchinbrook, brought her home, we see, as his Wife, to Huntingdon, about 1591; and settled with her there, on such portion, with such prospects as a

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2. Elizabeth, 14th October 1593; died unmarried, thinks Noble, in 1672, at Ely.—See Appendix, No. 23, a Letter in regard to her, which has turned up. (*Note of* 1857.)

3. *Henry*, 31st August 1595; died young, 'before 1617.'

4. Catherine, 7th February 1596-7; married to Whitstone, a Parliamentary Officer; then to Colonel Jones.

5. Oliver, born 25th April 1599.

6. Margaret, 22d February 1600-1; she became Mrs. Wauton, or Walton, Huntingdonshire; her son was killed at Marston Moor,—as we shall see.

7. Anna, 2d January 1602-3; Mrs. Sewster, Huntingdonshire; died 1st November 1646:—her Brother Oliver had just ended the 'first Civil War' then.

8. Jane, 19th January 1605-6; Mrs. Desborow, Cambridgeshire; died, *seemingly*, in 1656.

9. *Robert*, 18th January 1608-9; died same April.

10. Robina, so named for the above Robert: uncertain date: became Mrs Dr. French; then wife of Bishop Wilkins: her daughter by French, her one child, was married to Archbishop Tillotson.

cadet of the House of Hinchinbrook might have. Portion consisting of certain lands and messuages round and in that Town of Huntingdon,—where, in the current name 'Cromwell's Acre,' if not in other names applied to lands and messuages there, some feeble echo of him and his possessions still survives, or seems to survive. These lands he himself farmed: the income in all is guessed or computed to have been about 300*l.* a-year; a tolerable fortune in those times; perhaps somewhat like 1000*l.* now. Robert Cromwell's Father, as we said, and then his elder Brother, dwelt successively in good style at Hinchinbrook near by. It was the Father Sir Henry Cromwell, who from his sumptuosity was called the "Golden Knight," that built, or that enlarged, remodelled and as good as built, the Mansion of Hinchinbrook; which had been a Nunnery while Nunneries still were: it was the son, Sir Oliver, likewise an expensive man, that sold it to the Montagues, since Earls of Sandwich, whose seat it still is. A stately pleasant House, among its shady lawns and expanses, on the left bank of the Ouse river, a short half mile west of Huntingdon;—still stands pretty much as Oliver Cromwell's Grandfather left it; rather kept good and defended from the inroads of Time and Accident, than substantially altered. Several Portraits of the Cromwells, and other interesting portraits and memorials of the seventeenth and subsequent centuries, are still there. The Cromwell blazonry 'on the great bay window,' which Noble makes so much of, is now gone, destroyed by fire; has given place to Montague blazonry; and no dull man can bore us with that any more.

Huntingdon itself lies pleasantly along the left bank of the Ouse; sloping pleasantly upwards from Ouse Bridge, which connects it with the old village of Godmanchester; the Town itself consisting mainly of one fair street, which towards the north end of it opens into a kind of irregular market-place, and then contracting again soon terminates. The two churches of All-Saints and St. John's, as you walk up northward from the Bridge, appear successively on your left; the churchyards flanked with shops or other houses. The Ouse, which is of very circular course in this quarter, 'winding as if reluctant to enter the Fen-country,' says one Topographer, has still a respectable drab-colour, gathered from the clays of Bedfordshire; has not yet the Stygian black which in a few miles farther it assumes for good. Huntingdon, as it were, looks over into the Fens; Godmanchester, just across the river, already

stands on black bog. The country to the East is all Fen (mostly unreclaimed in Oliver's time, and still of a very dropsical character); to the West it is hard green ground, agreeably broken into little heights, duly fringed with wood, and bearing marks of comfortable long-continued cultivation. Here, on the edge of the firm green land, and looking over into the black marshes with their alder-trees and willow-trees, did Oliver Cromwell pass his young years. Drunken Barnabee, who travelled, and drank, and made Latin rhymes, in that country about 1635, through whose glistening satyr-eyes one can still discern this and the other feature of the Past, represents to us on the height behind Godmanchester, as you approach the scene from Cambridge and the south, a big Oak-tree, —which has now disappeared, leaving no notable successor.

Veni Godmanchester, ubi
Ut Ixion captus nube,
Sic, &c.

And he adds in a Note,

Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat;
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit;—

Or in his own English version,

An aged Oak takes of this Town survey,
Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.[5]

If Oliver Cromwell climbed that Oak-tree, in quest of bird-nests or boy-adventures, the Tree, or this poor ghost of it, may still have a kind of claim to memory.

The House where Robert Cromwell dwelt, where his son Oliver and all his family were born, is still familiar to every inhabitant of Huntingdon: but it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and now bears no memorial whatever which even Tradition can connect with him. It stands at the upper or northern extremity of the Town,—beyond the Market-place we spoke of; on the left or river-ward side of the street. It is at present a solid yellow brick house, with a walled court-yard; occupied by some townsman of the wealthier sort. The little Brook of Hinchin, making its way to the Ouse which is not far off, still flows through the court-yard of the place,—offering a convenience for malting or brewing, among other things. Some vague but confident tradition as to Brewing attaches itself to this locality; and traces of evidence, I understand, exist that *before* Robert Cromwell's time, it had been

[5] *Barnabæ Itinerarium* (London, 1818), p. 96.

employed as a Brewery: but of this or even of Robert Cromwell's own brewing, there is, at such a distance, in such an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration and confusion, little or no certainty to be had. Tradition, 'the Rev. Dr. Lort's Manuscripts,' Carrion Heath, and such testimonies, are extremely insecure as guides! Thomas Harrison, for example, is always called 'the son of a Butcher;' which means only that his Father, as farmer or owner, had grazing-lands, down in Staffordshire, wherefrom naturally enough proceeded cattle, fat cattle as the case might be,—well fatted, I hope. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex in Henry Eighth's time, is in like manner called always 'the son of a Blacksmith at Putney;'—and whoever figures to himself a man in black apron with hammer in hand, and tries to rhyme this with the rest of Thomas Cromwell's history, will find that here too he has got into an insolubility. 'The splenetic credulity and 'incredulity, the calumnious opacity, the exaggerative ill-nature, 'and general flunkyism and stupidity of mankind,' says my Author, 'are ever to be largely allowed for in such circumstances.' We will leave Robert Cromwell's brewing in a very unilluminated state. Uncontradicted Tradition, and old printed Royalist Lampoons, do call him a Brewer: the Brook of Hinchin, running through his premises, offered clear convenience for malting or brewing;—in regard to which, and also to his Wife's assiduous management of the same, one is very willing to believe Tradition. The essential trade of Robert Cromwell was that of managing those lands of his in the vicinity of Huntingdon: the grain of them would have to be duly harvested, thrashed, brought to market; whether it was as corn or as malt that it came to market, can remain indifferent to us.

For the rest, as documents still testify, this Robert Cromwell, did Burgh and Quarter-Session duties; was not slack but moderately active as a country-gentleman; sat once in Parliament in his younger years;[6] is found with his elder or other Brothers on various Public Commissions for Draining the Fens of that region, or more properly for inquiring into the possibility of such an operation; a thing much noised of then; which Robert Cromwell, among others, reported to be very feasible, very promising, but did not live to see accomplished, or even attempted. His social rank is sufficiently indicated;—and much flunkyism, falsity and other carrion ought to be buried! Better than all social rank, he is

[6] '35to Eliz.:' Feb.—April 1593 (Noble, i. 83; from Willis).

understood to have been a wise, devout, stedfast and worthy man, and to have lived a modest and manful life in his station there.

Besides the Knight of Hinchinbrook, he had other Brothers settled prosperously in the Fen regions, where this Cromwell Family had extensive possessions. One Brother Henry was 'seated at Upwood,' a fenny district near Ramsey Mere; one of his daughters came to be the wife, second wife, of Oliver St. John, the Ship-money Lawyer, the political 'dark-lantern,' as men used to name him; of whom we shall hear farther. Another Brother 'was seated' at Biggin House between Ramsey and Upwood; a moated mansion, with ditch and painted paling round it. A third Brother was seated at—my informant knows not where! In fact I had better, as before, subjoin the little *smelted* Note which has already done its duty, and let the reader make of that what he can.[7] Of our Oliver's Aunts one was Mrs. Hampden of Great

[7] Oliver's Uncles.

1. Sir Oliver of Hinchinbrook: his eldest son John, born in 1589 (ten years older than our Oliver), went into the army, 'Colonel of an English regiment in the Dutch service:' this is the Colonel Cromwell who is said, or fabled, to have sought a midnight interview with Oliver, in the end of 1648, for the purpose of buying-off Charles I.; to have 'laid his hand on his sword,' &c. &c. The story is in Noble, i. 51; with no authority but that of Carrion Heath. Other sons of his were soldiers, Royalists these: there are various Cousin Cromwells that confusedly turn-up on both sides of the quarrel.—Robert Cromwell, our Oliver's Father, was the next Brother of the Hinchinbrook Knight. The third Brother, second uncle, was

2. Henry Cromwell, of Upwood near Ramsey Mere: adventurer in the Virginia Company: sat in Parliament 1603-1611; one of his daughters Mrs. St. John. Died 1630 (Noble, i. 28).

3. Richard: 'buys in 1607' a bit of ground in Huntingdon; died 'at Ramsey,' 1628; was Member for Huntingdon in Queen Elizabeth's time:—*Lived* in Ramsey? Is buried at Upwood.

4. Sir Philip: Biggin House; knighted at Whitehall, 1604 (Noble, i. 31). His second son, Philip, was in Colonel Ingoldsby's regiment;—wounded at the storm of Bristol, in 1645. Third son, Thomas, was in Ireland with Strafford (signs Montnorris's death-warrant there, in 1630); lived afterwards in London; became Major, and then Colonel, in the *King's* Army. Fourth son, Oliver, was in the Parliamentary Army; had watched the King in the Isle of Wight,—went with his cousin, our Oliver, to Ireland in 1649, and died or was killed there. Fifth son, Robert, 'poisoned his Master, an Attorney, and was *hanged at London*,'—if there be truth in 'Heath's *Flagellum*' (Noble, i. 35) 'and some Pedigrees;'—year not given; say about 1635, when the lad, 'born 1617,' was in his 18th year? I have found no hint of this affair in any other quarter, not in the wildest Royalist-Birkenhead or Walker's-Independency lampoon;

Hampden, Bucks: an opulent, zealous person, not without ambitions; already a widow and mother of two Boys, one of whom proved very celebrated as JOHN HAMPDEN;—she was Robert Cromwell's Sister. Another Cromwell Aunt of Oliver's was married to 'Whalley, heir of the Whalley family in Notts;' another to the 'heir of the Dunches of Pusey, in Berkshire;' another to—In short the stories of Oliver's 'poverty,' if they were otherwise of any moment, are all false; and should be mentioned here, if still here, for the *last* time. The family was of the rank of substantial gentry, and duly connected with such in the counties round, for three generations back. Of the numerous and now mostly forgettable cousinry we specify farther only the Mashams of Otes in Essex, as like to be of some cursory interest to us by and by.

There is no doubt at all but Oliver the Protector's family *was* related to that of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the Putney 'Blacksmith's' or Iron-master's son, transiently mentioned above; the *Malleus Monachorum*, or, as old Fuller renders it, 'Mauler of Monasteries,' in Henry Eighth's time. The same old Fuller, a perfectly veracious and most intelligent person, does indeed report

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and consider it very possible that *a* Robert Cromwell having suffered 'for poisoning an Attorney,' he may have been *called* the cousin of Cromwell by 'Heath and some Pedigrees.' But of course anybody *can* 'poison an Attorney,' and be hanged for it!

Oliver's Aunt Elizabeth was married to William Hampden of Great Hampden, Bucks (year not given, Noble, i. 36, nor at p. 68 of vol. ii.; nor in Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden*): he died in 1597; she survived him 67 years, continuing a widow (Noble, ii. 69). Buried in Great Hampden Church, 1664, aged 90. She had two sons, John and Richard: John, born 1594,—Richard, an Oliverian too, died in 1659 (Noble, ii. 70).

Aunt Joan (elder than Elizabeth) was 'Lady Barrington:' Aunt Frances (younger) was Mrs. Whalley. Richard Whalley of Kerton, Notts; a man of mark; sheriff, &c.; three wives, children only by his second, this 'Aunt Fanny.' Three children:—Thomas Whalley (no years given, Noble, ii. 141) died in his father's lifetime; left a son who was a kind of Royalist, but yet had a certain acceptance with Oliver too. Edward Whalley, the famed 'Colonel,' and Henry Whalley, 'the Judge-Advocate:' wretched *biographies* of these two are in Noble, pp. 141, 143-56. Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goff, after the Restoration, fled to New England; lived in 'caves' there, and had a sore time of it: New England, in a vague manner, still remembers them.

Enough of the Cousinry!—

as of 'his own knowledge,' that Oliver Protector, once upon a time when Bishop Goodman came dedicating to him some unreadable semi-popish jargon about the 'mystery of the Holy Trinity,' and some adulation about 'his Lordship's relationship to the former great Purifier of the Church,' and Mauler of Monasteries,—answered impatiently, "My family has no relation to his!" This old Fuller reports, as of his own knowledge. I have consulted the unreadable semi-popish jargon, for the sake of that Dedication; I find that Oliver's relationship to Thomas Cromwell is in any case stated *wrong* there, not right: I reflect farther that Bishop Goodman, oftener called 'Bishop Badman' in those times, went over to Popery; had become a miserable impoverished old piece of confusion, and at this time could appear only in the character of begging *bore*,—when, at any rate, for it was in the year 1653, Oliver himself, having just turned out the Long Parliament,[8] was busy enough! I infer therefore that Oliver said to him impatiently, without untruth, "You are quite wrong as to all that: good morning!"—and that old Fuller, likewise without untruth, reports it as above.

But, at any rate, there is other very simple evidence entirely conclusive. Richard or Sir Richard Cromwell, great-grandfather of Oliver Protector, was a man well known in his day; had been very active in the work of suppressing monasteries; a righthand man to Thomas the Mauler: and indeed it was on Monastic Property, chiefly or wholly, that he had made for himself a sumptuous estate in those Fen regions. Now, of this Richard Cromwell there are two Letters to Thomas Cromwell, 'Vicar-General,' Earl of Essex, which remain yet visible among the Manuscripts of the British Museum; in both of which he signs himself with his own

[8] The date of Goodman's Book is 25th June 1653; here is the correct title of it (King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 73, § 1): 'The two great Mysteries of Christian Religion; the Ineffable Trinity and Wonderful Incarnation: by G. G. G.' (meaning Godfrey Goodman, Glocestrensis). Unfortunate persons who have read Laud's writings are acquainted with this Bishop Goodman, or Badman; he died a declared Papist. Poor man, his speculations, now become jargon to us, were once very serious and eloquent to him! Such is the fate that soon overtakes all men who, quitting the 'Eternal Melodies,' take up their abode in the outer Temporary Discords, and seek their subsistence there! This is the part of the Dedication that concerns us:

'To his Excellency my Lord Oliver Cromwell, Lord General. My Lord,—'Fifty years since, the name of Socinus,' &c.—'Knowing that the Lord Crom-'well (your Lordship's great uncle) was then in great favour,' &c.

'GODFREE GOODMAN.'

hand, 'your most bounden Nephew,'—an evidence sufficient to set the point at rest. Copies of the Letters are in my possession; but I grudge to inflict them on the reader. One of them, the longer of the two, stands printed, with all or more than all its original misspelling and confused obscurity, in Noble:[9] it is dated 'Stamford,' without day or year; but the context farther dates it as contemporary with the Lincolnshire Rebellion, or Anti-Reformation riot, which was directly followed by the more formidable 'Pilgrimage of Grace' in Yorkshire to the like effect, in the autumn of 1536.[10] Richard, in company with other higher official persons, represents himself as straining every nerve to beat down and extinguish this traitorous fanatic flame, kindled against the King's Majesty and his Reform of the Church; has an eye in particular to a certain Sir John Thymbleby in Lincolnshire, whom he would fain capture as a ringleader; suggests that the use of arms should be prohibited to these treasonous populations, except under conditions;—and seems hastening on, with almost furious speed; towards Yorkshire and the Pilgrimage of Grace, we may conjecture. The second Letter, also without date except 'Tuesday,' shadows to us an official man, again on business of hot haste; journeying from Monastery to Monastery; finding this Superior disposed to comply with the King's Majesty, and that other not disposed, but capable of being made so; intimates farther that he will be at his own House (presumably Hinchinbrook), and then straightway 'home,' and will report progress to my Lord in person. On the whole, as this is the earliest articulate utterance of the Oliver Family; and casts a faint glimmer of light, as from a single flint-spark, into the dead darkness of the foregone century; and touches withal on an acquaintance of ours, the 'Prior of Ely,'—Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, first Protestant Dean of Ely, and brother of Mrs. Robert Cromwell's ancestor, which is curious to think of,—we will give the Letter, more especially as it is very short:

"*To my Lord Cromwell.*

"I have me most humbly commended unto your Lordship. I "rode on Sunday to Cambridge to my bed;[11] and the next morn-"ing was up betimes, purposing to have found at Ely Mr. Pollard "and Mr. Williams. But they were departed before my coming:

[9] i. 242.

[10] Herbert (in Kennet, ii. 204-5).

[11] From London, we suppose.

"and so, 'they' being at dinner at Somersham with the Bishop of "Ely, I overtook them 'there.'[12] At which time, I opened your "pleasure unto them in everything. Your Lordship, I think, "shall shortly perceive the Prior of Ely to be of a froward sort, by "evident tokens;[13] as, at our coming home, shall be at large related "unto you.

"At the writing hereof we have done nothing at Ramsey; "saving that one night I communed with the Abbot; whom I "found conformable to everything, as shall be at this time put in "act.[14] And then, as your Lordship's will is, as soon as we have "done at Ramsey, we go to Peterborough. And from thence to "my House; and so home.[15] The which, I trust, shall be at the "farthest on this day come seven days.

"That the Blessed Trinity preserve your Lordship's health!

"Your Lordship's most bounden Nephew,

"Richard Cromwell.

"From Ramsey, on Tuesday in the morning."[16]

The other Letter is still more express as to the consanguinity; it says, among other things, 'And longer than I may have heart 'so, as my most bounden duty is, to serve the King's Grace with 'body, goods, and all that ever I am able to make; and your 'Lordship, as Nature and also your manifold kindness bindeth,— 'I beseech God I no longer live.' 'As *Nature bindeth.*' Richard Cromwell then thanks him, with a bow to the very ground, for 'my poore wyef,' who has had some kind remembrance from his Lordship; thinks all 'his travail but a pastime;' and remains, 'at 'Stamford this Saturday at eleven of the clock, your humble 'Nephew most bounden,' as in the other case. A vehement, swift-riding man! Nephew, it has been suggested, did not mean in Henry the Eighth's time so strictly as it now does, brother's or

[12] The words within *single commas*, 'they' and 'there,' are added for bringing out the sense; a plan we shall follow in all the Original Letters of this Collection.

[13] He proved tameable, Sir Richard,—and made *your* Great-grandson rich, for one consequence of that!

[14] Brought to legal black-on-white.

[15] To London.

[16] *Mss. Cotton.* Cleopatra E. IV. p. 204 b. The envelope and address are not here; but this docket of address, given in a sixteenth-century hand, and otherwise indicated by the text, is not doubtful. The signature alone, and line preceding that, are in Richard's hand. In the Letter printed by Noble the address *remains*, in the hand of Richard's clerk.

sister's son; it meant *nepos* rather, or kinsman of a younger generation: but on all hypotheses of its meaning, the consanguinity of Oliver Protector of England and Thomas Mauler of Monasteries is not henceforth to be doubted.

Another indubitable thing is, That this Richard, your Nephew most bounden, has signed himself in various Lawdeeds and Notarial papers still extant, 'Richard Cromwell *alias* Williams;' also that his sons and grandsons continued to sign Cromwell *alias* Williams; and even that our Oliver himself in his youth has been known to sign so. And then a third indubitable thing on this matter is, That Leland, an exact man, sent out by Authority in those years to take cognisance, and make report, of certain points connected with the Church Establishments in England, and whose well-known *Itinerary* is the fruit of that survey, has written in that Work these words; under the head, 'Commotes[17] in Glamorganshire:'

'Kibworth lieth,' extendeth, 'from the mouth of Remny up to 'an Hill in the same Commote, called Kevenon, a six miles from 'the mouth of Remny. This Hill goeth as a wall overthwart 'betwixt the Rivers of Thave and Remny. A two miles from this 'Hill by the south, and a two miles from Cardiff, be vestigia of a 'Pile or Manor Place decayed, at Egglis Newith in the Parish of 'Llandaff.[18] On the south side of this Hill was born Richard 'Williams alias Cromwell, in the Parish of Llanilsen.'[19]

That Richard Cromwell, then, was of kindred to Thomas Cromwell; that he, and his family after him, signed 'alias Williams;' and that Leland, an accurate man, said and printed, in the official scene where Richard himself was living and conspicuous, He was born in Glamorganshire: these three facts are indubitable;—but to these three we must limit ourselves. For, as to the origin of this same 'alias Williams,' whether it came from the general

[17] Commote is the Welsh word *Cwmwd*, now obsolete as an official division, equivalent to *cantred*, hundred. Kibworth Commote is now Kibbor Hundred.

[18] 'Egglis Newith' is *Eglwys Newydd*, New Church, as the Welsh peasants still name it, though officially it is now called White Church. River 'Thave' means Taff. The description of the wall-like Hill between the two streams, Taff and Remny, is recognisably correct: Kevenon, spelt *Cevn-on*, 'Ash-tree ridge,' is still the name of the Hill.

[19] Noble, i. 238, collated with Leland (Oxford, 1769), iv. fol. 56, pp. 37, 38. Leland gathered his records 'in six years,' between 1533 and 1540; he died, endeavouring to assort them, in 1552. They were long afterwards published by Hearne.

'Williamses of Berkshire,'[20] or from 'Morgan Williams a Gla-'morganshire gentleman married to the sister of Thomas Cromwell,' or from whom or what it came, we have to profess ourselves little able, and indeed not much concerned to decide. Williamses are many: there is Richard Cromwell, in that old Letter, hoping to breakfast with a Williams at Ely,—but finds both him and Pollard gone! Facts, even trifling facts, when indisputable may have significance; but Welsh Pedigrees, 'with seventy shields of arms,' 'Glothian Lord of Powys' (prior or posterior to the Deluge), though 'written on a parchment eight feet by two feet four, bearing date '1602, and belonging to the Miss Cromwells of Hampstead,'[21] are highly unsatisfactory to the ingenuous mind! We have to remark two things: First, that the Welsh Pedigree, with its seventy shields and ample extent of sheepskin, bears date London, 1602; was not put together, therefore, till about a hundred years after the birth of Richard, and at a great distance from the scene of that event: circumstances which affect the unheraldic mind with some misgivings. Secondly, that 'learned Dugdale,' upon whom mainly, apart from these uncertain Welsh sheepskins, the story of this Welsh descent of the Cromwells seems to rest, has unfortunately stated the matter in *two* different ways,—as being, and then also as not being,—in two places of his learned Lumber-Book.[22] Which circumstance affects the unheraldic mind with still fataler misgivings,—and in fact raises irrepressibly the question and admonition, "What boots it? Leave the vain region of blazonry, "of rusty broken shields and genealogical marine-stores; let it "remain forever doubtful! The Fates themselves have appointed "it even *so*. Let the uncertain Simulacrum of a Glothian, prior "or posterior to Noah's Deluge, hover between us and the utter "Void; basing himself on a dust-chaos of ruined heraldries, lying "genealogies, and saltires checky, the best he can!"

The small Hamlet and Parish Church of Cromwell, or Crumwell (the Well of Crum, whatever that may be), still stands on the Eastern edge of Nottinghamshire, not far from the left bank of the Trent; simple worshippers still doing in it some kind of divine service every Sunday. From this, without any ghost to teach us, we can understand that the Cromwell kindred all got their name, —in very old times indeed. From torpedo rubbish-records we learn also, without great difficulty, that the Barons Cromwell were

[20] *Biographia Britannica* (London, 1789), iv. 474.

[21] Noble, i. 1.

[22] Dugdale's *Baronage*, ii. 174, 393.

summoned to Parliament from Edward Second's time and downward; that they had their chief seat at Tattershall in Lincolnshire; that there were Cromwells of distinction, and of no distinction, scattered in reasonable abundance over that Fen-country,—Cromwells Sheriffs of their Counties there in Richard's own time.[23] The Putney Blacksmith, Father of the *Malleus*, or Hammer that smote Monasteries on the head,—a Figure worthy to take his place beside Hephaistos, or Smith Mimer, if we ever get a Pantheon in this Nation,—was probably enough himself a Fen-country man; one of the junior branches, who came to live by metallurgy in London here. Richard, also sprung of the Fens, might have been his kinsman in many ways, have got the name of Williams in many ways, and even been born on the Hill behind Cardiff, independently of Glothian. Enough: Richard Cromwell, on a background of heraldic darkness, rises clearly visible to us; a man vehemently galloping to and fro, in that sixteenth century; tourneying successfully before King Harry,[24] who loved a man; quickening the death-agonies of Monasteries; growing great on their spoil;—and fated, he also, to produce another *Malleus* Cromwell that smote a thing or two. And so we will leave this matter of the Birth and Genealogy.

[23] Fuller's *Worthies*, § Cambridgeshire, &c.

[24] Stowe's *Chronicle* (London, 1631), p. 580; Stowe's *Survey*, Holinshed, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

EVENTS IN OLIVER'S BIOGRAPHY.

THE few ascertained, or clearly imaginable, Events in Oliver's Biography may as well be arranged, for our present purpose, in the form of annals.

1603.

Early in January of this year, the old Grandfather, Sir Henry, 'the Golden Knight,' at Hinchinbrook, died:[1] our Oliver, not quite four years old, saw funeralia and crapes, saw Father and Uncles with grave faces, and understood not well what it meant, —understood only, or tried to understand, that the good old Grandfather was gone away, and would never pat his head any more. The maternal Grandfather, at Ely, was yet, and for above a dozen years more, living.

The same year, four months afterwards, King James, coming from the North to take possession of the English crown, lodged two nights at Hinchinbrook; with royal retinue, with immense sumptuosities, addressings, knight-makings, ceremonial exhibitions; which must have been a grand treat for little Oliver. His Majesty came from the Belvoir-Castle region, 'hunting all the way,' on the afternoon of Wednesday 27th April 1603; and set off, through Huntingdon and Godmanchester, towards Royston, on Friday forenoon.[2] The Cambridge Doctors brought him an Address while here; Uncle Oliver, besides the ruinously splendid entertainments, gave him hounds, horses and astonishing gifts at his departure. In return there were Knights created, Sir Oliver first of the batch, we may suppose; King James had decided that there should be no reflection for the want of Knights at least. Among the large batches manufactured next year was Thomas Steward of Ely,

[1] Poor Noble, unequal sometimes to the copying of a Parish-register, with his judgment *asleep*, dates this event 1603-4 (at p. 20, vol. i.), and then placidly (at p. 40) states a fact inconsistent therewith.

[2] Stowe's *Chronicle*, 812, &c.

henceforth Sir Thomas, Mrs. Robert Cromwell's Brother, our Oliver's Uncle. Hinchinbrook got great honour by this and other royal visits; but found it, by and by, a dear-bought honour.—

Oliver's Biographers, or rather Carrion Heath his first Biographer whom the others have copied, introduce various tales into these early years of Oliver: of his being run away with by an ape along the leads of Hinchinbrook, and England being all but delivered from him, had the Fates so ordered it; of his seeing prophetic spectres; of his robbing orchards, and fighting tyrannously with boys; of his acting in School Plays; of his &c. &c.—The whole of which, grounded on 'Human Stupidity' and Carrion Heath alone, begs us to give it Christian burial once for all. Oliver attended the Public School of Huntingdon, which was then conducted by a worthy Dr. Beard, of whose writing I possess a Book,[3] of whom we shall hear again: he learned, to appearance moderately well, what the sons of other gentlemen were taught in such places; went through the universal destinies which conduct all men from childhood to youth, in a way not particularised in any one point by an authentic record. Readers of lively imagination can follow him on his bird-nesting expeditions, to the top of 'Barnabee's big Tree,' and elsewhither, if they choose; on his fen-fowling expeditions, social sports and labours manifold; vacation-visits to his Uncles, to Aunt Hampden and Cousin John among others: all these things must have been; but how they specially were is forever hidden from all men. He had kindred of the sort above specified; parents of the sort above specified, rigorous yet affectionate persons, and very religious, as all rational persons then were. He had two sisters elder, and gradually four younger; the only boy among seven. Readers must fancy his growth there, in the North end of Huntingdon, in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, as they can.

[3] *The Theatre of God's Judgments: by Thomas Beard, Doctor of Divinity, and Preacher of the Word of God in the Town of Huntingdon: Third Edition, increased by many new Examples* ('Examples' of God's Justice vindicating itself 'openly on Violators of God's Law,—that is the purport of the Book): London, 1631.—A kindly ingenious little Book; still partly readable, almost lovable; some thin but real vein of perennial ingenuity and goodness recognisable in it. What one might call a Set of 'Percy-Anecdotes;' but Anecdotes authentic, solemnly select, and *with* a purpose: 'Percy-Anecdotes' for a more earnest Century than ours! Dedicated to the Mayor and Burgesses of Huntingdon,—for sundry good reasons; among others, 'because, Mr. Mayor, you were my scholar, and brought up in my house.'

In January 1603-4,[4] was held at Hampton Court a kind of Theological Convention, of intense interest all over England, and doubtless at Huntingdon too; now very dimly known, if at all known, as the 'Hampton-Court Conference.' It was a meeting for the settlement of some dissentient humours in religion. The Millennary Petition,—what we should now call the 'Monster Petition,' for the like in number of signatures was never seen before,—signed by *near* a thousand Clergymen, of pious straitened consciences: this and various other Petitions to his Majesty, by persons of pious straitened consciences, had been presented; craving relief in some ceremonial points, which, as they found no warrant for them in the Bible, they suspected (with a very natural shudder in that case) to savour of Idol-worship and Mimetic Dramaturgy, instead of God-worship, and to be very dangerous indeed for a man to have concern with! Hampton-Court Conference was accordingly summoned. Four world-famous Doctors, from Oxford and Cambridge, represented the pious straitened class, now beginning to be generally conspicuous under the nickname *Puritans*. The Archbishop, the Bishop of London, also

[4] Here, more fitly perhaps than afterwards, it may be brought to mind, that the English year in those times did not begin till March; that New-Year's Day was the 25th of March. So in England, at that time, in all records, writings and books; as indeed in official records it continued so till 1752. In Scotland it was already not so; the year began with January there ever since 1600;—as in all Catholic countries it had done ever since the Papal alteration of the *Style* in 1582; and as in most Protestant countries, excepting England, it soon after that began to do. Scotland in respect of *the day of the month* still followed the Old Style.

'New-Year's Day the 25th of March:' this is the whole compass of the fact; with which a reader in those old books has, not without more difficulty than he expects, to familiarise himself. It has occasioned more misdatings and consequent confusions to modern editorial persons than any other as simple circumstance. So learned a man as Whitaker Historian of *Whalley*, editing *Sir George Radcliffe's Correspondence* (London, 1810), with the lofty air which sits well on him on other occasions, has altogether forgotten the above small circumstance: in consequence of which we have Oxford Carriers dying in January, or the first half of March, and to our great amazement going on to forward butter-boxes in the May following;—and similar miracles not a few occurring: and in short the whole Correspondence is jumbled to pieces; a due bit of topsy-turvy being introduced into the Spring of every year; and the learned Editor sits, with his lofty air, presiding over mere Chaos come again! ——In the text here, we of course translate into the modern year, but leaving the day of the month as we find it; and if for greater assurance both forms be written down, as for instance 1603-4, the *last* figure is always the modern one; 1603-4 means 1604 for our calendar.

world-famous men, with a considerable reserve of other bishops, deans and dignitaries, appeared for the Church by itself Church. Lord Chancellor, the renowned Egerton, and the highest official persons, many lords and courtiers with a tincture of sacred science, in fact the flower of England, appeared as witnesses; with breathless interest. The King himself presided; having real gifts of speech, and being very learned in Theology,—which it was not then ridiculous but glorious for him to be. More glorious than the monarchy of what we now call Literature would be; glorious as the faculty of a Goethe holding *visibly* of Heaven: supreme skill in Theology then meant that. To know God, Θεός, the Maker,—to know the divine Laws and *inner* Harmonies of this Universe, must always be the highest glory for a man! And not to know them, always the highest disgrace for a man, however common it be!—

Awful devout Puritanism, decent dignified Ceremonialism (both always of high moment in this world, but not of equally high), appeared here facing one another for the first time. The demands of the Puritans seem to modern minds very limited indeed: That there should be a new correct Translation of the Bible (*granted*), and increased zeal in teaching (*omitted*); That 'lay impropriations' (tithes snatched from the old Church by laymen) might be made to yield a 'seventh part' of their amount, towards maintaining ministers in dark regions which had none (*refused*); That the Clergy in districts might be allowed to meet together, and strengthen one another's hands as in old times (*refused with indignation*);—on the whole (if such a thing durst be hinted at, for the tone is almost inaudibly low and humble), That pious straitened Preachers, in terror of offending God by Idolatry, and useful to human souls, might not be cast out of their parishes for genuflexions, white surplices and suchlike, but allowed some Christian liberty in mere external things: these were the claims of the Puritans;—but his Majesty eloquently scouted them to the winds, applauded by all bishops, and dignitaries lay and clerical; said, If the Puritans would not conform, he would 'hurry them out of the country;'—and so sent Puritanism and the Four Doctors home again, cowed into silence for the present. This was in January 1604.[5] News of this, speech enough about it, could not fail in Robert Cromwell's house among others. Oliver is in his fifth year,—always a year older than the Century.

[5] Neal's *History of the Puritans* (London, 1754), i. 411.

In November 1605, there likewise came to Robert Cromwell's house, no question of it, news of the thrice-unutterable Gunpowder Plot. Whereby King, Parliament, and God's Gospel in England, were to have been, in one infernal moment, blown aloft; and the Devil's Gospel, and accursed incredibilities, idolatries, and poisonous confusions of the Romish Babylon, substituted in their room! The eternal Truth of the Living God to become an empty formula, a shamming grimace of the Three-hatted Chimera! These things did fill Huntingdon and Robert Cromwell's house with talk enough, in the winter of Oliver's sixth year. And again, in the summer of his eleventh year, in May 1610, there doubtless failed not news and talk, How the Great Henry was stabbed in Paris streets; assassinated by the Jesuits;—black sons of the scarlet woman, murderous to soul and to body.

Other things, in other years, the diligent Historical Student will supply according to faculty. The History of Europe, at that epoch, meant essentially the struggle of Protestantism against Catholicism,—a broader form of that same struggle, of devout Puritanism against dignified Ceremonialism, which forms the History of England then. Henry the Fourth of France, so long as he lived, was still to be regarded as the head of Protestantism; Spain, bound up with the Austrian Empire, as that of Catholicism. Henry's 'Grand Scheme' naturally strove to carry Protestant England along with it; James, till Henry's death, held on, in a loose way, by Henry; and his Political History, so far as he has any, may be considered to lie there. After Henry's death, he fell off to 'Spanish Infantas,' to Spanish interests; and, as it were, ceased to have any History, nay began to have a *negative* one.

Among the events which Historical Students will supply for Robert Cromwell's house, and the spiritual pabulum of young Oliver, the Death of Prince Henry in 1612,[6] and the prospective accession of Prince Charles, fitter for a ceremonial Archbishop than a governing King, as some thought,—will not be forgotten. Then how the Elector Palatine was married; and troubles began to brew in Germany; and little Dr. Laud was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon;—such news the Historical Student can supply. And on the whole, all students and persons can know always that Oliver's mind was kept *full* of news, and never wanted for pabulum! But from the day of his Birth, which is jotted down, as above, in the Parish-register of St. John's Huntingdon, there is no other

[6] 6th Nov. (Camden's *Annals*).

authentic jotting or direct record concerning Oliver himself to be met with anywhere, till in the Admission-Book of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, we come to this,[7]

1616.

'*A Festo Annunciationis ad Festum Sancti Michaelis Archangeli*, 1616:' such (meaning merely, *From New-year's-day, or 25th March, to 29th September*) is the general Heading of the List of Scholars, or *Admissi*, for that Term;—and first in order there stands, '*Oliverius Cromwell Huntingdoniensis admissus ad commeatum 'Sociorum, Aprilis vicesimo tertio; Tutore Magistro Ricardo Howlet:*' Oliver Cromwell from Huntingdon admitted Fellow Commoner, 23d April 1616; Tutor Mr. Richard Howlet.—Between which and the next Entry some zealous individual of later date has crowded-in these lines: '*Hic fuit grandis ille Impostor, Carnifex perdi-'tissimus, qui pientissimo Rege Carolo Primo nefariâ cæde sublato, 'ipsum usurpavit Thronum, et Tria Regna per quinque ferme 'annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine, indomitâ tyrannide 'vexavit.*' Had the zealous individual specifically dated this entry, it had been a slight improvement,—on a thing not much improvable. We can guess, After 1660, and not long after.

Curious enough, of all days, on this same day Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died:

Obiit Anno Domini 1616.
Ætatis 53. *Die* 23 *Apr.*[8]

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's Father had, most likely, come with him; it is but some fifteen miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's Father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History, the Literature of Shakspeare, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English history, the armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many very visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one People, in its time, plays many parts.

Chevalier Florian, in his *Life of Cervantes*, has remarked that

[7] Noble, i. 254;—corrected by the College Book itself.
[8] Collier's *Life of Shakspeare* (London, 1845), p. 253.

Shakspeare's death-day, 23d of April 1616, was likewise that of Cervantes at Madrid. 'Twenty-third of April' is, sure enough, the authentic Spanish date: but Chevalier Florian has omitted to notice that the English twenty-third is of *Old Style.* The brave Miguel died ten days before Shakspeare; and already lay buried, smoothed right nobly into his long rest. The Historical Student can meditate on these things.—

In the foregoing winter, here in England, there was much trying of Ker Earl of Somerset and my Lady once of Essex, and the poisoners of Overbury; and before Christmas the inferior murderers and infamous persons were mostly got hanged; and in these very days, while Oliver began his studies, my Lord of Somerset and my Lady were tried, and not hanged. And Chief-Justice Coke, Coke upon Lyttleton, had got into difficulties by the business. And England generally was overspread with a very fetid atmosphere of Court-news, murders, and divorce-cases, in those months; which still a little affects even the History of England. Poor Somerset Ker, King's favourite, 'son of the Laird of Ferniehirst,' he and his extremely unedifying affairs,—except as they might transiently affect the nostrils of some Cromwell of importance,—do not much belong to the History of England! Carrion ought at length to be *buried.* Alas, if 'wise memory' is ever to prevail, there is need of much 'wise oblivion' first.—

Oliver's Tutor in Cambridge, of whom legible History and I know nothing, was 'Magister Richard Howlet:' whom readers must fancy a grave ancient Puritan and Scholar, in dark antiquarian clothes and dark antiquarian ideas, according to their faculty. The indubitable fact is, that he Richard Howlet did, in Sidney-Sussex College, with his best ability, endeavour to infiltrate something that he called instruction into the soul of Oliver Cromwell and of other youths submitted to him: but how, of what quality, with what method, with what result, will remain extremely obscure to every one. In spite of mountains of books, so are books written, all grows very obscure. About this same date, George Radcliffe, Wentworth Strafford's George, at Oxford, finds his green-baize table-cover, which his mother had sent him, too small; has it cut into 'stockings,' and goes about with the same.[9] So unfashionable

[9] "University College, Oxford, 4th Dec. 1610.

"Loving Mother,—* * Send also, I pray you, by Briggs" (this is Briggs the Carrier, who dies in January, and continues forwarding butter in May), "a "green table-cloth of a yard and half a quarter, and two linen table-cloths. * *

were young Gentlemen Commoners! Queen Elizabeth was the first person in this country who ever wore knit stockings.

1617.

In March of this year, 1617, there was another royal visit at Hinchinbrook.[10] But this time, I conceive, the royal entertainment would be much more moderate; Sir Oliver's purse growing lank. Over in Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell was lying sick, somewhat indifferent to royal progresses.

King James, this time, was returning northward to visit poor old Scotland again, to get his Pretended-Bishops set into activity, if he could. It is well known that he could not, to any satisfactory extent, neither now nor afterwards: his Pretended-Bishops, whom by cunning means he did get instituted, had the name of Bishops, but next to none of the authority, of the respect, or, alas, even of the cash, suitable to the reality of that office. They were by the Scotch People derisively called *Tulchan* Bishops.—Did the reader ever see, or fancy in his mind, a Tulchan? A Tulchan is, or rather was, for the thing is long since obsolete, a Calf-skin stuffed into the rude similitude of a Calf,—similar enough to deceive the imperfect perceptive organs of a Cow. At milking-time the Tulchan, with head duly bent, was set as if to suck; the fond cow looking round fancied that her calf was busy, and that all was right, and so gave her milk freely, which the cunning maid was straining in white abundance into her pail all the while! The Scotch milkmaids in those days cried, "Where is the Tulchan; is the Tulchan ready?" So of the Bishops. Scotch Lairds were eager enough to 'milk' the Church Lands and Tithes, to get the rents out of them freely, which was not always easy. They were glad to construct a *Form* of Bishops to please the King and Church, and make the milk come without disturbance. The reader now knows what a Tulchan Bishop was. A piece of mechanism constructed not without difficulty, in Parliament and King's Council, among the Scots; and torn asunder afterwards with dreadful clamour, and scattered to the four winds, so soon as the Cow became awake to it!—

"If the green table-cloth be too little, I will make a pair of warm stockings of "it. * *—Thus remembering my humble duty, I take my leave.—Your loving "Son, GEORGE RADCLIFFE."

Radcliffe's Letters, by Whitaker (London, 1810), p. 64-5.

[10] Camden's *Annals*; Nichols's *Progresses*.

Villiers Buckingham, the new favourite, of whom we say little, was of the royal party here. Dr. Laud, too, King's Chaplain, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, attended the King on this occasion; had once more the pleasure of seeing Huntingdon, the cradle of his promotions, and the birthplace of Oliver. In Scotland, Dr. Laud, much to his regret, found "no religion at all," no surplices no altars in the east or anywhere; no bowing, no responding; not the smallest regularity of fuglemanship or devotional drill-exercise; in short "no religion at all that I could see,"—which grieved me much.[11]

What to us is greatly more momentous: while these royal things went on in Scotland, in the end of this same June at Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell died. His Will is dated 6th June.[1] His burial-day is marked in the Church of All-Saints, 24th June 1617. For Oliver, the chief mourner, one of the most pregnant epochs. The same year, died his old Grandfather Steward, at Ely. Mrs. Robert Cromwell saw herself at once fatherless and a second time widowed in this year of bereavement. Left with six daughters and an only son, of whom three were come to years.

Oliver was now, therefore, a young heir; his age eighteen last April. How many of his Sisters, or whether any of them, were yet settled, we do not learn from Noble's confused searching of records or otherwise. Of this Huntingdon household, and its new head, we learn next to nothing by direct evidence; but can decisively enough, by inference, discern several things. 'Oliver returned no more to Cambridge.' It was now fit that he should take his Father's place here at Huntingdon, that he should, by the swiftest method, qualify himself in some degree for that.

The universal very credible tradition is, that he, 'soon after,' proceeded to London, to gain some knowledge of Law. 'Soon after' will mean certain months, we know not how many, after July 1617. Noble says, he was entered 'of Lincoln's Inn.' The Books of Lincoln's Inn, of Gray's Inn, of all the Inns of Court have been searched; and there is no Oliver Cromwell found in them. The Books of Gray's Inn contain these Cromwell Names, which are perhaps worth transcribing:

> Thomas Cromwell, 1524; Francis Cromwell, 1561;
> Gilbert Cromwell, 1609; Henry Cromwell, 1620;
> Henry Cromwell, 22d February 1653.

The first of which seems to me probably or possibly to mean

[11] Wharton's *Laud* (London, 1695), pp. 97, 109, 138. [12] Noble, i. 84.

Thomas Cromwell *Malleus Monachorum*, at that time returned from his Italian adventures, and in the service of Cardinal Wolsey; —taking the opportunity of hearing the 'readers,' old Benchers who then actually read, and of learning Law. The Henry Cromwell of February 1653-4 is expressly entered as 'Second sonne to his Highness Oliver, Lord Protector:' an interesting little fact, since it is an indisputable one. For the rest, Henry Cromwell was already a Colonel in the Army in 1651;[13] in 1654, during the spring months he was in Ireland; in the month of June he was at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire with his father-in-law, being already married;[14] and next year he went again on political business to Ireland, where he before long became Lord Deputy:[15] if for a while, in the end of 1654, he did attend in Gray's Inn, it can only have been, like his predecessor the *Malleus*, to gain some inkling of Law for general purposes; and not with any view towards Advocateship, which did not lie in his course at all, and was never very lovely either to his Father or himself. Oliver Cromwell's, as we said, is not a name found in any of the Books in that period.

Whence is to be inferred that Oliver was never of any Inn; that he never meant to be a professional Lawyer; that he had entered himself merely in the chambers of some learned gentleman, with an eye to obtain some tincture of Law, for doing County Magistracy, and the other duties of a gentleman citizen, in a reputable manner. The stories of his wild living while in Town, of his gambling and so forth, rest likewise exclusively on Carrion Heath; and solicit oblivion and Christian burial from all men. We cannot but believe he did go to Town to gain some knowledge of Law. But when he went, how long he stayed, cannot be known except approximately by years; under whom he studied, with what fruit, how he conducted himself as a young man and law-student, cannot be known at all. Of evidence that he ever lived a wild life about Town or elsewhere, there exists no particle. To assert the affirmative was then a great reproach to him; fit for Carrion Heath and

[13] Old Newspaper, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 91.

[14] '10th May 1653,—Mr. Henry Cromwell to Elizabeth Russel' (Registers of Kensington Church, in Faulkener's *History of Kensington*, p. 360).

[15] Here are the successive dates: 4th March 1653-4, he arrives at Dublin (Thurloe's *State Papers*, ii. 149); is at Chippenham, 18th June 1654 (*ib.* ii. 381); arrives at Chester on his way to Ireland again, 22d June 1655 (*ib.* iii. 581);—produces his commission as Lord Deputy, 24th or 25th November 1657 (Noble, i. 202).

others: it would be now, in our present strange condition of the Moral Law, one knows not what. With a Moral Law gone all to such a state of moonshine; with the hard Stone-tables, the god-given Precepts and eternal Penalties, dissolved all in cant and mealy-mouthed official flourishings,—it might perhaps, with certain parties, be a credit; the admirers and the censurers of Cromwell have alike no word to record on the subject.

1618.

Thursday, 29th October 1618. This morning, if Oliver, as is probable, were now in Town studying Law, he might be eye-witness of a great and very strange scene; the last scene in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.[16] Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palaceyard; he appeared on the scaffold there 'about eight o'clock' that morning; 'an immense crowd,' all London, and in a sense all England, looking on. A cold hoarfrosty morning. Earl of Arundel, now known to us by his Greek Marbles; Earl of Doncaster ('Sardanapalus' Hay, ultimately Earl of Carlisle); these with other earls and dignitaries sat looking through windows near by; to whom Raleigh in his last brief manful speech appealed, with response from them. He had failed of finding Eldorados in the Indies lately; he had failed, and also succeeded, in many things in his time: he returned home 'with his brain and his heart broken,' as he said;—and the Spaniards, who found King James willing, now wished that he should die. A very tragic scene. Such a man, with his head grown gray; with his strong heart 'breaking,' —still strength enough in it to break with dignity. Somewhat proudly he laid his old gray head on the block; as if saying, in better than words, "There then!" The Sheriff offered to let him warm himself again, within doors again at a fire. "Nay, let us be swift," said Raleigh; "in few minutes my ague will return upon "me, and if I be not dead before that, they will say I tremble for "fear."—If Oliver, among the 'immense crowd,' saw this scene, as is conceivable enough, he would not want for reflections on it.

What is more apparent to us, Oliver in these days is a visitor in Sir James Bourchier's Town residence. Sir James Bourchier, Knight, a civic gentleman; not connected at all with the old Bourchiers Earls of Essex, says my heraldic friend; but seemingly come of City merchants rather, who by some of their quarterings and cognisances appear to have been 'Furriers,' says he:—Like

[16] Camden; *Biog. Britan.*

enough. Not less but more important, it appears this Sir James Bourchier was a man of some opulence, and had daughters; had a daughter Elizabeth, not without charms for the youthful heart. Moreover he had landed property near Felsted in Essex, where his usual residence was. Felsted, where there is still a kind of School or Free-School, which was of more note in those days than now. That Oliver visited in Sir James's in Town or elsewhere, we discover with great certainty by the next written record of him.

1620.

The Registers of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London, are written by a third party as usual, and have no autograph signatures; but in the List of Marriages for 'August 1620,' stand these words, still to be read *sic:*

'Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bourcher. 22.

Milton's burial-entry is in another Book of the same memorable Church, '12 Nov. 1674;' where Oliver on the 22d of August 1620 was married.

Oliver is twenty-one years and four months old on this his wedding-day. He repaired, speedily or straightway we believe, to Huntingdon, to his Mother's house, which indeed was now his. His Law-studies, such as they were, had already ended, we infer: he had already set up house with his Mother; and was now bringing a wife home; the due arrangements for that end having been completed. Mother and Wife were to live together; the Sisters had got or were getting married,—Noble's researches and confused jottings do not say specially when: the Son, as new head of the house, an inexperienced head, but a teachable, ever-learning one, was to take his Father's place; and with a wise Mother and a good Wife, harmonising tolerably well we shall hope, was to manage as he best might. Here he continued, unnoticeable but easily imaginable by History, for almost ten years: farming lands; most probably attending quarter-sessions; doing the civic, industrial, and social duties, in the common way;—living as his Father before him had done. His first child was born here, in October 1621; a son, Robert, baptised at St. John's Church on the 13th of the month, of whom nothing farther is known.[17] A second child, also

[17] Date of his burial discovered lately, in the old Parish-Register of Felsted in Essex; recorded in peculiar terms, and specially in the then Vicar's hand: '*Robertus Cromwell, Filius honorandi viri M^us^*' (Militis) '*Oliveris Cromwell et*

a son, Oliver, followed, whose baptismal date is 6th February 1623, of whom also we have almost no farther account,—except one that can be proved to be erroneous.[18] The List of his other children shall be given by and by.

1623.

In October 1623, there was an illumination of tallow lights, a ringing of bells, and gratulation of human hearts in all Towns in England, and doubtless in Huntingdon too; on the safe return of Prince Charles from Spain *without* the Infanta.[19] A matter of endless joy to all true Englishmen of that day, though no Englishman of this day feels any interest in it one way or the other. But Spain, even more than Rome, was the chosen throne of Popery; which in that time meant temporal and eternal Damnability, Falsity to God's Gospel, love of prosperous Darkness rather than of suffering Light,—infinite baseness rushing short-sighted upon infinite peril for this world and for all worlds. King James, with his worldly-wise endeavourings to marry his son into some first-rate family, never made a falser calculation than in this grand business of the Spanish Match. The soul of England abhorred to have any concern with Spain or things Spanish. Spain was as a black Domdaniel, which, had the floors of it been paved with diamonds, had the Infanta of it come riding in such a Gig of Respectability as was never driven since Phaëton's Sun-chariot took the road, no honest English soul could wish to have concern with. Hence England illuminated itself. The articulate tendency of this Solomon King had unfortunately parted company altogether with the inarticulate but ineradicable tendency of the Country he presided over. The Solomon King struggled one way; and the English Nation with its very life-fibres was compelled to struggle another way. The rent by degrees became wide enough!

For the present, England is all illuminated, a new Parliament is

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Elizabethæ Uxoris ejus, sepultus fuit 31° *die Maii* 1639. *Et Robertus fuit eximiè pius juvenis, Deum timens suprà multos.*' (See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 209, January 1856, p. 54.) So that Oliver's first great loss in his Family was of this Eldest Son, then in his 18th year; not of a Younger one as was hitherto supposed. (*Note of* 1857.)

[18] Noble, i. 134.

[19] H. L. (Hammond l'Estrange), *Reign of King Charles* (London, 1656), p. 3. 'October 5th,' the Prince arrived.

summoned; which welcomes the breaking of the Spanish Match, as one might welcome the breaking of a Dr. Faustus's Bargain, and a deliverance from the power of sorcerers. Uncle Oliver served in this Parliament, as was his wont, for Huntingdonshire. They and the Nation with one voice impelled the poor old King to draw out his fighting tools at last, and beard this Spanish Apollyon, instead of making marriages with it. No Pitt's crusade against French Sansculottism in the end of the Eighteenth Century could be so welcomed by English Preservers of the Game, as this defiance of the Spanish Apollyon was by Englishmen in general in the beginning of the Seventeenth. The Palatinate was to be recovered, after all; Protestantism, the sacred cause of God's Light and Truth against the Devil's Falsity and Darkness, was to be fought for and secured. Supplies were voted; 'drums beat in the City' and elsewhere, as they had done three years ago,[20] to the joy of all men, when the Palatinate was first to be 'defended:' but now it was to be 'recovered;' now a decisive effort was to be made. The issue, as is well known, corresponded ill with these beginnings. Count Mansfeldt mustered his levies here, and set sail; but neither France nor any other power would so much as let him land. Count Mansfeldt's levies died of pestilence in their ships; 'their bodies, thrown ashore on the Dutch coast, were eaten by hogs,' till half the armament was dead on shipboard: nothing came of it, nothing could come. With a James Stuart for Generalissimo, there is no good fighting possible. The poor King himself soon after died;[21] left the matter to develop itself in other still fataler ways.

In those years it must be that Dr. Simcott, Physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, "he had often been sent for at midnight;" Mr. Cromwell for many years was very "splenetic" (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also "had fancies about the Town Cross."[22] Brief intimation; of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson too had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have,—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the Wilderness, Choices of Hercules,

[20] 11th June 1620 (Camden's *Annals*).
[21] Sunday, 27th March 1625 (Wilson, in Kennet, ii. 790).
[22] Sir Philip Warwick's *Memoirs* (London, 1701), p. 249.

and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness. The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black smoke as of Tophet filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become *flame*, and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage!

It is therefore in these years, undated by History, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his Conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of Eternal Death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man: properly the one epoch; the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity forevermore. Wilt thou join with the Dragons; wilt thou join with the Gods? Of thee too the question is asked;—whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide,' with words very imperfect; or by no man and no words, but only by the Silences, by the Eternities, by the Life everlasting and the Death everlasting. That the 'Sense of difference between Right and Wrong' had filled all Time and all Space for man, and bodied itself forth into a Heaven and Hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan, Old-Christian Ages; this is the element which stamps them as Heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our Species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of Heroic had ever been among us.

For many centuries, Catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine Sense, had been current more or less, making the generations noble: and here in England, in the Century called the Seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto,—not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places and in all cases.

1624.

The grievance of Lay Impropriations, complained of in the Hampton-Court Conference twenty years ago, having never been abated, and many parts of the country being still thought insuf-

ficiently supplied with Preachers, a plan was this year fallen upon to raise by subscription, among persons grieved at that state of matters, a Fund for *buying-in* such Impropriations as might offer themselves; for supporting good ministers therewith, in destitute places; and for otherwise encouraging the ministerial work. The originator of this scheme was 'the famous Dr. Preston,'[23] a Puritan College Doctor of immense 'fame' in those and in prior years; courted even by the Duke of Buckingham, and tempted with the gleam of bishoprics; but mouldering now in great oblivion, not famous to any man. His scheme, however, was found good. The wealthy London Merchants, almost all of them Puritans, took it up; and by degrees the wealthier Puritans over England at large. Considerable ever-increasing funds were subscribed for this pious object; were vested in 'Feoffees,'—who afterwards made some noise in the world, under that name. They gradually purchased some Advowsons or Impropriations, such as came to market; and hired, or assisted in hiring, a great many 'Lecturers,' persons not generally in full 'Priest's-orders' (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in 'Deacon's' or some other orders, with permission to preach, to 'lecture,' as it was called: whom accordingly we find lecturing in various places, under various conditions, in the subsequent years;—often in some market-town, 'on market-day;' on 'Sunday-afternoon,' as supplemental to the regular Priest when he might happen to be idle, or given to black and white surplices; or as 'running Lecturers,' now here, now there, over a certain district. They were greatly followed by the serious part of the community; and gave proportional offence in other quarters. In some years hence, they had risen to such a height, these Lecturers, that Dr. Laud, now come into authority, took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out; nay brought the Feoffees themselves and their whole Enterprise into the Star-chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumour from the public, suppressed them. This was in 1633; a somewhat strong measure. How would the Public take it now, if,—we say not the gate of Heaven, but the gate of the Opposition Hustings were suddenly shut against mankind,—if our Opposition Newspapers, and their morning Prophesyings, were suppressed!—That Cromwell was a contributor to this Feoffee Fund, and a zealous forwarder of it according to his opportunities,

[23] Heylin's *Life of Laud.*

we might already guess; and by and by there will occur some vestige of direct evidence to that effect.

Oliver naturally consorted henceforth with the Puritan Clergy in preference to the other kind; zealously attended their ministry, when possible;—consorted with Puritans in general, many of whom were Gentry of his own rank, some of them Nobility of much higher rank. A modest devout man, solemnly intent 'to make his calling and his election sure;' to whom, in credible dialect, the Voice of the Highest had spoken. Whose earnestness, sagacity and manful worth gradually made him conspicuous in his circle among such.—The Puritans were already numerous. John Hampden, Oliver's Cousin, was a devout Puritan, John Pym the like; Lord Brook, Lord Say, Lord Montague,—Puritans in the better ranks, and in every rank, abounded. Already, either in conscious act or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious Thought and Manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.

1625.

Mark Noble, citing Willis's *Notitia*, reports that Oliver appeared this year as Member 'for Huntingdon' in King Charles's first Parliament.[24] It is a mistake; grounded on mere blunders and clerical errors. Browne Willis, in his *Notitia Parliamentaria*, does indeed specify as Member for Huntingdon*shire* an 'Oliver Cromwell, Esq.,' who might be our Oliver. But the usual member in former Parliaments is Sir Oliver, our Oliver's Uncle. Browne Willis must have made, or have copied, some slip of the pen. Suppose him to have found in some of his multitudinous parchments, an 'Oliver Cromwell, Knight of the Shire:' and in place of putting in the 'Sir,' to have put in 'Esq.;' it will solve the whole difficulty. Our Oliver, when he indisputably did afterwards enter Parliament, came in for Huntingdon *Town;* so that, on this hypothesis, he must have first been Knight of the Shire, and then have sunk (an immense fall in those days) to be a Burgh Member; which cannot without other ground be credited. What the original Chancery Parchments say of the business, whether the error is theirs or Browne Willis's, I cannot decide: on inquiry at the Roll's Office, it turns out that the Records, for some fifty years about this period, have vanished "a good while ago." Whose error it may be, we know not; but an error we may safely conclude

[24] Noble, i. 100.

it is. Sir Oliver was then still living at Hinchinbrook, in the vigour of his years, no reason whatever why he should not serve as formerly; nay, if he had withdrawn, his young Nephew, of no fortune for a Knight of the Shire, was not the man to replace him. The Members for Huntingdon Town in this Parliament, as in the preceding one, are a Mr. Mainwaring and a Mr. St. John. The County Members in the preceding Parliament, and in this too with the correction of the concluding syllable in this, are 'Edward Montague, Esquire,' and 'Oliver Cromwell, *Knight.*'

1626.

In the Ashmole Museum at Oxford stands catalogued a 'Letter 'from Oliver Cromwell to Mr. Henry Downhall, at St. John's Col-'lege, Cambridge; dated, Huntingdon, 14 October 1626;'[25] which might perhaps, in some very faint way, have elucidated Dr. Simcott and the hypochondrias for us. On applying to kind friends at Oxford for a copy of this Letter, I learn that there is now no Letter, only a mere selvage of paper, and a leaf wanting between two leaves. It was stolen, none knows when; but stolen it is;—which forces me to continue my Introduction some nine years farther, instead of ending it at this point. Did some zealous Oxford Doctor cut the Letter out, as one weeds a hemlock from a parsley-bed; that so the Ashmole Museum might be cleansed, and yield only pure nutriment to mankind? Or was it some collector of autographs, eager beyond law? Whoever the thief may be, he is probably dead long since; and has answered for this,—and also, we may fancy, for heavier thefts, which were likely to be charged upon him. If any humane individual ever henceforth get his eye upon the Letter, let him be so kind as send a copy of it to the Publishers of this Book, and no questions will be asked.[26]

1627.

A Deed of Sale, dated 20th June 1627, still testifies that Hinchinbrook this year passed out of the hands of the Cromwells into those of the Montagues.[27] The price was 3000*l.*; curiously divided into two parcels, down to shillings and pence,—one of the

[25] Bodleian Library: *Codices Mss. Ashmoleani*, no. 8398.

[26] Letter found, worth nothing: Appendix, No. 1. (*Note to Second Edition.*)

[27] Noble, i. 43.

parcels being already a creditor's. The Purchaser is 'Sir Sidney Montague, Knight, of Barnwell, one of his Majesty's Masters of the Requests.' Sir Oliver Cromwell, son of the Golden Knight, having now burnt out his splendour, disappeared in this way from Hinchinbrook; retired deeper into the Fens, to a place of his near Ramsey Mere, where he continued still thirty years longer to reside, in an eclipsed manner. It was to this house at Ramsey that Oliver, our Oliver, then Captain Cromwell in the Parliament's service, paid the domiciliary visit much talked of in the old Books. The reduced Knight, his Uncle, was a Royalist or Malignant; and his house had to be searched for arms, for munitions, for furnishings of any sort, which he might be minded to send off to the King, now at York, and evidently intending war. Oliver's dragoons searched with due rigour for the arms; while the Captain respectfully conversed with his Uncle; and even 'insisted' through the interview, say the old Books, 'on standing uncovered:' which latter circumstance may be taken as an astonishing hypocrisy in him, say the old blockhead Books. The arms, munitions, furnishings were with all rigour of law, not with more rigour and not with less, carried away; and Oliver parted with his Uncle, for that time, not 'craving his blessing,' I think, as the old blockhead Books say; but hoping he might, one day, either get it or a *better* than it, for what he had now done. Oliver, while in military charge of that country, had probably repeated visits to pay to his Uncle; and they know little of the man or of the circumstances, who suppose there was any likelihood or any need of either insolence or hypocrisy in the course of these.

As for the old Knight, he seems to have been a man of easy temper; given to sumptuosity of hospitality; and averse to severer duties.[28] When his eldest son, who also showed a turn for expense, presented him a schedule of debts, craving aid towards the payment of them, Sir Oliver answered with a bland sigh, "I wish they were paid." Various Cromwells, sons of his, nephews of his, besides the great Oliver, took part in the Civil War, some on this side, some on that, whose indistinct designations in the old Books are apt to occasion mistakes with modern readers. Sir Oliver vanishes now from Hinchinbrook, and all the public business records, into the darker places of the Fens. His name disappears from Willis:—in the next Parliament, the Knight of the Shire for Huntingdon becomes, instead of him, 'Sir Capell Bedall, Baronet.'

[28] Fuller's *Worthies*, § Huntingdonshire.

The purchaser of Hinchinbrook, Sir Sidney Montague, was brother of the first Earl of Manchester, brother of the third Lord Montague of Boughton; and father of 'the valiant Colonel Montague,' valiant General Montague, Admiral Montague, who, in an altered state of circumstances, became first Earl of Sandwich, and perished, with a valour worthy of a better generalissimo than poor James Duke of York, in the Seafight of Solebay (Southwold Bay, on the coast of Suffolk) in 1672.[29]

In these same years, for the dates and all other circumstances of the matter hang dubious in the vague, there is record given by Dugdale, a man of very small authority on these Cromwell matters, of a certain suit instituted, in the King's Council, King's Court of Requests, or wherever it might be, by our Oliver and other relations interested, concerning the lunacy of his Uncle, Sir Thomas Steward of Ely. It seems they alleged, This Uncle Steward was incapable of managing his affairs, and ought to be restrained under guardians. Which allegation of theirs, and petition grounded on it, the King's Council saw good to deny: whereupon—Sir Thomas Steward continued to manage his affairs, in an incapable or semi-capable manner; and nothing followed upon it whatever. Which proceeding of Oliver's, if there ever was such a proceeding, we are, according to Dugdale, to consider an act of villany,—if we incline to take that trouble. What we know is, That poor Sir Thomas himself did not so consider it; for, by express testament some years afterwards, he declared Oliver his heir in chief, and left him considerable property, as if nothing had happened. So that there is this dilemma: If Sir Thomas was imbecile, then Oliver was right; and unless Sir Thomas was imbecile, Oliver was not wrong! Alas, all calumny and carrion, does it not incessantly cry, "Earth, oh, for pity's sake, a little earth!"

1628.

Sir Oliver Cromwell has faded from the Parliamentary scene into the deep Fen-country, but Oliver Cromwell, Esq., appears there as Member for Huntingdon, at Westminster on 'Monday the 17th of March' 1627-8. This was the Third Parliament of Charles: by much the most notable of all Parliaments till Charles's Long Parliament met, which proved his last.

Having sharply, with swift impetuosity and indignation, dismissed

[29] Collins's *Peerage* (London, 1741), ii. 286-9.

two Parliaments, because they would not 'supply' him without taking 'grievances' along with them; and meanwhile and afterwards, having failed in every operation foreign and domestic, at Cadiz, at Rhé, at Rochelle; and having failed, too, in getting supplies by unparliamentary methods, Charles 'consulted with Sir Robert Cotton what was to be done;' who answered, Summon a Parliament again. So this celebrated Parliament was summoned. It met, as we said, in March 1628, and continued with one prorogation till March 1629. The two former Parliaments had sat but a few weeks each, till they were indignantly hurled asunder again; this one continued nearly a year. Wentworth (Strafford) was of this Parliament; Hampden too, Selden, Pym, Holles, and others known to us: all these had been of former Parliaments as well; Oliver Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, sat there for the first time.

It is very evident, King Charles, baffled in all his enterprises, and reduced really to a kind of crisis, wished much this Parliament should succeed; and took what he must have thought incredible pains for that end. The poor King strives visibly throughout to control himself, to be soft and patient; inwardly writhing and rustling with royal rage. Unfortunate King, we see him chafing, stamping,—a very fiery steed, but bridled, check-bitted, by innumerable straps and considerations; struggling much to be composed. Alas, it would not do. This Parliament was more Puritanic, more intent on rigorous Law and divine Gospel, than any other had ever been. As indeed all these Parliaments grow strangely in Puritanism; more and ever more earnest rises from the hearts of them all, "O Sacred Majesty, lead us not to Antichrist, to Illegality, to temporal and eternal Perdition!" The Nobility and Gentry of England were then a very strange body of men. The English Squire of the Seventeenth Century clearly appears to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English Squire. 'He wore his Bible-doctrine 'round him,' says one, 'as our Squire wears his shot-belt; went 'abroad with it, nothing doubting.' King Charles was going on his father's course, only with frightful acceleration: he and his respectable Traditions and Notions, clothed in old sheepskin and respectable Church-tippets, were all pulling one way; England and the Eternal Laws pulling another;—the rent fast widening till no man could heal it.

This was the celebrated Parliament which framed the Petition

of Right, and set London all astir with 'bells and bonfires' at the passing thereof; and did other feats not to be particularised here. Across the murkiest element in which any great Entity was ever shown to human creatures, it still rises, after much consideration, to the modern man, in a dim but undeniable manner, as a most brave and noble Parliament. The like of which were worth its weight in diamonds even now;—but has grown very unattainable now, next door to incredible now. We have to say that this Parliament chastised sycophant Priests, Mainwaring, Sibthorp, and other Arminian sycophants, a disgrace to God's Church; that it had an eye to other still more elevated Church-Sycophants, as the mainspring of all; but was cautious to give offence by naming them. That it carefully 'abstained from naming the Duke of Buckingham.' That it decided on giving ample subsidies, but not till there were reasonable discussion of grievances. That in manner it was most gentle, soft-spoken, cautious, reverential; and in substance most resolute and valiant. Truly with valiant patient energy, in a slow stedfast English manner, it carried, across infinite confused opposition and discouragement, its Petition of Right, and what else it had to carry. Four hundred brave men,—brave men and true, after their sort! One laments to find such a Parliament smothered under Dryasdust's shot-rubbish. The memory of it, could any real memory of it rise upon honourable gentlemen and us, might be admonitory,—would be astonishing at least. We must clip one extract from Rushworth's huge Rag-fair of a Book; the mournfulest torpedo rubbish-heap, of jewels buried under sordid wreck and dust and dead ashes, one jewel to the wagon-load;—and let the reader try to make a visual scene of it as he can. Here, we say, is an old Letter, which 'old Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards,' a gentleman entirely unknown to us, received fresh and new, before breakfast, on a June morning of the year 1628; of which old Letter we, by a good chance,[30] have obtained a copy for the reader. It is by Mr. Thomas Alured, a good Yorkshire friend, Member for Malton in that county;—written in a hand which, if it were not naturally stout, would tremble with emotion. Worthy Mr. Alured, called also 'Al'red' or 'Aldred;' uncle or father, we suppose, to a 'Colonel Alured,' well known afterwards to Oliver and us: he writes; we abridge and present, as follows:

[30] Rushworth's *Historical Collections* (London, 1682), i. 609-10. (Note, vols. ii. and iii. of this Copy are of 1680, a *prior* edition seemingly; iv. and v. of 1692; vi. and vii. of 1701; viii., Strafford's Trial, of 1700.)

"Friday, 6th June 1628.

"Sir,—Yesterday was a day of desolation among us in Parlia-
"ment; and this day, we fear, will be the day of our dissolution.

"Upon Tuesday Sir John Eliot moved that as we intended to "furnish his Majesty with money, we should also supply him with "counsel. Representing the doleful state of affairs, he desired "there might be a *Declaration* made to the King, of the danger "wherein the Kingdom stood by the decay and contempt of "religion, by the insufficiency of his Ministers, by the" &c. &c. Sir "Humphrey May, Chancellor of the Duchy, said, 'it was a strange "language;' yet the House commanded Sir John Eliot to go on. "Whereupon the Chancellor desired, 'If he went on, *he* the Chan-
"cellor might go out.' They all bade him 'begone:' yet he stayed, "and heard Sir John out. The House generally inclined to such "a *Declaration;* which was accordingly resolved to be set about.

"But next day, Wednesday, we had a Message from his Majesty "by the Speaker, That as the Session was positively to end in "a week, we should husband the time, and despatch our old "businesses without entertaining new!"——Intending nevertheless "to pursue our *Declaration*, we had, yesterday, Thursday morning, "a new Message brought us, which I have here enclosed. Which "requiring us *Not to cast or lay any aspersion upon any Minister of "his Majesty*, the House was much affected thereby." Did they not in former times proceed by fining and committing John of Gaunt, the King's own son; had they not, in very late times, meddled with and sentenced the Lord Chancellor Bacon and others? What are we arriving at!—

"Sir Robert Philips of Somersetshire spake, and mingled his "words with weeping. Mr. Pym did the like. Sir Edward Cook" (old Coke upon Lyttleton), "overcome with passion, seeing the "desolation likely to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began "to speak, by the abundance of tears." Oh, Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards, was the like ever witnessed? "Yea, the "Speaker in his speech could not refrain from weeping and "shedding of tears. Besides a great many whose grief made "them dumb. But others bore up in that storm, and encouraged "the rest." We resolved ourselves into a Committee, to have freer scope for speech; and called Mr. Whitby to the chair.

The Speaker, always in close communication with his Majesty, craves leave from us, with much humility, to withdraw "for half an hour;" which, though we knew well whither he was going,

was readily granted him. It is ordered, "No other man leave the House upon pain of going to the Tower." And now the speaking commences, "freer and frequenter," being in Committee, and old Sir Edward Coke tries it again.

"Sir Edward Cook told us, 'He now saw God had not accepted "of our humble and moderate carriages and fair proceedings; and "he feared the reason was, We had not dealt sincerely with the "King and Country, and made a *true* representation of the causes "of all those miseries. Which he, for his part, repented that he "had not done sooner. And therefore, not knowing whether he "should ever again speak in this House, he would now do it freely; "and so did here protest, That the author and cause of all those "miseries was—THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.' Which was enter- "tained and answered with a cheerful acclamation of the House." (Yea, yea! Well moved, well spoken! Yea, yea!) "As, when "one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with full "cry; so they (*we*) pursued it, and everyone came home, and laid "the blame where he thought the fault was,"—on the Duke of Buckingham, to wit. "And as we were putting it to the "question, Whether he should be *named* in our intended Remon- "strance as the chief cause of all our miseries at home and abroad, "—the Speaker, having been, not half an hour, but three hours "absent, and with the King, returned; bringing this Message, "That the House should then rise (being about eleven o'clock), "adjourn till the morrow morning, and no Committees to sit, "or other business to go on, in the interim." And so, ever since, King's Majesty, Speaker, Duke and Councillors, they have been meditating it all night!

"What we shall expect this morning, therefore, God of Heaven "knows! We shall meet betimes this morning; partly for the "business' sake; and partly because, two days ago, we made an "order, That whoever comes in after Prayers shall pay twelvepence "to the poor.

"Sir, excuse my haste:—and let us have your prayers; whereof "both you and we have need. I rest,—affectionately at your "service, THOMAS ALURED."

This scene Oliver saw, and formed part of; one of the memorablest he was ever in. Why did those old honourable gentlemen 'weep'? How came tough old Coke upon Lyttleton, one of the toughest men ever made, to melt into tears like a girl, and sit

down unable to speak? The modern honourable gentleman cannot tell. Let him consider it, and try if he can tell! And then, putting off his Shot-belt, and striving to put on some Bible-doctrine, some earnest God's truth or other,—try if he can discover why he cannot tell!—

The Remonstrance against Buckingham was perfected; the hounds having got all upon the scent. Buckingham was expressly 'named,'—a daring feat: and so loud were the hounds, and such a tune in their baying, his Majesty saw good to confirm, and ratify beyond shadow of cavil, the invaluable Petition of Right, and thereby produce 'bonfires,' and bob-majors upon all bells. Old London was sonorous; in a blaze with joy-fires. Soon after which, this Parliament, as London, and England, and it, all still continued somewhat too sonorous, was hastily, with visible royal anger, prorogued till October next,—till January as it proved. Oliver, of course, went home to Huntingdon to his harvest-work; England continued simmering and sounding as it might.

The day of prorogation was the 26th of June.[31] One day in the latter end of August, John Felton, a short swart Suffolk gentleman of military air, in fact a retired lieutenant of grim serious disposition, went out to walk in the eastern parts of London. Walking on Tower Hill, full of black reflections on his own condition, and on the condition of England, and a Duke of Buckingham holding all England down into the jaws of ruin and disgrace,—John Felton saw, in evil hour, on some cutler's stall there, a broad sharp hunting-knife, price one shilling. John Felton, with a wild flash in the dark heart of him, bought the said knife; rode down to Portsmouth with it, where the great Duke then was; struck the said knife, with one fell plunge, into the great Duke's heart. This was on Saturday the 23rd of August of this same year.[32]

Felton was tried; saw that his wild flashing inspiration had been not of God, but of Satan. It is known he repented: when the death-sentence was passed on him, he stretched out his right hand; craved that this too, as some small expiation, might first be stricken off; which was denied him, as against law. He died at Tyburn; his body was swinging in chains at Portsmouth;—and much else had gone awry, when the Parliament reassembled, in January following, and Oliver came up to Town again.

[31] *Commons Journals*, i. 920.

[32] Clarendon (i. 68); Hamond l'Estrange (p. 90); D'Ewes (MS. Autobiography), &c.; all of whom report the minute circumstances of the assassination, not one of them agreeing completely with another.

1629.

The Parliament Session proved very brief; but very energetic, very extraordinary. 'Tonnage and Poundage,' what we now call Customhouse Duties, a constant subject of quarrel between Charles and his Parliaments hitherto, had again been levied *without* Parliamentary consent; in the teeth of old *Tallagio non concedendo*, nay even of the late solemnly-confirmed Petition of Right; and naturally gave rise to Parliamentary consideration. Merchants had been imprisoned for refusing to pay it; Members of Parliament themselves had been '*supœna'd:*' there was a very ravelled coil to deal with in regard to Tonnage and Poundage. Nay the Petition of Right itself had been altered in the Printing; a very ugly business too.

In regard to Religion also, matters looked equally ill. Sycophant Mainwaring, just censured in Parliament, had been promoted to a fatter living. Sycophant Montague, in the like circumstances, to a Bishopric: Laud was in the act of consecrating him at Croydon, when the news of Buckingham's death came thither. There needed to be a Committee of Religion. The House resolved itself into a Grand Committee of Religion; and did not want for matter. Bishop Neile of Winchester, Bishop Laud now of London, were a frightfully ceremonial pair of Bishops; the fountain they of innumerable tendencies to Papistry and the old-clothes of Babylon! It was in this Committee of Religion, on the 11th day of February 1628-9, that Mr. Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, stood up and made his first Speech, a fragment of which has found its way into History, and is now known to all mankind. He said, "He had heard by relation from one Dr. "Beard" (his old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon), "that Dr. "Alablaster had preached flat Popery at Paul's Cross; and that "the Bishop of Winchester" (Dr. Neile) "had commanded him as "his Diocesan, He should preach nothing to the contrary. Main-"waring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was by "the same Bishop's means preferred to a rich living. If these are "the steps to Church-preferment, what are we to expect?" [33]

Dr. Beard, as the reader knows, is Oliver's old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon; a grave, speculative, theological old gentleman, seemingly,—and on a level with the latest news from Town. Of poor Dr. Alablaster there may be found some indistinct, and

[33] *Parliamentary History* (London, 1763), viii. 289.

instantly forgettable particulars in Wood's *Athenæ*. Paul's Cross, of which I have seen old Prints, was a kind of Stone Tent, 'with leaden roof,' at the north-east corner of Paul's Cathedral, where Sermons were still, and had long been, preached in the open air; crowded devout congregations gathering there, with forms to sit on, if you came early. Queen Elizabeth used to 'tune her pulpits,' she said, when there was any great thing on hand; as Governing Persons now strive to tune their Morning Newspapers. Paul's Cross, a kind of *Times Newspaper*, but edited partly by Heaven itself, was then a most important entity! Alablaster, to the horror of mankind, was heard preaching 'flat Popery' there,—'prostituting our columns,' in that scandalous manner! And Neile had forbidden him to preach against it: 'what are we to expect?'

The record of this world-famous utterance of Oliver still lies in manuscript in the British Museum, in Mr. Crewe's Note-book, or another's: it was first printed in a wretched old Book called *Ephemeris Parliamentaria*, professing to be compiled by Thomas Fuller; and actually containing a Preface recognisable as his, but nothing else that we can so recognise: for 'quaint old Fuller' is a man of talent; and this Book looks as if compiled by some spiritual Nightmare, rather than a rational Man. Probably some greedy Printer's compilation; to whom Thomas, in ill hour, had sold his name. In the Commons Journals, of that same day, we are farther to remark, there stands, in perennial preservation, this notice: 'Upon question, *Ordered*, That Dr. Beard of Huntingdon 'be written to by Mr. Speaker, to come up and testify against the 'Bishop; the order for Dr. Beard to be delivered to Mr. Crom-'well.' The first mention of Mr. Cromwell's name in the Books of any Parliament.—

A new *Remonstrance* behoves to be resolved upon; Bishops Neile and Laud are even to be *named* there. Whereupon, before they could get well 'named,' perhaps before Dr. Beard had well got up from Huntingdon to testify against them, the King hastily interfered. This Parliament, in a fortnight more, was dissolved; and that under circumstances of the most unparalleled sort. For Speaker Finch, as we have seen, was a Courtier, in constant communication with the King: one day while these high matters were astir, Speaker Finch refused to 'put the question' when ordered by the House! He said he had orders to the contrary; persisted in that;—and at last took to weeping. What was the House to do? Adjourn for two days, and consider what to do! On

the second day, which was Wednesday, Speaker Finch signified that by his Majesty's command they were again adjourned till Monday next. On Monday next, Speaker Finch, still recusant, would not put the former nor indeed any question, having the King's order to adjourn *again* instantly. He refused; was reprimanded, menaced; once more took to weeping; then started up to go his ways. But young Mr. Holles, Denzil Holles, the Earl of Clare's second son, he and certain other honourable members were prepared for that movement: they seized Speaker Finch, set him down in his chair, and by main force held him there! A scene of such agitation as was never seen in Parliament before. 'The House was much troubled.' "Let him go!" cried certain Privy Councillors, Majesty's Ministers as we should now call them, who in those days sat in front of the Speaker; "Let Mr. Speaker go!" cried they imploringly.—"No!" answered Holles; "God's wounds, he shall sit there till it please the House to rise!" The House, in a decisive though almost distracted manner, with their Speaker thus held down for them, locked their doors; redacted Three emphatic Resolutions, their Protest against Arminianism, against Papistry, against illegal Tonnage and Poundage; and passed the same by acclamation; letting no man out, refusing to let even the King's Usher in; then swiftly vanishing so soon as the resolutions were passed, for they understood the Soldiery was coming.[34] For which surprising procedure, vindicated by Necessity the mother of Invention and supreme of Lawgivers, certain honourable gentlemen, Denzil Holles, Sir John Eliot, William Strode, John Selden, and others less known to us, suffered fine, imprisonment and much legal tribulation: nay Sir John Eliot, refusing to submit, was kept in the Tower till he died.

This scene fell out on Monday 2d of March 1629. Directly on the back of which, we conclude, Mr. Cromwell quitted Town for Huntingdon again;—told Dr. Beard also that he was not wanted now; that he might at leisure go on with his *Theatre of God's Judgments* now.[35] His Majesty dissolved the Parliament by Proclamation; saying something about 'vipers' that had been there.

It was the last Parliament in England for about eleven years. The King had taken his course. The King went on raising supplies without Parliamentary law, by all conceivable devices; of which Shipmoney may be considered the most original, and sale

[34] Rushworth, i. 667-9.

[35] Third Edition, 'increased with many new examples,' in 1631.

of Monopolies the most universal. The monopoly of 'soap' itself was very grievous to men.[36] Your soap was dear, and it would not wash, but only blister. The ceremonial Bishops, Bishop or Archbishop Laud now chief of them,—they, on their side, went on diligently hunting out 'Lecturers,' erecting 'altars in the east-end of churches;' charging all clergymen to have, in good repair and order, 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide.'[37] Vexations spiritual and fiscal, beyond what we can well fancy now, afflicted the souls of men. The English Nation was patient; it endured in silence, with prayer that God in justice and mercy would look upon it. The King of England with his chief-priests was going one way; the Nation of England by eternal laws was going another: the split became too wide for healing. Oliver and others seemed now to have done with Parliaments; a royal Proclamation forbade them so much as to speak of such a thing.

1630.

In the 'new charter' granted to the Corporation of Huntingdon, and dated 8th July 1630, Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Thomas Beard, D.D. his old Schoolmaster, and Robert Barnard, Esquire, of whom also we may hear again, are named Justices of the Peace for that Borough.[38] I suppose there was nothing new in this nomination; a mere confirming and continuing of what had already been. But the smallest authentic fact, any undoubted date or circumstance regarding Oliver and his affairs, is to be eagerly laid hold of.

1631.

In or soon after 1631, as we laboriously infer from the imbroglio records of poor Noble, Oliver decided on an enlarged sphere of action as a Farmer; sold his properties in Huntingdon, all or some of them; rented certain grazing-lands at St. Ives, five miles down the River, eastward of his native place, and removed thither. The Deed of Sale is dated 7th May 1631;[39] the properties are specified as in the possession of himself or his Mother; the sum they yielded was 1800*l.* With this sum Oliver stocked his Grazing-Farm at St. Ives. The Mother, we infer, continued to reside at Huntingdon, but withdrawn now from active occupation, into the retirement befitting a widow advanced in years. There

[36] See many old Pamphlets.
[37] Laud's *Diary*, in Wharton's *Laud.*
[38] Noble, i. 102.
[39] Ibid. i. 103-4.

is even some gleam of evidence to that effect: her properties are sold; but Oliver's children born to him at St. Ives are still christened at Huntingdon, in the Church he was used to; which may mean also that their good Grandmother was still there.

Properly this was no change in Oliver's old activities; it was an enlargement of the sphere of them. His Mother still at Huntingdon, within few miles of him, he could still superintend and protect her existence there, while managing his new operations at St. Ives. He continued here till the summer or spring of 1636.[40] A studious imagination may sufficiently construct the figure of his equable life in those years. Diligent grass-farming; mowing, milking, cattle-marketing: add 'hypochondria,' fits of the blackness of darkness, with glances of the brightness of very Heaven; prayer, religious reading and meditation; household epochs, joys and cares:—we have a solid substantial inoffensive Farmer of St. Ives, hoping to walk with integrity and humble devout diligence through this world; and, by his Maker's infinite mercy, to escape destruction, and find eternal salvation, in wider Divine Worlds. This latter, this is the grand clause in his Life, which dwarfs all other clauses. Much wider destinies than he anticipated were appointed him on Earth; but that, in comparison to the alternative of Heaven or Hell to all Eternity, was a mighty small matter.

The lands he rented are still there, recognisable to the Tourist; gross boggy lands, fringed with willow-trees, at the east end of the small Town of St. Ives, which is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts. The 'Cromwell Barn,' the pretended 'House of Cromwell,' the &c. &c. are, as is usual in these cases, when you come to try them by the documents, a mere jumble of incredibilities, and oblivious human platitudes, distressing to the mind.

But a Letter, one Letter signed Oliver Cromwell and dated St. Ives, does remain, still legible and undubitable to us. What more is to be said on St. Ives and the adjacent matters will best arrange itself round that Document. One or two entries here, and we arrive at that, and bring these imperfect Introductory Chronicles to a close.

1632.

In January of this year Oliver's seventh child was born to him; a boy, James; who died the day after baptism. There remained six children, of whom one other died young; it is not known at

[40] Noble, i. 106.

what date. Here subjoined is the List of them, and of those subsequently born; in a Note, elaborated, as before, from the imbroglios of Noble.[41]

[41] Oliver Cromwell's Children.

(Married to Elizabeth Bourchier, 22d August 1620.)

1. *Robert;* baptised 13th October 1621. Named for his Grandfather. No farther account of him (except, now, *supra*, p. 44 n.); he died before ripe years.

2. Oliver; baptised 6th February 1622-3; went to Felsted School. 'Captain in Harrison's Regiment,'—no. At Peterborough in 1643 (Noble, i. 133-4). He died, or was killed during the War; date and place not yet discoverable. Noble says it was at Appleby; referring to Whitlocke. Whitlocke (p. 318 of 1st edition, 322 of 2d), on ransacking the old Pamphlets, turns out to be indisputably in error. The Protector on his deathbed alludes to this Oliver's death: "It went to my heart like a dagger, indeed it did."

3. Bridget; baptised 4th August 1624. Married to Ireton, 15th June 1646 (Noble, i. 134, is twice in error); widow, 26th November 1651. Married to Fleetwood (exact date, after long search, remains undiscovered; Noble, ii. 355, says 'before' June 1652,—at random seemingly). Died at Stoke Newington, near London, September 1681.

4. Richard; born 4th October 1626. At Felsted School. 'In Lincoln's Inn, 27th May 1647:' an error? Married, in 1649, Richard Mayor's daughter, of Hursley, Hants. First in Parliament, 1654. Protector, 1658. Dies, poor idle Triviality, at Cheshunt, 12th July 1712.

5. Henry; baptised at All-Saints (the rest are at St. John's), Huntingdon, 20th January 1627-8. Felsted School. In the army at sixteen. Captain, under Harrison I think, in 1647. Colonel in 1649, and in Ireland with his Father. Lord Deputy there in 1657. In 1660 retired to Spinney Abbey, 'near Soham,' nearer Wicken, in Cambridgeshire. Foolish story of Charles II. and the 'stable-fork' there (Noble, i. 212). Died 23d March 1673-4; buried in Wicken Church. A brave man and true: had *he* been named Protector, there had, most likely, been quite another History of England to write, at present!

6. Elizabeth; baptised 2d July 1629. Mrs. Claypole, 1645-6. Died at 3 in the morning, Hampton-Court, 6th August 1658,—four weeks before her Father. A graceful, brave and amiable woman. The lamentation about Dr. Hewit and 'bloodshed' (in Clarendon and others) is fudge.

At St. Ives and Ely:

7. *James;* baptised 8th January 1631-2; died next day.

8. Mary; baptised (at Huntingdon still) 9th February 1636-7, Lady Fauconberg, 18th November 1657. Dean Swift knew her: 'handsome and like her Father.' (*Journal to Stella*, '13th Nov. 1710.') Died 14th March 1712 (1712-3? is not decided in Noble). Richard died within a few months of her.

9. Frances; baptised (at Ely now) 6th December 1638. 'Charles II. was for marrying her:' not improbable. Married Mr. Rich, Earl of Warwick's grandson, 11th November 1657: he died in three months, 16th February 1657-8. No child by Rich. Married Sir John Russel,—the Checquers Russels. Died 27th January 1719-20.

This same year, William Prynne first began to make a noise in England. A learned young gentleman 'from Swainswick, near Bath,' graduate of Oxford, now 'an Outer Barrister of Lincoln's Inn;' well read in English Law, and full of zeal for Gospel Doctrine and Morality. He, struck by certain flagrant scandals of the time, especially by that of Play-acting and Masking, saw good, this year, to set forth his *Histriomastix*, or Player's Scourge; a Book still extant, but never more to be read by mortal. For which Mr. William Prynne himself, before long, paid rather dear. The Book was licensed by old Archbishop Abbot, a man of Puritan tendencies, but now verging towards his end. Peter Heylin, 'lying Peter' as men sometimes call him, was already with hawk's eye and the intensest interest reading this now unreadable Book, and, by Laud's direction, taking excerpts from the same.—

It carries our thought to extensive world-transactions over sea, to reflect that in the end of this same year, '6th November 1632,' the great Gustavus died on the Field of Lützen; fighting against Wallenstein; victorious for the last time. While Oliver Cromwell walked peacefully intent on cattle-husbandry, that winter-day, on the grassy banks of the Ouse at St. Ives, Gustavus Adolphus, shot through the back, was sinking from his horse in the battle-storm far off, with these words: "*Ich habe genug, Bruder; rette Dich.* Brother, I have got enough; save thyself."[42]

On the 19th of the same month, November 1632, died likewise Frederick Elector Palatine, titular King of Bohemia, husband of King Charles's sister, and father of certain Princes, Rupert and others, who came to be well known in our History. Elizabeth, the Widow, was left with a large family of them in Holland, very bare of money, of resource, or immediate hope; but conducted herself, as she had all along done, in a way that gained much respect. '*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr*, All for Glory and Her,' were the words Duke Bernhard of Weimar carried on his Flag, through many battles in that Thirty-Years War. She was of Puritan tendency; understood to care little about the Four surplices at Allhallowtide, and much for the root of the matter.

In all, 5 sons and 4 daughters; of whom 3 sons and all the daughters came to maturity.

The Protector's Widow died at Norborough, her son-in-law Claypole's place (now ruined, patched into a farmhouse; near Market-Deeping; it is itself in Northamptonshire), 8th October 1672.

[42] Schiller, *Geschichte des 30jährigen Krieges.*

Attorney-General Noy, in these months, was busy tearing up the unfortunate old manufacturers of soap; tormenting mankind very much about soap.[43] He tore them up irresistibly, reduced them to total ruin; good soap became unattainable.

1633.

In May 1633, the second year of Oliver's residence in this new Farm, the King's Majesty, with train enough, passed through Huntingdonshire, on his way to Scotland to be crowned. The loud rustle of him disturbing, for a day, the summer husbandries and operations of mankind. His ostensible business was to be crowned; but his intrinsic errand was, what his Father's formerly had been, to get his Pretended-Bishops set on foot there; his *Tulchans* converted into real Calves;—in which, as we shall see, he succeeded still worse than his Father had done. Dr. Laud, Bishop Laud, now near upon Archbishophood, attended his Majesty thither as formerly; still found 'no religion' there, but trusted now to introduce one. The Chapel at Holyrood-house was fitted up with every equipment textile and metallic; and little Bishop Laud in person 'performed the service,' in a way to illuminate the benighted natives, as was hoped,—show them how an Artist could do it. He had also some dreadful travelling through certain of the savage districts of that country.

Crossing Huntingdonshire, on this occasion, in his way Northward, his Majesty had visited the Establishment of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding, on the western border of that county.[44] A surprising Establishment, now in full flower; wherein above fourscore persons, including domestics, with Ferrar and his Brother and aged Mother at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant Monachism, and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy, and merely religious duties; employed themselves in 'binding of Prayer-books,' embroidering of hassocks, in almsgiving also, and what charitable work was possible in that desert region; above all, they kept up, night and day, a continual repetition of the English Liturgy; being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another as on shipboard; and never allowing at any hour the sacred fire to go out. This also, as a feature of the times, the modern reader is to meditate. In Izaac Walton's *Lives* there is some drowsy notice of

[43] Rushworth, ii. 135, 252, &c. [44] Ibid., ii. 178.

these people, not unknown to the modern reader. A far livelier notice; record of an actual visit to the place, by an Anonymous Person, seemingly a religious Lawyer, perhaps returning from Circuit in that direction, at all events a most sharp distinct man, through whose clear eyes we also can still look;—is preserved by Hearne in very unexpected neighbourhood.[45] The Anonymous Person, after some survey and communing, suggested to Nicholas Ferrar, "Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummery, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in these bad times?" Nicholas, a dark man, who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his Foreign travels, looked at him ambiguously, and said, "I perceive you are a person who know the world!" They did not ask the Anonymous Person to stay dinner, which he considered would have been agreeable.——

Note these other things, with which we are more immediately concerned. In this same year the Feoffees, with their Purchase of Advowsons, with their Lecturers and Running Lecturers, were fairly rooted out, and flung prostrate into total ruin; Laud having set Attorney-General Noy upon them, and brought them into the Starchamber. 'God forgive *them*,' writes Bishop Laud, 'and grant me patience!'—on hearing that they spake harshly of him; not gratefully, but ungratefully, for all this trouble he took! In the same year, by procurement of the same zealous Bishop hounding-on the same invincible Attorney-General, William Prynne, our unreadable friend, Peter Heylin having read him, was brought to the Starchamber; to the Pillory, and had his ears cropt off, for the first time;—who also, strange as it may look, manifested no gratitude, but the contrary, for all that trouble![46]

1634.

In the end of this the third year of Oliver's abode at St. Ives, came out the celebrated Writ of Shipmoney. It was the last feat of Attorney-General Noy: a morose, amorphous, cynical Law-Pedant, and invincible living heap of learned rubbish; once a Patriot in Parliament, till they made him Attorney-General, and enlightened his eyes: who had fished-up from the dust-abysses

[45] Thomæ Caii *Vindiciæ Antiquitatis Academiæ Oxoniensis* (Oxf. 1730), ii. 702-794. There are two *Lives* of Ferrar; considerable writings about him; but, except this, nothing that much deserves to be read.

[46] Rushworth; Wharton's *Laud.*

this and other old shadows of 'precedents,' promising to be of great use in the present distressed state of the Finance Department. Parliament being in abeyance, how to raise money was now the grand problem. Noy himself was dead before the Writ came out; a very mixed renown following him. The Vintners, says Wood, illuminated at his death, made bonfires, and 'drank lusty carouses:' to them, as to every man, he had been a sore affliction. His heart, on dissection, adds old Anthony, was found 'all shrivelled up like a leather penny-purse;' which gave rise to comments among the Puritans.[47] His brain, said the pasquinades of the day, was found reduced to a mass of dust, his heart was a bundle of old sheep-skin writs, and his belly consisted of a barrel of soap.[48] Some indistinct memory of him still survives, as of a grisly Law Pluto, and dark Law Monster, kind of Infernal King, Chief Enchanter in the Domdaniel of Attorneys; one of those frightful men, who, as his contemporaries passionately said and repeated, dare to 'decree injustice *by a law*.'

The Shipmoney Writ has come out, then; and Cousin Hampden has decided not to pay it!—As the date of Oliver's St. Ives Letter is 1635-6, and we are now come in sight of that, we will here close our Chronology.

[47] Wood's *Athenæ* (Bliss's edition, London, 1815), ii. 583.
[48] Rushworth.

CHAPTER V.

OF OLIVER'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

LETTERS and authentic Utterances of Oliver lie scattered, in print and manuscript, in a hundred repositories, in all varieties of condition and environment. Most of them, all the important of them, have already long since been printed and again printed; but we cannot in general say, ever read: too often it is apparent that the very editor of these poor utterances had, if reading mean understanding, never *read* them. They stand in their old spelling; mispunctuated, misprinted, unelucidated, unintelligible,—defaced with the dark incrustations too well known to students of that Period. The Speeches above all, as hitherto set forth in *The Somers Tracts*, in *The Milton State-Papers*, in *Burton's Diary*, and other such Books, excel human belief: certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted; of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold; is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures. Of these Speeches, all except one, which was published by authority at the time, I have to believe myself, not very exultingly, to be the first actual reader for nearly two Centuries past.

Nevertheless these Documents do exist, authentic though defaced; and invite everyone who would know that Period, to study them till they become intelligible again. The words of Oliver Cromwell,—the meaning *they* had, must be worth recovering, in that point of view. To collect these Letters and authentic Utterances, as one's reading yielded them, was a comparatively grateful labour; to correct them, elucidate and make them legible again, was a good historical study. Surely 'a wise memory' would wish to preserve among men the written and spoken words of such a man;—and as for the 'wise oblivion,' that is already, by Time and Accident, done to our hand. Enough is already lost and destroyed; we need not, in this particular case, omit farther.

Accordingly, whatever words authentically proceeding from Oliver himself I could anywhere find yet surviving, I have here

gathered; and will now, with such minimum of annotation as may suit that object, offer them to the reader. That is the purport of this Book. I have ventured to believe that, to certain patient earnest readers, these old dim Letters of a noble English Man might, as they had done to myself, become dimly legible again; might dimly present, better than all other evidence, the noble figure of the Man himself again. Certainly there is Historical instruction in these Letters:—Historical, and perhaps other and better. At least, it is with Heroes and god-inspired men that I, for my part, would far rather converse, in what dialect soever they speak! Great, ever fruitful; profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building-up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men. I will advise serious persons, interested in England past or present, to try if they can read a little in these Letters of Oliver Cromwell, a man once deeply interested in the same object. Heavy as it is, and dim and obsolete, there may be worse reading, for such persons in our time.

For the rest, if each Letter look dim, and have little light, after all study;—yet let the Historical reader reflect, such light as it has cannot be disputed at all. These words, expository of that day and hour, Oliver Cromwell did see fittest to be written down. The Letter hangs there in the dark abysses of the Past: if like a star almost extinct, yet like a real star; fixed; about which there is no cavilling possible. That autograph Letter, it was once all luminous as a burning beacon, every word of it a live coal, in its time; it was once a piece of the general fire and light of Human Life, that Letter! Neither is it yet entirely extinct: well read, there is still in it light enough to exhibit its own *self;* nay to diffuse a faint authentic twilight some distance round it. Heaped embers which in the daylight looked black, may still look *red* in the utter darkness. These Letters of Oliver will convince any man that the Past did exist! By degrees the combined small twilights may produce a kind of general feeble twilight, rendering the Past credible, the Ghosts of the Past in some glimpses of them visible! Such is the effect of contemporary letters always; and I can very confidently recommend Oliver's as good of their kind. A man intent to force for himself some path through that gloomy chaos called History of the Seventeenth Century, and to look face to face upon the same, may perhaps try it by this method as hopefully as by another Here is an irregular row of beacon-fires,

once all luminous as suns; and with a certain inextinguishable erubescence still, in the abysses of the dead deep Night. Let us look here. In shadowy outlines, in dimmer and dimmer crowding forms, the very figure of the old dead Time itself may perhaps be faintly discernible here!—

I called these Letters good,—but withal only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable pressing business alone: but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality *can* be dispensed with is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step he presses through, towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous;—forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue picture of the business that is to be done. There is, in these Letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an Intelligence, and Soul of a Man, greater than any speech. The Intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small Intelligence. He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour and belief, without words,—how noble is it in comparison to the adroitest flow of words without heroic insight!—

I have corrected the spelling of these Letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The Originals, so far as I have seen such, have in general no paragraphs: if the Letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some postscript, subjoined crosswise on the margin,—indicating that there was no blotting-paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and pointing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that so wish, may have specimens of him in abundance, and of all due dimness, in many printed Books: but to us, intent here to

have the Letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that encumbrance. Would that the rest were all as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word,—but taken care to point out the same; what words in the Text of the Letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by single commas: it was of course my supreme duty to avoid altering, in any respect, not only the sense, but the smallest feature in the physiognomy, of the Original. And so, 'a minimum of annotation' having been added, what minimum would serve the purpose,—here are the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell;* of which the reader, with my best wishes, but not with any very high immediate hope of mine in that particular, is to make what he can.

Surely it is far enough from probable that these Letters of Cromwell, written originally for quite other objects, and selected not by the Genius of History, but by blind Accident which has saved them hitherto and destroyed the rest,—can illuminate for a modern man this Period of our Annals, which for all moderns, we may say, has become a gulf of bottomless darkness! Not so easily will the modern man domesticate himself in a scene of things every way so foreign to him. Nor could any measurable exposition of mine, on this present occasion, do much to illuminate the dead dark world of the Seventeenth Century, into which the reader is about to enter. He will gradually get to understand, as I have said, that the Seventeenth Century did exist; that it was not a waste rubbish-continent of Rushworth-Nalson State-papers, of Philosophical Scepticisms, Dilettantisms, Dryasdust Torpedoisms; —but an actual flesh-and-blood Fact; with colour in its cheeks, with awful august heroic thoughts in its heart, and at last with steel sword in its hand! Theoretically this is a most small postulate, conceded at once by everybody; but practically it is a very large one, seldom or never conceded; the due practical conceding of it amounts to much, indeed to the sure promise of all.—I will venture to give the reader two little pieces of advice, which, if his experience resemble mine, may prove furthersome to him in this inquiry: they include the essence of all that I have discovered respecting it.

The first is, By no means to credit the wide-spread report that these Seventeenth-Century Puritans were superstitious crack-brained persons; given up to enthusiasm, the most part of them; the minor ruling part being cunning men, who knew how to assume

the dialect of the others, and thereby, as skilful Macchiavels, to dupe them. This is a wide-spread report; but an untrue one. I advise my reader to try precisely the opposite hypothesis. To consider that his Fathers, who had thought about this world very seriously indeed, and with very considerable thinking faculty indeed, were not quite so far behindhand in their conclusions respecting it. That actually their 'enthusiasms,' if well seen into, were not foolish but wise. That Macchiavelism, Cant, Official Jargon, whereby a man speaks openly what he does *not* mean, were, surprising as it may seem, much rarer then than they have ever since been. Really and truly it may in a manner be said, Cant, Parliamentary and other Jargon, were still to invent in this world. O Heavens, one could weep at the contrast! Cant was not fashionable at all; that stupendous invention of 'Speech for the purpose of concealing Thought' was not yet made. A man wagging the tongue of him, as if it were the clapper of a bell to be rung for economic purposes, and not so much as attempting to convey any inner thought, if thought he have, of the matter talked of,—would at that date have awakened all the horror in men's minds, which at all dates, and at this date too, is due to him. The accursed thing! No man as yet dared to do it; all men believing that God would judge them. In the History of the Civil War far and wide, I have not fallen-in with one such phenomenon. Even Archbishop Laud and Peter Heylin meant what they say; through their words you do look direct into the scraggy conviction they have formed:—or if 'lying Peter' do lie, he at least *knows* that he is lying! Lord Clarendon, a man of sufficient unveracity of heart, to whom indeed whatsoever has direct veracity of heart is more or less horrible, speaks always in official language; a clothed, nay sometimes even *quilted* dialect, yet always with some considerable body in the heart of it, never with none! The use of the human tongue was then other than it now is. I counsel the reader to leave all that of Cant, Dupery, Macchiavelism, and so forth, decisively lying at the threshold. He will be wise to believe that these Puritans do mean what they say, and to try unimpeded if he can discover what that is. Gradually a very stupendous phenomenon may rise on his astonished eye. A practical world based on Belief in God;—such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism: very great, very glorious;

tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours.

My second advice is, Not to imagine that it was Constitution, 'Liberty of the people to tax themselves,' Privilege of Parliament, Triennial or Annual Parliaments, or any modification of these sublime Privileges now waxing somewhat faint in our admirations, that mainly animated our Cromwells, Pyms, and Hampdens to the heroic efforts we still admire in retrospect. Not these very measurable 'Privileges,' but a far other and deeper, which could not be measured; of which these, and all grand social improvements whatsoever, are the corollary. Our ancient Puritan Reformers were, as all Reformers that will ever much benefit this Earth are always, inspired by a Heavenly Purpose. To see God's own Law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy Written Book, made good in this world; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this: it was a thing worth living for and dying for! Eternal Justice; that God's Will *be* done on Earth as it is in Heaven: corollaries enough will flow from that, if that be there; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the Seventeenth Century. In other somewhat sadly disfigured form we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a Church, if you like to name it so: a Church presided over not by sham-priests in 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide,' but by true god-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire:—this was the prayer of many, it was the godlike hope and effort of some.

Our modern methods of Reform differ somewhat,—as indeed the issue testifies. I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of Reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of Reformer, if he would understand what the old meaning of the word was. The Cromwells, Pyms, Hampdens, who were understood on the Royalist side to be firebrands of the Devil, have had still worse measure from the Dryasdust Philosophies, and sceptical Histories, of later times. They really did resemble firebrands of the Devil, if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain colour. For fire is always fire. But by no spectacles, only by mere blinders and *wooden-eyed* spectacles, can the flame-girt Heaven's-messenger pass for a poor

mouldy Pedant and Constitution-monger, such as this would make him out to be!

On the whole, say not, good reader, as is often done, "It was then all one as now." Good reader, it was considerably different then from now. Men indolently say, "The Ages are all alike; "ever the same sorry elements over again, in new vesture; the "issue of it always a melancholy farce-tragedy, in one Age as in "another!" Wherein lies very obviously a truth; but also in secret a very sad error withal. Sure enough, the highest Life touches always, by large sections of it, on the vulgar and universal: he that expects to see a Hero, or a Heroic Age, step forth into practice in yellow Drury-lane stage-boots, and speak in blank verse for itself, will look long in vain. Sure enough, in the Heroic Century as in the Unheroic, knaves and cowards, and cunning greedy persons were not wanting,—were, if you will, extremely abundant. But the question always remains, Did they lie chained, subordinate in this world's business; coerced by steel-whips, or in whatever other effectual way, and sent whimpering into their due subterranean abodes, to beat hemp and repent; a true never-ending attempt going on to handcuff, to silence and suppress them? Or did they walk openly abroad, the envy of a general valet-population, and bear sway; professing, without universal anathema, almost with general assent, that they were the Orthodox Party, that they, even they, were such men as you had right to look for?—

Reader, the Ages differ greatly, even infinitely, from one another. Considerable tracts of Ages there have been, by far the majority indeed, wherein the men, unfortunate mortals, were a set of mimetic creatures rather than men; without heart-insight as to this Universe, and its Heights and Abysses; without conviction or belief of their own regarding it, at all;—who walked merely by hearsays, traditionary cants, black and white surplices, and inane confusions;—whose whole Existence accordingly was a grimace; nothing *original* in it, nothing genuine or sincere but this only, Their greediness of appetite and their faculty of digestion. Such unhappy Ages, too numerous here below, the Genius of Mankind indignantly seizes, as disgraceful to the Family, and with Rhadamanthine ruthlessness—annihilates; tumbles large masses of them swiftly into Eternal Night. These are the Unheroic Ages; which cannot serve, on the general field of Existence, except as *dust*, as inorganic manure. The memory of such Ages fades away

forever out of the minds of all men. Why should any memory of *them* continue? The fashion of them has passed away; and as for genuine substance, they never had any. To no heart of a man any more can these Ages become lovely. What melodious loving heart will search into *their* records, will sing of them, or celebrate them? Even torpid Dryasdust is forced to give over at last, all creatures declining to hear him on that subject; whereupon ensues composure and silence, and Oblivion has her own.

Good reader, if you be wise, search not for the secret of Heroic Ages, which have done great things in this Earth, among their falsities, their greedy quackeries and *un*heroisms! It never lies and never will lie there. Knaves and quacks,—alas, we know they abounded: but the Age was Heroic even because it had declared war to the death with these, and would have neither truce nor treaty with these; and went forth, flame-crowned, as with bared sword, and called the Most High to witness that it would not endure these!——But now for the Letters of Cromwell themselves.

PART I.

TO THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

1636—1642.

LETTER I.

St. Ives, a small Town of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, stands on the left or Northeastern bank of the River Ouse, in flat grassy country, and is still noted as a Cattle-market in those parts. Its chief historical fame is likely to rest on the following one remaining Letter of Cromwell's, written there on the 11th of January 1635-6.

The little Town, of somewhat dingy aspect, and very quiescent except on market-days, runs from Northwest to Southeast, parallel to the shore of the Ouse, a short furlong in length: it probably, in Cromwell's time, consisted mainly of a *row* of houses fronting the River; the now opposite row, which has its back to the River, and still is shorter than the other, still defective at the upper end, was probably built since. In that case, the locality we hear of as the 'Green' of St. Ives would then be the space which is now covered mainly with cattle-pens for market-business, and forms the middle of the *street*. A narrow steep old Bridge, probably the same which Cromwell travelled, leads you over, westward, towards Godmanchester, where you again cross the Ouse, and get into Huntingdon. Eastward out of St. Ives, your route is towards Earith, Ely and the heart of the Fens.

At the upper or Northwestern extremity of the place stands the Church; Cromwell's old fields being at the opposite extremity. The Church from its Churchyard looks down into the very River, which is fenced from it by a brick wall. The Ouse flows here, you cannot without study tell in which direction, fringed with gross reedy herbage and bushes; and is of the blackness of Acheron, streaked with foul metallic glitterings and plays of colour. For a short space downwards here, the banks of it are fully visible; the western row of houses being somewhat the shorter, as already hinted: instead of houses here, you have a rough wooden balustrade, and the black Acheron of an Ouse River used as a washing-place or watering-place for cattle. The old Church, suitable for such a population, stands yet as it did in Cromwell's time, except perhaps the steeple and pews; the flagstones in the interior are worn deep with the pacing of many generations. The steeple is visible from several miles

distance; a sharp high spire, piercing far up from amid the willow-trees. The country hereabouts has all a clammy look, clayey and boggy; the produce of it, whether bushes and trees, or grass and crops, gives you the notion of something lazy, dropsical, gross.—This is St. Ives, a most ancient Cattle-market by the shores of the sable Ouse, on the edge of the Fen-country; where, among other things that happened, Oliver Cromwell passed five years of his existence as a Farmer and Grazier. Who the primitive *Ives* himself was, remains problematic; Camden says he was 'Ivo a Persian;'—surely far out of his road here! From him however, Phantasm as he is (being indeed Nothing,—except an ancient 'stone-coffin,' with bones, and tatters of 'bright cloth' in it, accidentally ploughed up in this spot, and acted on by opaque human wonder, miraculous 'dreams,' and the 'Abbot of Ramsey'),[1] Church and Village indisputably took rise and name; about the Year 1000 or later;—and have stood ever since; being founded on Cattle-dealing and the firm Earth withal. Ives or Yves, the worthy Frenchman, Bishop of Chartres in the time of our Henry Beauclerk; neither he nor the other French Yves, Patron Saint of Attorneys, have anything to do with this locality; but miraculous 'Ivo the Persian Bishop' and that anonymous stone-coffin alone.—

Oliver, as we observed, has left hardly any memorial of himself at St. Ives. The ground he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records or leases being still in existence. It lies at the lower or Southeast end of the Town; a stagnant flat tract of land, extending between the houses or rather kitchen-gardens of St. Ives in that quarter, and the banks of the River, which, very tortuous always, has made a new bend here. If well drained, this land looks as if it would produce abundant grass, but naturally it must be little other than a bog. Tall bushy ranges of willow-trees and the like, at present, divide it into fields; the River, not visible till you are close on it, bounding them all to the South. At the top of the fields next to the Town is an ancient massive Barn, still used as such; the people call it 'Cromwell's Barn:'—and nobody can prove that it was not his! It was evidently some ancient man's or series of ancient men's.

Quitting St. Ives Fen-ward or Eastward, the last house of all, which stands on your right hand among gardens, seemingly the best house in the place, and called Slepe Hall, is confidently pointed out as 'Oliver's House.' It is indisputably Slepe-Hall House, and Oliver's Farm was rented from the estate of Slepe Hall. It is at present used for a Boarding-school: the worthy inhabitants believe it to be Oliver's; and even point out his 'Chapel' or secret Puritan Sermon-room in the lower story of the house: no Sermon-room, as you may well discern, but to appearance

[1] His Legend (*De Beato Yvone, Episcopo Persâ*), with due details, in Bollandus, *Acta Sanctorum*, Junii, tom. ii. (Venetiis, 1742), pp. 288-92.

some sort of scullery or wash-house or bake-house. "It was here he used to preach," say they. Courtesy forbids you to answer, "Never!" But in fact there is no likelihood that this was Oliver's House at all: in its present state it does not seem to be a century old;[2] and originally, as is like, it must have served as residence to the Proprietors of Slepe-Hall estate, not to the Farmer of a part thereof. Tradition makes a sad blur of Oliver's memory in his native country! We know, and shall know, only this, for certain here, That Oliver farmed part or whole of these Slepe-Hall Lands, over which the human feet can still walk with assurance; past which the River Ouse still slumberously rolls, towards Earith Bulwark and the Fen-country. Here of a certainty Oliver did walk and look about him habitually, during those five years from 1631 to 1636; a man studious of many temporal and many eternal things. His cattle grazed here, his ploughs tilled here, the heavenly skies and infernal abysses overarched and underarched him here.

In fact there is, as it were, nothing whatever that still decisively to every eye attests his existence at St. Ives, except the following old Letter, accidentally preserved among the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum. Noble, writing in 1787, says the old branding-irons, 'O. C.,' for marking sheep, were still used by some Farmer there; but these also, many years ago, are gone. In the Parish-Records of St. Ives, Oliver appears twice among some other ten or twelve respectable ratepayers; appointing, in 1633 and 1634, for 'St. Ives cum Slepa' fit annual overseers for the 'Highway and Green:'—one of the Oliver signatures is now cut out. Fifty years ago, a vague old Parish-clerk had heard from very vague old persons, that Mr. Cromwell had been seen attending divine service in the Church with 'a piece of red flannel round his neck, being subject to inflammation.'[3] Certain letters 'written in a very kind style from Oliver Lord Protector to persons in St. Ives,' do not now exist; probably never did. Swords 'bearing the initials of O. C.,' swords sent down in the beginning of 1642, when War was now imminent, and weapons were yet scarce,—do any such still exist? Noble says they were numerous in 1787; but nobody is bound to believe him. Walker[4] testifies that the Vicar of St. Ives, Rev. Henry Downhall, was ejected with his curate in 1642; an act which Cromwell could have hindered, had he been willing to testify that they were fit clergymen. Alas, had he been able! He attended them in red flannel, but had not exceedingly rejoiced in them, it would seem.—There is, in short, nothing that renders Cromwell's existence completely visible to us, even through the smallest chink, but this Letter alone, which, copied from the Museum Manuscripts,

[2] Noble, i. 102, 106.

[3] See Noble: his confused gleanings and speculations concerning St. Ives are to be found, i. 105-6, and again, i. 258-61.

[4] *Sufferings of the Clergy.* See also Appendix, No. 1.

worthy Mr. Harris[5] has printed for all people. We slightly rectify the spelling, and reprint.

To my very loving friend Mr. Storie, at the Sign of the Dog in the Royal Exchange, London: Deliver these.

MR. STORIE, St. Ives, 11th January 1635.

Amongst the catalogue of those good works which your fellow-citizens and our countrymen have done, this will not be reckoned for the least, That they have provided for the feeding of souls. Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build-up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious. Such a work as this was your erecting the Lecture in our Country; in the which you placed Dr. Wells, a man of goodness and industry, and ability to do good every way; not short of any I know in England: and I am persuaded that, sithence his coming, the Lord hath by him wrought much good among us.

It only remains now that He who first moved you to this, put you forward in the continuance thereof: it was the Lord; and therefore to Him lift we up our hearts that He would perfect it. And surely, Mr. Storie, it were a piteous thing to see a Lecture fall, in the hands of so many able and godly men, as I am persuaded the founders of this are; in these times, wherein we see they are suppressed, with too much haste and violence, by the enemies of God his Truth. Far be it that so much guilt should stick to your hands, who live in a City so renowned for the clear shining light of the Gospel. You know, Mr. Storie, to withdraw the pay is to let fall the Lecture: for who goeth to warfare at his own cost? I beseech you therefore in the bowels of Jesus Christ, put it forward, and let the good man have his pay. The souls of God's children will bless you for it; and so shall I; and ever rest, your loving Friend in the Lord,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[5] *Life of Cromwell:* a blind farrago, published in 1761, 'after the manner of Mr. Bayle,'—a very bad 'manner,' more especially when a Harris presides over it! Yet poor Harris's Book, his three Books (on Cromwell, Charles and James I.) have worth: cartloads of Excerpts, carefully transcribed,—and edited, in the way known to us, 'by shoving-up the shafts.' The increasing interest of the subject brought even these to a second edition in 1814.

Commend my hearty love to Mr. Busse, Mr. Beadly, and my other good friends. I would have written to Mr. Busse; but I was loath to trouble him with a long letter, and I feared I should not receive an answer from him: from you I expect one so soon as conveniently you may. *Vale.**

Such is Oliver's first extant Letter. The Royal Exchange has been twice burned since this piece of writing was left at the Sign of the Dog there. The Dog Tavern, Dog Landlord, frequenters of the Dog, and all their business and concernment there, and the hardest stone masonry they had, have vanished irrecoverable. Like a dream of the Night; like that transient *Sign* or Effigies of the Talbot *Dog*, plastered on wood with oil pigments, which invited men to liquor and house-room in those days! The personages of Oliver's Letter may well be unknown to us.

Of Mr. Story, strangely enough, we have found one other notice: he is amongst the Trustees, pious and wealthy citizens of London for most part, to whom the sale of Bishops' Lands is, by act of Parliament, committed, with many instructions and conditions, on the 9th of October 1646.[6] 'James Story' is one of these; their chief is Alderman Fowke. From Oliver's expression, 'our Country,' it may be inferred or guessed that Story was of Huntingdonshire: a man who had gone up to London, and prospered in trade, and addicted himself to Puritanism;—much of him, it is like, will never be known! Of Busse and Beadly (unless Busse be a misprint for Bunse, Alderman Bunce, another of the above 'Trustees'), there remains no vestige.

Concerning the 'Lecture,' however, the reader will recall what was said above, of Lecturers, and of Laud's enmity to them; of the Feoffees who supported Lecturers, and of Laud's final suppression and ruin of those Feoffees in 1633. Mr. Story's name is not mentioned in the List of the specific Feoffees; but it need not be doubted he was a contributor to their fund, and probably a leading man among the subscribers. By the light of this Letter we may dimly gather that they still continued to subscribe, and to forward Lectureships where possible, though now in a less ostentatious manner.

It appears there was a Lecture at Huntingdon: but his Grace of Lambeth, patiently assiduous in hunting down such objects, had managed

* Harris (London, 1814), p. 12. This Letter, for which Harris, in 1761, thanks 'the Trustees of the British Museum,' is not now discoverable in that Establishment; 'a search of three hours through all the Catalogues, assisted by one of the Clerks,' reports itself to me as fruitless. — — Does exist safe, nevertheless (Sloane MSS. no. 2035, f. 125, a venerable brown Autograph); and in the 'new Catalogue' will be better indicated. 'Busse' is by no means 'Bunse,' as some have conjectured. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

[6] Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances* (London, 1658), p. 99.

to get that suppressed in 1633,[7] or at least to get the King's consent for suppressing it. This in 1633. So that 'Mr. Wells' could not, in 1636, as my imbecile friend supposes,[8] be 'the Lecturer in Huntingdon,' wherever else he might lecture. Besides Mr. Wells is not in danger of suppression by Laud, but by want of cash! Where Mr. Wells lectured, no mortal knows, or will ever know. Why not at St. Ives on the market-days? Or he might be a 'Running Lecturer,' not tied to one locality: that is as likely a guess as any.

Whether the call of this Wells Lectureship and Oliver's Letter got due return from Mr. Story we cannot now say; but judge that the Lectureship,—as Laud's star was rapidly on the ascendant, and Mr. Story and the Feoffees had already lost 1,800*l.* by the work, and had a fine in the Starchamber still hanging over their heads,—did in fact come to the ground, and trouble no Archbishop or Market Cattle-dealer with God's Gospel any more. Mr. Wells, like the others, vanishes from History, or nearly so. In the chaos of the King's Pamphlets one seems to discern dimly that he sailed for New England, and that he returned in better times. Dimly once, in 1641 or 1642, you catch a momentary glimpse of a 'Mr. Wells' in such predicament, and hope it was this Wells,—preaching for a friend, 'in the afternoon,' in a Church in London.[9]

Reverend Mark Noble says, the above Letter is very curious, and a convincing proof how far gone Oliver was, at that time, in religious enthusiasm.[10] Yes, my reverend imbecile friend, he is clearly one of those singular Christian enthusiasts, who believe that they have a soul to be saved, even as you do, my reverend imbecile friend, that you have a stomach to be satisfied,—and who likewise, astonishing to say, actually take some trouble about that. Far gone indeed, my reverend imbecile friend!

This, then, is what we know of Oliver at St. Ives. He wrote the above Letter there. He had sold his Properties in Huntingdon for 1,800*l.*; with the whole or with part of which sum he stocked certain Grazing-Lands on the Estate of Slepe Hall, and farmed the same for a space of some five years. How he lived at St. Ives: how he saluted men on the streets; read Bibles; sold cattle; and walked, with heavy footfall and many thoughts, through the Market Green or old narrow lanes in St. Ives, by the shore of the black Ouse River,—shall be left to the reader's imagination. There is in this man talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the Ouse River, thoughts that go beyond Eternity,—and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to *think*.

I count the children he had at this time; and find them six: Four

[7] Wharton's *Laud* (London, 1695), p. 527.
[8] Noble, i. 259.
[9] Old Pamphlet: Title mislaid and forgotten.
[10] Noble, i. 259.

boys and two girls; the eldest a boy of fourteen, the youngest a girl of six; Robert, Oliver, Bridget, Richard, Henry, Elizabeth. Robert and Oliver, I take it, are gone to Felsted School, near Bourchier their Grandfather's in Essex. Sir Thomas Bourchier the worshipful Knight, once of London, lives at Felsted; Sir William Masham, another of the same, lives at Otes hard by, as we shall see.

Cromwell at the time of writing this Letter was, as he himself might partly think probable, about to quit St. Ives. His mother's brother Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, lay sick at Ely in those very days. Sir Thomas makes his will in this same month of January, leaving Oliver his principal heir; and on the 30th it was all over, and he lay in his last home: 'Buried in the Cathedral of Ely, 30 January 1635-6.'

Worth noting, and curious to think of, since it is indisputable: On the very day while Oliver Cromwell was writing this Letter at St. Ives, two obscure individuals, 'Peter Aldridge and Thomas Lane, Assessors of Shipmoney,' over in Buckinghamshire, had assembled a Parish Meeting in the Church of Great Kimble, to assess and rate the Shipmoney of the said Parish: there, in the cold weather, at the foot of the Chiltern Hills, '11 January 1635,' the Parish did attend, 'John Hampden, Esquire,' at the head of them, and by a Return still extant,[11] refused to pay the same or any portion thereof,—witness the above 'Assessors,' witness also two 'Parish Constables' whom we remit from such unexpected celebrity. John Hampden's share for this Parish is thirty-one shillings and sixpence; for another Parish it is twenty shillings; on which latter sum, not on the former, John Hampden was tried.

[11] Facsimile Engraving of it in Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden* (London, 1832), i. 231.

LETTER II.

Oliver removed to Ely very soon after writing the foregoing Letter. There is a 'receipt for 10*l.*' signed by him, dated 'Ely, 10 June 1636;'[1] and other evidence that he was then resident there. He succeeded to his Uncle's Farming of the Tithes; the Leases of these, and new Leases of some other small lands or fields granted him, are still in existence. He continued here till the time of the Long Parliament; and his Family still after that, till some unascertained date, seemingly about 1647,[2] when it became apparent that the Long Parliament was not like to rise for a great while yet, and it was judged expedient that the whole household should remove to London. His Mother appears to have joined him in Ely; she quitted Huntingdon, returned to her native place, an aged grandmother,—was not, however, to end her days there.

As Sir Thomas Steward, Oliver's Uncle, farmed the tithes of Ely, it is reasonable to believe that he, and Oliver after him, occupied the house set apart for the Tithe-Farmer there; as Mark Noble, out of dim Tradition, confidently testifies. This is 'the house occupied by Mr. Page;'[3] under which name, much better than that of Cromwell, the inhabitants of Ely now know it. The House, though somewhat in a frail state, is still standing; close to St. Mary's Churchyard; at the corner of the great Tithe-barn of Ely, or great Square of tithe-barns and offices,—which 'is the biggest barn in England but one,' say the Ely people. Of this House, for Oliver's sake, some Painter will yet perhaps take a correct likeness:—it is needless to go to Stuntney, out on the Soham road, as Oliver's Painters usually do; Oliver never lived there, but only his Mother's cousins! Two years ago this House in Ely stood empty; closed finally up, deserted by all the Pages, as 'the Commutation of Tithes' had rendered it superfluous: this year (1845), I find it is an Alehouse, with still some chance of standing. It is by no means a sumptuous mansion; but may have conveniently held a man of three or four hundred a year, with his family,

[1] Noble, i. 107.

[2] See Appendix, No. 8, last Letter there. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

[3] Noble, i. 106.

in those simple times. Some quaint air of gentility still looks through its ragged dilapidation. It is of two stories, more properly of one and a half; has many windows, irregular chimneys and gables. Likely enough Oliver lived here; likely his Grandfather may have lived here, his Mother have been born here. She was now again resident here. The tomb of her first husband and child, *Johannes Lynne* and poor little *Catharina Lynne*, is in the Cathedral hard by. 'Such are the changes which fleeting Time procureth.'—

The Second extant Letter of Cromwell's is dated Ely, October 1638.[4] It will be good to introduce, as briefly as possible, a few Historical Dates, to remind the reader what o'clock on the Great Horologe it is, while this small Letter is a-writing. Last year in London there had been a very strange spectacle; and in three weeks after, another in Edinburgh, of still more significance in English History.

On the 30th of June 1637, in Old Palaceyard, three men, gentlemen of education, of good quality, a Barrister, a Physician and a Parish Clergyman of London were set on three Pillories; stood openly, as the scum of malefactors, for certain hours there; and then had their ears cut off,—bare knives, hot branding-irons,—and their cheeks stamped 'S. L.,' Seditious Libeller; in the sight of a great crowd, 'silent' mainly, and looking 'pale.'[5] The men were our old friend William Prynne,—poor Prynne, who had got into new trouble, and here lost his ears a *second* and final time, having had them 'sewed on again' before: William Prynne, Barrister; Dr. John Bastwick; and the Rev. Henry Burton, Minister of Friday-street Church. Their sin was against Laud and his surplices at Allhallowtide, not against any other man or thing. Prynne, speaking to the people, defied all Lambeth, with Rome at the back of it, to argue with him, William Prynne alone, that these practices were according to the Law of England; "and if I fail to prove it," said Prynne, "let them hang my body at the door of that Prison there," the Gate-house Prison. 'Whereat the people gave a great shout,'—somewhat of an ominous one, I think. Bastwick's wife, on the scaffold, received his ears in her lap, and kissed him.[6] Prynne's ears the executioner 'rather sawed than cut.' "Cut me, tear me," cried Prynne; "I fear thee not; I fear the fire of Hell, not thee!" The June sun had shone hot on their faces. Burton, who had discoursed eloquent religion all the while, said, when they carried him, near fainting, into a house in King-street, "It is too hot to last."

Too hot indeed. For at Edinburgh, on Sunday the 23d of July following, Archbishop Laud having now, with great effort and much

[4] In Appendix, No. 2, another Note of his. (*Third Edition.*)

[5] *State Trials* (Cobbett's, London, 1809), iii. 746.

[6] Towers's *British Biography.*

manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy and Scotch Pretended-Bishops ready,[7] brought them fairly out to action,—and Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at their head. "Let us read the Collect of the Day," said the Pretended-Bishop from amid his tippets;—"De'il *colic* the wame of thee!" answered Jenny, hurling her stool at his head. "Thou foul thief, wilt thou say *mass* at my lug?"[8] I thought we had got done with the mass some time ago;—and here it is again! "A Pape, a Pape!" cried others: "Stane him!"[9]—In fact the service could not go on at all. This passed in St. Giles's Kirk, Edinburgh, on Sunday 23d July 1637. Scotland had endured much in the bishop way for above thirty years bygone, and endeavoured to say nothing, bitterly feeling a great deal. But now, on small signal, the hour was come. All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that all England and Ireland, rose into unappeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny's; and his Grace of Canterbury, and King Charles himself, and many others had lost their heads before there could be peace again. The Scotch People had sworn their Covenant, not without 'tears;' and were in these very days of October 1638, while Oliver is writing at Ely, busy with their whole might electing their General Assembly, to meet at Glasgow next month. I think the *Tulchan* Apparatus is likely to be somewhat sharply dealt with, the Cow having become awake to it! Great events are in the wind; out of Scotland vague news, of unappeasable commotion risen there.

[7] Rushworth, ii. 321, 343; iii. Appendix, 153-5; &c.

[8] — — 'No sooner was the Book opened by the Dean of Edinburgh, but a 'number of the meaner sort, with clapping of their hands and outcries, made a 'great uproar; and one of them, called *Jane* or *Janot Gaddis* (yet living at the 'writing of this relation), flung a little folding-stool, whereon she sat, at the 'Dean's head, saying, "Out, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my 'lug?" Which was followed with so great a noise,' &c. These words are in the Continuation of *Baker's Chronicle*, by Phillips (Milton's Nephew); fifth edition of *Baker* (London, 1670), p. 478. They are *not* in the fourth edition of *Baker*, 1665, which is the first that contains the Continuation; they follow as here in all the others. Thought to be the first grave mention of Jenny Geddes in Printed History; a heroine still familiar to Tradition everywhere in Scotland.

In a foolish Pamphlet, printed in 1661, entitled *Edinburgh's Joy*, &c.,—Joy for the Blessed Restoration and *Annus Mirabilis*,—there is mention made of 'the immortal Jenet Geddis,' whom the writer represents as rejoicing exceedingly in that miraculous event; she seems to be a well-known person, keeping 'a cabbage-stall at the Tron Kirk,' at that date. Burns, in his Highland Tour, named his mare *Jenny Geddes*. Helen of Troy, for practical importance in Human History, is but a small Heroine to Jenny:—but she has been luckier in the recording!—For these bibliographical notices I am indebted to the friendliness of Mr. David Laing of the Signet Library, Edinburgh.

[9] Rushworth, Kennet, Balfour.

In the end of that same year, too, there had risen all over England huge rumour concerning the Shipmoney Trial at London. On the 6th of November 1637, this important Process of Mr. Hampden's began. Learned Mr. St. John, a dark tough man, of the toughness of leather, spake with irrefragable law-eloquence, law-logic, for three days running, on Mr. Hampden's side; and learned Mr. Holborn for three other days;—preserved yet by Rushworth in acres of typography, unreadable now to all mortals. For other learned gentlemen, tough as leather, spoke on the opposite side; and learned judges animadverted;—at endless length, amid the expectancy of men. With brief pauses, the Trial lasted for three weeks and three days. Mr. Hampden became the most famous man in England,[10]—by accident partly. The sentence was not delivered till April 1638; and then it went against Mr. Hampden: judgment in Exchequer ran to this effect, '*Consideratum est per eosdem Barones, quod prædictus Johannes Hampden de iisdem viginti solidis oneretur*,' He must pay the Twenty shillings, '*et inde satisfaciat*.'[11] No hope in Law-Courts, then; Petition of Right and *Tallagio non concedendo* have become an old song. If there be not hope in Jenny Geddes's stool and 'De'il colic the wame of thee,' we are in a bad way!—

During which great public Transactions, there had been in Cromwell's own Fen-country a work of immense local celebrity going on: the actual Drainage of the Fens, so long talked about; the construction, namely, of the great *Bedford Level*, to carry the Ouse River direct into the sea; holding it forcibly aloft in strong embankments, for twenty straight miles or so; not leaving it to meander and stagnate, and in the wet season drown the country, as heretofore. This grand work began, Dryasdust in his bewildered manner knows not when; but it 'went on rapidly,' and had ended in 1637.[12] Or rather had *appeared*, and strongly *endeavoured*, to end in 1637; but was not yet by any means settled and ended; the whole Fen-region clamouring that it could not, and should not, end so. In which wide clamour, against injustice done in high places, Oliver Cromwell, as is well known, though otherwise a most private quiet man, saw good to interfere; to give the universal inarticulate clamour a voice, and gain a remedy for it. He approved himself, as Sir Philip Warwick will testify,[13] 'a man that would set well at the mark,' that took sure aim, and had a stroke of some weight in him. We cannot here afford room to disentangle that affair from the dark rubbish-abysses, old and new, in which it lies deep buried: suffice it to assure the reader that Oliver did by no means 'oppose' the Draining of the Fens, but was and had been, as his Father before him, highly favourable to it; that he

[10] Clarendon. [11] Rushworth, iii. Appendix, 159-216; ib. ii. 480.

[12] Dugdale's *Hist. of Embankments;* Cole's, Wells's, &c. &c. *Hist. of the Fens.*

[13] Warwick's *Memoirs* (London, 1701), p. 250.

opposed the King in Council wishing to do a public injustice in regard to the Draining of the Fens; and by a 'great meeting at Huntingdon,' and other good measures, contrived to put a stop to the same. At a time when, as Old Palaceyard might testify, that operation of going in the teeth of the royal will was somewhat more perilous than it would be now! This was in 1638, according to the good testimony of Warwick.[14] Cromwell acquired by it a great popularity in the Fen-country, acquired the name or nickname 'Lord of the Fens;' and what was much more valuable, had done the duty of a good citizen, whatever he might acquire by it. The disastrous public Events which soon followed put a stop to all farther operations in the Fens for a good many years.

These clamours of local grievance near at hand, these rumours of universal grievance from the distance,—they were part of the Day's noises, they were sounding in Cromwell's mind, along with many others now silent, while the following Letter went off towards 'Sir William Masham's House called Otes, in Essex,' in the year 1638.—Of Otes and the Mashams in Essex, there must likewise, in spite of our straight limits, be a word said. The Mashams were distant Cousins of Oliver's; this Sir William Masham, or Massam as he is often written, proved a conspicuous busy man in the Politics of his time; on the Puritan side; —rose into Oliver's Council of State at last.[15] The Mashams became Lords Masham in the next generations, and so continued for a while; one Lady Masham was a daughter of Philosopher Cudworth, and is still remembered as the friend of John Locke, whom she tended in his old days; who lies buried, as his monument still shows, at the Church of High Laver, in the neighbourhood of which Otes Mansion stood. High Laver, Essex, not far from Harlow Station on the Northeastern Railway. The Mashams are all extinct, and their Mansion is swept away as if it had not been. 'Some forty years ago,' says my kind informant, 'a 'wealthy Maltster of Bishop's Stortford became the proprietor by pur- 'chase; and pulled the Manorhouse down; leaving the outhouses as 'cottages to some poor people.' The name Otes, the tomb of Locke, and this undestroyed and now indestructible fraction of Rag-paper alone preserve the memory of Mashamdom in this world. We modernise the spelling; let the reader, for it may be worth his while, endeavour to modernise the sentiment and subject matter.

There is only this farther to be premised, That St. John, the celebrated Shipmoney Barrister, has married for his second wife a Cousin of Oliver

[14] Warwick's *Memoirs* (London, 1701), p. 250. Poor Noble blunders as he is apt to do.

[15] His Great-grandson's *wife* was, withal, a famous woman; the Abigail Masham of Queen Anne,—most renowned of Waiting-women, or 'Abigails,' in English History! (*Note of* 1869.)

Cromwell's, a Daughter of Uncle Henry's, whom we knew at Upwood long ago;[16] which Cousin, and perhaps her learned husband reposing from his arduous law-duties along with her, is now on a Summer or Autumn visit at Otes, and has lately seen Oliver there.

To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his House called Otes, in Essex: Present these.

DEAR COUSIN, Ely, 13th October 1638.

I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where,—in Meshec, which they say signifies *Prolonging;* in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness:* yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will I trust bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the Firstborn, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light,—and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me;—pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

Salute all my friends in that Family whereof you are yet a

[16] Antea, p. 22.

member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

Salute your Husband and Sister from me:—He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters:—put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor Cousin I did solicit him about.

Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth

Your truly loving Cousin,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

There are two or perhaps three sons of Cromwell's at Felsted School by this time: a likely enough guess is, that he might have been taking Dick over to Felsted on that occasion when he came round by Otes, and gave such comfort by his speech to the pious Mashams, and to the young Cousin, now on a summer visit at Otes. What glimpses of long-gone summers; of long-gone human beings in fringed trouser-breeches, in starched ruff, in hood and fardingale;—alive they, within their antiquarian costumes, living men and women; instructive, very interesting to one another! Mrs. St. John came down to breakfast every morning in that summer visit of the year 1638, and Sir William said grave grace, and they spake polite devout things to one another; and they are vanished, they and their things and speeches,—all silent, like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses. O Death, O Time!—

For the soul's furniture of these brave people is grown not less unintelligible, antiquarian, than their spanish boots and lappet caps. Reverend Mark Noble, my reverend imbecile friend, discovers in this Letter evidence that Oliver was once a very dissolute man; that Carrion Heath spake truth in that *Flagellum* Balderdash of his. O my reverend imbecile friend, hadst thou thyself never any mortal life, but only a sensitive and digestive? Thy soul never longed towards the serene heights, all hidden from thee; and thirsted as the hart in dry places wherein no waters be? It was never a sorrow for thee that the eternal pole-star had gone out, veiled itself in dark clouds;—a sorrow only that this or the other noble Patron forgot thee when a living fell vacant? I have known Christians, Moslems, Methodists,—and, alas, also reverend irreverent Apes by the Dead Sea!

O modern reader, dark as this Letter may seem, I will advise thee to

* Thurloe's *State Papers* (London, 1742), i. 1.

make an attempt towards understanding it. There is in it a 'tradition of humanity' worth all the rest. Indisputable certificate that man once had a soul; that man once walked with God,—his little Life a sacred island girdled with Eternities and Godhoods. Was it not a time for heroes? Heroes were then possible. I say, thou shalt understand that Letter; thou also, looking out into a too brutish world, wilt then exclaim with Oliver Cromwell,—with Hebrew David, as old Mr. Rouse of Truro, and the Presbyterian populations, still sing him in the Northern Kirks:

Woe's me that I in Meshec am
A sojourner so long,
Or that I in the tents do dwell
To Kedar that belong!

Yes, there is a tone in the soul of this Oliver that holds of the Perennial. With a noble sorrow, with a noble patience, he longs towards the mark of the prize of the high calling. He, I think, has chosen the better part. The world and its wild tumults,—if they will but let him alone! Yet he too will venture, will do and suffer for God's cause, if the call come. What man with better reason? He hath had plentiful wages beforehand; snatched out of darkness into marvellous light: he will never earn the least mite. Annihilation of self; *Selbsttödtung* as Novalis calls it; casting yourself at the footstool of God's throne, "To live or to die forever; as Thou wilt, not as I will." Brother, hadst thou never, in any form, such moments in thy history? Thou knowest them not, even by credible rumour? Well, thy earthly path was peaceabler, I suppose. But the Highest was never in thee, the Highest will never come out of thee. Thou shalt at best abide by the stuff; as cherished housedog, guard the stuff,—perhaps with enormous gold-collars and provender: but the battle, and the hero-death, and victory's fire-chariot carrying men to the Immortals, shall never be thine. I pity thee; brag not, or I shall have to despise thee.

TWO YEARS.

Such is Oliver's one Letter from Ely. To guide us a little through the void gulf towards his next Letter, we will here intercalate the following small fractions of Chronology.

1639.

May—July. The Scots at their Glasgow Assembly[1] had rent their *Tulchan* Apparatus in so rough a way, and otherwise so ill comported themselves, his Majesty saw good, in the beginning of this year, immense negotiation and messaging to and fro having proved so futile, to chastise them with an Army. By unheard-of exertions in the Extra-Parliamentary way, his Majesty got an Army ready; marched with it to Berwick,—is at Newcastle, 8th May 1639.[2] But, alas, the Scots, with a much better Army, already lay encamped on Dunse Law; every nobleman with his tenants there, as a drilled regiment, round him; old Fieldmarshal Lesley for their generalissimo; at every Colonel's tent this penant flying, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant:* there was no fighting to be thought of.[3] Neither could the Pacification there patched up be of long continuance. The Scots disbanded their soldiers; but kept the officers, mostly Gustavus-Adolphus men, still within sight.

1640.

The Scotch Pacification, hastily patched up at Dunse Hill, did not last; discrepancies arose as to the practical meaning of this and the other clause in it. Discrepancies which the farther they were handled, embroiled themselves the more. His Majesty having burnt Scotch paper Declarations 'by the hands of the common hangman,' and almost cut off the poor Scotch Chancellor Loudon's head, and being again resolute to chastise the rebel Scots with an Army, decides on summoning a Parliament for that end, there being no money attainable otherwise.

[1] Nov. 1638; Baillie's *Letters* (Edinburgh, 1841), i. 118-176.

[2] Rushworth, iii. 930.

[3] Ib. iii. 926-49; Baillie, i. 184-221; King's Army 'dismissed' (*after* Pacification) 24th June (Rushworth, iii. 946).

To the great and glad astonishment of England; which, at one time, thought never to have seen another Parliament! Oliver Cromwell sat in this Parliament for Cambridge;[4] recommended by Hampden, say some; not needing any recommendation in those Fen-countries, think others. Oliver's Colleague was a Thomas Meautys, Esquire. This Parliament met, 13th April 1640: it was by no means prompt enough with supplies against the rebel Scots; the King dismissed it in a huff, 5th May; after a Session of three weeks: Historians call it the *Short Parliament*. His Majesty decides on raising money and an Army 'by other methods;' to which end, Wentworth, now Earl Strafford and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who had advised that course in the Council, did himself subscribe 20,000*l*. Archbishop Laud had long ago seen 'a cloud rising' against the Four surplices at Allhallowtide; and now it is covering the whole sky, in a most dismal and really thundery-looking manner.

His Majesty by 'other methods,' commission of array, benevolence, forced-loan, or how he could, got a kind of Army on foot,[5] and set it marching out of the several Counties in the South towards the Scotch Border: but it was a most hopeless Army. The soldiers called the affair a *Bishops' War;* they mutinied against their officers, shot some of their officers: in various Towns on their march, if the Clergyman were reputed Puritan, they went and gave him three cheers; if of Surplice tendency, they sometimes threw his furniture out of window.[6] No fighting against poor Scotch Gospellers was to be hoped for from these men.—Meanwhile the Scots, not to be behindhand, had raised a good Army of their own; and decided on going *into* England with it, this time, 'to present their grievances to the King's Majesty.' On the 20th of August 1640, they cross the Tweed at Coldstream; Montrose wading in the van of them all. They wore uniform of hodden gray, with blue caps; and each man had a moderate haversack of oatmeal on his back.[7]

August 28th. The Scots force their way across the Tyne, at Newburn, some miles above Newcastle; the King's Army making small fight, most of them no fight; hurrying from Newcastle, and all town and country quarters, towards York again, where his Majesty and Strafford were.[8] The *Bishops' War* was at an end. The Scots, striving to be gentle as doves in their behaviour, and publishing boundless brotherly Declarations to all the brethren that loved Christ's Gospel and God's Justice in England,—took possession of Newcastle next day; took possession

[4] Browne Willis, pp. 229-30; Rushworth, iii. 1105.
[5] Rushworth, iii. 1241.
[6] Vicars's *Parliamentary Chronicle* (Lond. 1644), p. 20.
[7] Old Pamphlets. [8] Rushworth, iii. 1236, &c.

gradually of all Northumberland and Durham,—and stayed there, in various towns and villages, about a year. The whole body of English Puritans looked upon them as their saviours: some months afterwards, Robert Baillie heard the London ballad-singers, on the streets, singing copiously with strong lungs, "Gramercy, good Master Scot," by way of burden.[9]

His Majesty and Strafford, in a fine frenzy at this turn of affairs, found no refuge, except to summon a 'Council of Peers,' to enter upon a 'Treaty' with the Scots; and alas, at last, summon a New Parliament. Not to be helped in any way. Twelve chief Peers of the summoned 'Council' petitioned for a Parliament; the City of London petitioned for a Parliament, and would not lend money otherwise. A Parliament was appointed for the 3d of November next;—whereupon London cheerfully lent 200,000*l.*; and the treaty with the Scots at Ripon, 1st October 1640,[10] by and by transferred to London, went peaceably on at a very leisurely pace. The Scotch Army lay quartered at Newcastle, and over Northumberland and Durham, on an allowance of 850*l.* a-day; an Army indispensable for Puritan objects; no haste in finishing its Treaty. The English Army lay across in Yorkshire; without allowance except from the casualties of the King's Exchequer; in a dissatisfied manner, and occasionally getting into 'Army-Plots.'

This Parliament, which met on the 3d of November 1640, has become very celebrated in History by the name of the *Long Parliament*. It accomplished and suffered very singular destinies; suffered a Pride's Purge, a Cromwell's Ejectment; suffered Reinstatements, Re-ejectments; and the *Rump* or Fag-end of it did not finally vanish till 16th March 1659-60. Oliver Cromwell sat again in this Parliament for Cambridge Town; Meautys, his old Colleague, is now changed for 'John Lowry, Esquire,'[11] probably a more Puritanic man. The Members for Cambridge University are the same in both Parliaments.

[9] Baillie's *Letters*. [10] Rushworth, iii. 1282.

[11] Willis; Rushworth, iv. 3. See Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge* (London, 1845), iii. 303-4.

LETTER III.

To my loving friend Mr. Willingham, at his House in Swithin's Lane: These.

SIR, 'London, February 1640.'[1]

I desire you to send me the Reasons of the Scots to enforce their desire of Uniformity in Religion, expressed in their 8th Article; I mean that which I had before of you. I would peruse it against we fall upon that Debate, which will be speedily. Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

There is a great quantity of intricate investigation requisite to date this small undated Note, and make it entirely transparent! The Scotch Treaty, begun at Ripon, is going on,—never ended: the agitation about abolishing Bishops has just begun, in the House and out of it.

On Friday 11th December 1640, the Londoners present their celebrated 'Petition,' signed by 15,000 hands, craving to have Bishops and their Ceremonies radically reformed. Then on Saturday 23d January 1640-1, comes the still more celebrated 'Petition and Remonstrance from 700 Ministers of the Church of England,'[2] to the like effect. Upon which Documents, especially upon the latter, ensue strenuous debatings,[3] ensues a 'Committee of Twenty-four;' a Bill to abolish Superstition and Idolatry; and, in a week or two, a Bill to take away the Bishops' Votes in Parliament: Bills recommended by the said Committee. A diligent Committee; which heard much evidence, and theological debating, from Dr. Burgess and others. Their Bishops' Bill, not without hot arguing, passed through the Commons; was rejected by the Lords;—took effect,

[1] The words within single commas, here as always in the Text of Cromwell's Letters, are mine, not his; the date in this instance is conjectural or inferential.

* Harris, p. 517; Sloane MSS. no. 2035, f. 126.

[2] *Commons Journals*, ii. 72.

[3] Ibid. ii. 81; 8th and 9th of February. See Baillie's *Letters*, i. 302; and Rushworth, iv. 93 and 174.

however, in a much heavier shape, within year and day. Young Sir Ralph Varney, son of Edmund the Standard-bearer, has preserved very careful Notes of the theological revelations and profound arguments, heard in this Committee from Dr. Burgess and others; intensely interesting at that time to all ingenuous young gentlemen; a mere torpor now to all persons.

In fact, the whole world, as we perceive, in this Spring of 1641, is getting on fire with episcopal, anti-episcopal emotion; and the Scotch Commissioners, with their Desire of Uniformity, are naturally the centre of the latter. Bishop Hall, Smectymnuus, and one Mr. Milton 'near St. Bride's Church,' are all getting their Pamphlets ready.—The assiduous contemporary individual who collected the huge stock of loose Printing now known as *King's Pamphlets* in the British Museum, usually writes the date on the title-page of each; but has, with a curious infelicity, omitted it in the case of Milton's Pamphlets, which accordingly remain undateable except approximately.

The exact copy of the Scotch Demands towards a Treaty I have not yet met with, though doubtless it is in print amid the unsorted Rubbish-Mountains of the British Museum. Notices of it are to be seen in Baillie, also in Rushworth.[4] The first Seven Articles relate to secularities; payment of damages; punishment of incendiaries, and so forth: the Seventh is the 'recalling' of the King's Proclamations against the Scots. The Eighth, 'anent a solid peace betwixt the Nations,' involves this matter of Uniformity in Religion, and therefore is of weightier moment. Baillie says: 'For the Eighth great Demand some days were spent in preparation.' The Lords would have made no difficulty about dismantling Berwick and Carlisle, or suchlike; but finding that the other points of this Eighth Article were to involve the *permanent* relations of England, they delayed. 'We expect it this very day,' says Baillie (28th February 1640-1). Oliver Cromwell also expects it this very day, or 'speedily,'—and therefore writes to Mr. Willingham for a sight of the Documents again.

Whoever wishes to trace the emergence, re-emergence, slow ambiguous progress and dim issue of this 'Eighth Article,' may consult the oqaque but authentic Commons Journals, and strive to elucidate the same by poor old brown Pamphlets, in the places cited below.[5] It was not finally voted in the affirmative till the middle of May; and then still it was far from being ended. It *ended*, properly, in the Summoning of a 'Westminster Assembly of Divines,' To ascertain for us *how* 'the two Nations' may best attain to 'Uniformity of Religion.'

[4] Baillie, i. 297, and antea et postea; Rushworth, iv. 166.

[5] *Commons Journals*, ii. 84, 85; *Diurnal Occurrences in Parliament* (Printed for William Cooke, London, 1641,—often erroneous as to the day), 10th February, 7th March, 15th May.

This 'Mr. Willingham my loving friend,' of whom I have found no other vestige anywhere in Nature, is presumably a London Puritan concerned in the London Petition and other such matters, to whom the Member for Cambridge, a man of known zeal, good connexion, and growing weight, is worth convincing.

Oliver St. John the Shipmoney Lawyer, now Member for Totness, has lately been made Solicitor-General; on the 2d of February 1640-1, D'Ewes says of him, 'newly created;'[6] a date worth attending to. Strafford's Trial is coming on; to begin on the 22d of March: Strafford and Laud are safe in the Tower long since; Finch and Windebank, and other Delinquents in high places, have fled rapidly beyond seas.

[6] Sir Simond D'Ewes's *Notes of the Long Parliament* (Harleian MSS., nos. 162-6), fol. 189 a; p. 156 of Transcript *penes me*.

IN THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

That little Note, despatched by a servant to Swithin's Lane in the Spring of 1641, and still saved by capricious destiny while so much else has been destroyed,—is all of Autographic that Oliver Cromwell has left us concerning his proceedings in the first three-and-twenty months of the Long Parliament. Months distinguished, beyond most others in History, by anxieties and endeavours, by hope and fear and swift vicissitude, to all England as well as him: distinguished on his part by much Parliamentary activity withal; of which, unknown hitherto in History, but still capable of being known, let us wait some other opportunity of speaking. Two vague appearances of his in that scene, which are already known to most readers, we will set in their right date and place, making them faintly visible at last; and therewith leave this part of the subject.

In D'Ewes's Manuscript above cited[1] are these words, relating to *Monday 9th November* 1640, the sixth day of the Long Parliament: 'Mr. Cromwell delivered the Petition of John Lilburn,'—young Lilburn, who had once been Prynne's amanuensis, among other things, and whose 'whipping with 200 stripes from Westminster to the Fleet Prison,' had already rendered him conspicuous. This is the record of D'Ewes. To which let us now annex the following well-known passage of Sir Philip Warwick; and if the reader fancy the Speeches on the previous Saturday,[2] and how the 'whole of this Monday was spent in hearing grievances' of the like sort, some dim image of a strange old scene may perhaps rise upon him.

'The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell,' says Warwick, 'was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640; 'when I,' Member for Radnor, 'vainly thought myself a courtly young 'gentleman,—for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good 'clothes! I came into the House one morning,' Monday morning, 'well 'clad; and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not,—very 'ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to 'have been made by an ill country-tailor; his linen was plain, and not 'very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little 'band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without 'a hatband. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to

[1] D'Ewes, fol. 4.

[2] *Commons Journals*, 7th Nov. 1640; Rushworth, iv. 24, &c.

'his side: his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and un-'tuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject matter 'would not bear much of *reason;* it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. 'Prynne's who had dispersed Libels;'—yes, *Libels*, and had come to Palaceyard for it, as we saw: 'I sincerely profess, it lessened much my 'reverence unto that Great Council, for this gentleman was very much 'hearkened unto;'[3] which was strange, seeing he had no gold lace to his coat, nor frills to his band; and otherwise, to me in my poor featherhead, seemed a somewhat unhandy gentleman!

The reader may take what of these Warwick traits he can along with him, and also omit what he cannot take; for though Warwick's veracity is undoubted, his memory after many years, in such an element as his had been, may be questioned. The 'band,' we may remind our readers, is a linen tippet, properly the shirt-collar of those days, which, when the hair was worn long, needed to fold itself with a good expanse of washable linen over the upper-works of the coat, and defend these and their velvets from harm. The 'specks of blood,' if not fabulous, we, not without general sympathy, attribute to bad razors: as for the 'hatband,' one remarks that men did not speak with their hats *on;* and therefore will, with Sir Philip's leave, *omit* that. The 'untuneable voice,' or what a poor young gentleman in these circumstances would consider as such, is very significant to us.

Here is the other vague appearance; from Clarendon's Life.[4] 'He,' Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, 'was often heard to mention one 'private Committee, in which he was put accidentally into the chair; 'upon an Enclosure which had been made of great wastes, belonging to 'the Queen's Manors, without the consent of the tenants, the benefit 'whereof had been given by the Queen to a servant of near trust, who 'forthwith sold the lands enclosed to the Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy 'Seal; who together with his Son Mandevil were now most concerned to 'maintain the Enclosure; against which, as well the inhabitants of 'other manors, who claimed Common in those wastes, as the Queen's 'tenants of the same, made loud complaints, as a great oppression, carried 'upon them with a very high hand, and supported by power.

'The Committee sat in the Queen's Court; and Oliver Cromwell being 'one of them, appeared much concerned to countenance the Petitioners, 'who were numerous together with their Witnesses; the Lord Mandevil 'being likewise present as a party, and by the direction of the Committee 'sitting covered. Cromwell, who had never before been heard to speak 'in the House of Commons,'—at least not by *me*, though he had often spoken, and was very well known there,—'ordered the Witnesses and 'Petitioners in the method of the proceeding; and seconded, and enlarged 'upon what they said, with great passion; and the Witnesses and persons

[3] Warwick, p. 247. [4] i. 78 (Oxford, 1761).

'concerned, who were a very rude kind of people, interrupted the Counsel 'and Witnesses on the other side, with great clamour, when they said 'anything that did not please them; so that Mr. Hyde (whose office it 'was to oblige men of all sorts to keep order) was compelled to use some 'sharp reproofs, and some threats, to reduce them to such a temper that 'the business might be quietly heard. Cromwell, in great fury, reproached 'the Chairman for being partial, and that he discountenanced the Wit- 'nesses by threatening them: the other appealed to the Committee; 'which justified him, and declared that he behaved himself as he ought 'to do; which more inflamed him,' Cromwell, 'who was already too 'much angry. When upon any mention of matter-of-fact, or of the 'proceeding before and at the Enclosure, the Lord Mandevil desired 'to be heard, and with great modesty related what had been done, or 'explained what had been said, Mr. Cromwell did answer, and reply upon 'him with so much indecency and rudeness, and in language so contrary 'and offensive, that every man would have thought, that as their natures 'and their manners were as opposite as it is possible, so their interest 'could never have been the same. In the end, his whole carriage was so 'tempestuous, and his behaviour so insolent, that the Chairman found 'himself obliged to reprehend him: and to tell him, That if he' Mr. Cromwell 'proceeded in the same manner, he' Mr. Hyde 'would presently 'adjourn the Committee, and the next morning complain to the House 'of him. Which he never forgave; and took all occasions afterwards to 'pursue him with the utmost malice and revenge, to *his* death,'—not Mr. Hyde's, happily, but Mr. Cromwell's, who at length did cease to cherish 'malice and revenge' against Mr. Hyde!

Tracking this matter, by faint indications, through various obscure courses, I conclude that it related to 'the Soke of Somersham,'[5] near St. Ives; and that the scene in the Queen's Court probably occurred in the beginning of July 1641.[6] Cromwell knew this Soke of Somersham, near St. Ives, very well; knew these poor rustics, and what treatment they had got; and wished, not in the imperturbablest manner it would seem, to see justice done them. Here too, subtracting the due subtrahend from Mr. Hyde's Narrative, we have a pleasant visuality of an old summer afternoon 'in the Queen's Court' two hundred years ago.

Cromwell's next Letters present him to us, not debating, or about to debate, concerning Parliamentary Propositions and Scotch 'Eighth Articles,' but with his sword drawn to enforce them; the whole Kingdom divided now into two armed conflicting masses, the argument to be by pike and bullet henceforth.

[5] *Commons Journals*, ii. 172.

[6] Ibid. 87, 150, 172, 192, 215, 218, 319,—the dates extend from 17th February 21st to July 1641.

PART II.

TO THE END OF THE FIRST CIVIL WAR.

1642—1646.

THERE is therefore a great dark void, from February 1641 to January 1643, through which the reader is to help himself from Letter III. over to Letter IV., as he best may. How has pacific England, the most solid pacific country in the world, got all into this armed attitude; and decided itself to argue henceforth by pike and bullet till it get some solution? Dryasdust, if there remained any shame in him, ought to look at those wagonloads of Printed Volumes, and blush! We, in great haste, offer the necessitous reader the following hints and considerations.

It was mentioned above that Oliver St. John, the noted Puritan Lawyer, was already, in the end of January 1641, made Solicitor-General. The reader may mark that as a small fraction of an event showing itself above ground, completed; and indicating to him a grand subterranean attempt on the part of King Charles and the Puritan Leaders, which unfortunately never could become a fact or event. Charles, in January last or earlier (for there are no dates discoverable but this of St. John's), perceiving how the current of the Nation ran, and what a humour men were getting into, had decided on trying to adopt the Puritan leaders, Pym, Hampden, Holles and others, as what we should now call his 'Ministers:' these Puritan men, under the Earl of Bedford as chief, might have hoped to become what we should now call a 'Majesty's Ministry,' and to execute peaceably, with their King presiding over them, what reforms had grown inevitable. A most desirable result, if a possible one; for of all men these had the least notion of revolting, or rebelling against their King!

This negotiation had been entered into, and entertained as a possibility by both parties: so much is indubitable; so much and nothing more, except that it ended without result.[1] It would in our days be the easiest negotiation; but it was then an impossible one. For it meant that the King should content himself with the Name of King, and see measures the reverse of what *he* wished and willed take effect by his sanction. Which, in sad truth, had become a necessity for Charles I. in the England of 1641. His tendency and effort has long been the reverse of England's;

[1] Whitlocke, Clarendon; see Forster's *Statesmen*, ii. 150-7.

he cannot govern England, whatever he may govern! And yet to have admitted this necessity,—alas, was it not to have settled the whole Quarrel, *without* the eight-and-forty years of fighting, and confused bickering and oscillation, which proved to be needful first? The negotiation dropped; leaving for visible result only this appointment of St. John's. His Majesty on that side saw no course possible for him.

Accordingly he tried it in the opposite direction, which also, on failure by this other, was very natural for him. He entered into secret tamperings with the Officers of the English Army; which, lying now in Yorkshire, ill-paid, defeated, and in neighbourhood of a Scotch Army victoriously furnished with 850*l.* a-day, was very apt for discontent. There arose a 'first Army-Plot' for delivering Strafford from the Tower; then a second Army-Plot for some equally wild achievement, tending to deliver Majesty from thraldom, and send this factious Parliament about its business. In which desperate schemes, though his Majesty strove not to commit himself beyond what was necessary, it became and still remains indubitable that he did participate;—as indeed, the former course of listening to his Parliament having been abandoned, this other of coercing or awing it by armed force was the only remaining one.

These Army-Plots, detected one after another, and investigated and commented upon, with boundless interest, in Parliament and out of it, kept the Summer and Autumn of 1641 in continual alarm and agitation; taught all Opposition persons, and a factious Parliament in general, what ground they were standing on;—and in the factious Parliament especially, could not but awaken the liveliest desire of having the Military Force put in such hands as would be safe for them. 'The Lord-Lieutenants of Counties,' this factious Parliament conceived an unappeaseable desire of knowing who these were to be:—this is what they mean by 'Power of the Militia;' on which point, as his Majesty would not yield a jot, his Parliament and he,—the point becoming daily more important, new offences daily accumulating, and the split ever widening,—ultimately rent themselves asunder, and drew swords to decide it.

Such was the well-known consummation; which in Cromwell's next Letter we find to have arrived. Here are a few dates which may assist the reader to grope his way thither. From 'Mr. Willingham in Swithin's Lane' in February 1641, to the Royal Standard at Nottingham in August 1642, and 'Mr. Barnard at Huntingdon' in January 1643, which is our next stage, there is a long vague road; and the lights upon it are mostly a universal dance of will-o'-wisps, and distracted fire-flies in a state of excitement—not good guidance for the traveller!

1641.

Monday 3d May. Strafford's Trial being ended, but no sentence yet given, Mr. Robert Baillie, Minister of Kilwinning, who was here among the Scotch Commissioners at present, saw in Palaceyard, Westminster, 'some thousands of Citizens and Apprentices' (Miscellaneous Persons and City Shopmen, as we should now call them), who rolled about there 'all day,' bellowing to every Lord as he went in or came out, 'with a loud and hideous voice:' "Justice on Strafford! Justice on Traitors!"[2] —which seemed ominous to the Rev. Mr. Baillie.

In which same hours, amid such echoes from without, the honourable House of Commons within doors, all in great tremor about Army-Plots, Treasons, Death-perils, was busy redacting a 'Protestation;' a kind of solemn Vow, or miniature *Scotch Covenant*, the first of a good many such in those earnest agitated times,—to the effect: "We take the Supreme to witness that we will stand by one another to the death in prosecution of our just objects here; in defence of Law, Loyalty and Gospel here." To this effect; but couched in very mild language, and with a 'Preamble,' in which our Terror of Army-Plots, the moving principle of the affair, is discreetly almost shaded out of sight; it being our object that the House should be 'unanimous' in this Protestation. As accordingly the House was; the House, and to a great extent the Nation. Hundreds of honourable Members, Mr. Cromwell one of them, sign the Protestation this day; the others on the following days: their names all registered in due succession in the Books.[3] Nay, it is ordered that the whole Nation be invited to sign it; that each honourable Member send it down to his constituents, and invite them to sign it. Which, as we say, the constituents, all the reforming part of them, everywhere in England, did; with a feeling of solemnity very strange to the modern mind. Striking terror into all Traitors; quashing down Army-Plots for the present, and the hopes of poor Strafford forever. A Protestation held really sacred; appealed to, henceforth, as a thing from which there was no departing. Cavalcades of Freeholders, coming up from the country to petition the Honourable House,—for instance, the Four-thousand Petitioners from Buckinghamshire, about ten months hence,—rode with this Protestation 'stuck in their hats.'[4] A very great and awe-inspiring matter in those days; till it was displaced by greater of the like kind,—Solemn League and Covenant, and others.[5]

Monday next, 10*th May*, his Majesty accordingly signed sentence on

[2] Baillie, i. 351.

[3] *Commons Journals*, ii. 132-3, &c.; Rushworth, iv. 241-4.

[4] 12th January 1641-2; Rushworth, iv. 486.

[5] Copy of it, sent to Cambridge: Appendix, No. 3.

Strafford; who was executed on the Wednesday following. No help for it. A terrible example; the one supremely able man the King had.

On the same Monday 10th May, his Majesty signed likewise another Bill, That this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. A Bill signed in order that the City might lend him money on good Security of Parliament; money being most pressingly wanted, for our couple of hungry Armies Scotch and English, and other necessary occasions. A Bill which seemed of no great consequence except financial; but which, to a People reverent of Law, and never, in the wildest clash of battle-swords, giving up its religious respect for the constable's baton, proved of infinite consequence. His Majesty's hands are tied; he cannot dismiss this Parliament, as he has done the others,—no, not without its own consent.

August 10th. Army-Plotters having fled beyond seas; the Bill for Triennial Parliaments being passed; the Episcopacy-Bill being got to sleep; and by the use of royal *varnish* a kind of composure, or hope of composure, being introduced: above all things, money being now borrowed to pay the Armies and disband them,—his Majesty, on the 10th of the month,[6] set out for Scotland. To hold a Parliament, and compose matters there, as his Majesty gave out. To see what old or new elements of malign Royalism could still be awakened to life there, as the Parliament surmised, who greatly opposed his going.—Mr. Cromwell got home to Ely again, for six weeks, this autumn; there being a recess from 9th September when the business was got gathered up, till 20th October when his Majesty was expected back. An Interim Committee, and Pym, from his 'lodging at Chelsea,'[7] managed what of indispensable might turn up.

November 1st. News came to London, to the re-assembled Parliament,[8] that an Irish Rebellion, already grown to be an Irish Massacre, had broken out. An Irish Catholic imitation of the late Scotch Presbyterian achievements in the way of 'religious liberty;'—one of the best models, and one of the worst imitations ever seen in this world. Erasmus's Ape, observing Erasmus shave himself, never doubted but it too could shave. One knows what a hand the creature made of itself, before the edgetool could be wrenched from it again! As this poor Irish Rebellion unfortunately began in lies and bluster, and proceeded in lies and bluster, hoping to make itself good that way, the ringleaders had started by pretending or even forging some warrant from the King; which brought much undeserved suspicion on his Majesty, and greatly complicated his affairs here for a long while.

November 22d. The Irish Rebellion blazing up more and more into

[6] Wharton's *Laud*, p. 62. [7] His Report, *Commons Journals*, ii. 289.
[8] *Laud*, p. 62; *Commons Journals*, in die.

an Irish Massacre, to the terror and horror of all antipapist men; and in England, or even in Scotland, except by the liberal use of *varnish*, nothing yet being satisfactorily mended, nay all things hanging now, as it seemed, in double and treble jeopardy,—the Commons had decided on a 'Grand Petition and Remonstrance,' to set forth what their griefs and necessities really were, and really would require to have done for them. The Debate upon it, very celebrated in those times, came on this day, Monday 22d November.[9] The longest Debate ever yet known in Parliament; and the stormiest,—nay, had it not been for Mr. Hampden's soft management, 'we had liked to have sheathed our swords in each other's bowels,' says Warwick; which I find otherwise to be true. The Remonstrance passed by a small majority. It can be read still in Rushworth,[10] drawn up in precise business order; the whole 206 Articles of it,—every line of which once thrilled electrically into all men's hearts, as torpid as it has now grown. 'The chimes of Margaret's were striking two in the morning when we came out.'—It was on this occasion that Oliver, 'coming down stairs,' is reported to have said, He would have sold all and gone to New England, had the Remonstrance not passed;[11]—a vague report, gathered over dining-tables long after, to which the reader need not pay more heed than it merits. His Majesty returned from Scotland on the Thursday following, and had from the City a thrice-glorious Civic Entertainment.[12]

December 10th. The Episcopal business, attempted last Spring in vain, has revived in December, kindled into life by the Remonstrance; and is raging more fiercely than ever; crowds of Citizens petitioning, Corporation 'going in sixty coaches' to petition;[13] the Apprentices, or City Shopmen, and miscellaneous persons, petitioning:—Bishops 'much insulted' in Palaceyard as they go in or out. Whereupon hasty Welsh Williams, Archbishop of York, once Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, he with Eleven too hasty Bishops, Smectymnuus Hall being one of them, give in a Protest, on this 10th of December,[14] That they cannot get to their place in Parliament; that all shall be null and void till they do get there. A rash step; for which, on the 30th of the same month, they are, by the Commons, voted guilty of Treason; and 'in a cold evening,' with small ceremony, are bundled, the whole dozen of them, into the Tower. For there is again rioting, again are cries 'loud and hideous;'—Colonel Lunsford, a truculent one-eyed man, having 'drawn his sword' upon the Apprentices in Westminster Hall, and truculently slashed some of them; who of course responded in a loud and hideous manner, by tongue, by fist, and single-stick; nay, on the morrow, 28th of December,[15]

[9] *Commons Journals*, in die; D'Ewes MSS. f. 179 b.
[10] Rushworth, iv. 438-51; see also 436-7.
[11] Clarendon.
[12] Rushworth, iv. 429.
[13] Vicars, p. 56.
[14] Rushworth, iv. 467.
[15] Ib. iv. 464.

they came marching many thousands strong, with sword and pistol, out of the City. "Slash us now! while we wait on the Honourable House for an answer to our petition!"—and insulted his Majesty's Guard at Whitehall. What a Christmas of that old London, of that old year! On the 6th of February following, Episcopacy will be voted down, with blaze of 'bonfires,' and 'ringing' of all the bells,—very audible to poor old Dr. Laud[16] over in the Tower yonder

1642.

January 4th. His Majesty seeing these extremities arrive, and such a conflagration begin to blaze, thought now the time had come for snatching the main livecoals away, and so quenching the same. Such coals of strife he counts to the number of Five in the Commons House, and One in the Lords: Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, with Holles and Strode (who held down the Speaker fourteen years ago), these are the Five Commons; Lord Kimbolton, better known to us as Mandevil, Oliver's friend, of the 'Soke of Somersham,' and Queen's-Court Committee, he is the Lord. His Majesty flatters himself he has gathered evidence concerning these individual firebrands, That they 'invited the Scots to invade us' in 1640: he sends, on Monday 3d January,[17] to demand that they be given up to him as Traitors. Deliberate, slow and, as it were, evasive reply. Whereupon, on the morrow, he rides down to St. Stephen's himself, with an armed very miscellaneous force, of Five-hundred or of Three-hundred truculent braggadocio persons at his back; enters the House of Commons, the truculent persons looking in after him from the lobby,—with intent to seize the said Five Members, five principal hot coals; and trample *them* out, for one thing. It was the fatalest step this poor King ever took. The Five Members, timefully warned, were gone into the City; the whole Parliament removed itself into the City, 'to be safe from armed violence.' From London City, and from all England, rose one loud voice of lamentation, condemnation: Clean against law! Paint an inch thick, there is, was, or can be, no shadow of law in *this*. Will you grant us the Militia now; we seem to need it now!—His Majesty's subsequent stages may be dated with more brevity.

January 10th. The King with his Court quits Whitehall; the Five Members and Parliament purposing to return tomorrow, with the whole City in arms round them.[18] He left Whitehall; never saw it again till he came to lay down his head there.

March 9th. The King has sent away his Queen from Dover, 'to be in a place of safety,'—and also to pawn the Crown Jewels in Holland, and get him arms. He returns Northward again, avoiding London.

[16] Wharton's *Laud*, p. 62; see also p. 65.

[17] *Commons Journals*, ii. 367.

[18] Vicars, p. 64.

Many Messages between the Houses of Parliament and him: "Will your Majesty grant us Power of the Militia; accept this list of Lord-Lieutenants?" On the 9th of March, still advancing Northward without affirmative response, he has got to Newmarket; where another Message overtakes him, earnestly urges itself upon him: Could not your Majesty please to grant us Power of the Militia for a limited time? "No, by God!" answers his Majesty, "not for an hour!"[19]—On the 19th of March he is at York; where his Hull Magazine, gathered for service against the Scots, is lying near; where a great Earl of Newcastle, and other Northern potentates, will help him; where at least London and its Puritanism, now grown so fierce, is far off.

There we will leave him; attempting Hull Magazine, in vain; exchanging messages with his Parliament; messages, missives, printed and written Papers without limit:—Law-pleadings of both parties before the great tribunal of the English Nation, each party striving to prove itself right, and within the verge of Law: preserved still in acres of typography, once thrillingly alive in every fibre of them; now a mere torpor, readable by few creatures, not rememberable by any. It is too clear his Majesty will have to get himself an army, by Commission of Array, by subscriptions of loyal plate, pawning of crown jewels, or how he can. The Parliament by all methods is endeavouring to do the like. London subscribed 'Horses and Plate,' every kind of plate, even to women's thimbles, to an unheard-of amount;[20] and when it came to actual enlisting, in London alone there were 'Four-thousand enlisted in a day.'[21] Four-thousand, some call it Five-thousand, in a day: the reader may meditate that one fact. Royal messages, Parliamentary messages; acres of typography thrillingly alive in every fibre of them,—these go on slowly abating, and military preparations go on steadily increasing till the 23d of October next. The King's 'Commission of Array for Leicestershire' came out on the 12th of June, commissions for other counties following as convenient; the Parliament's 'Ordinance for the Militia,' rising cautiously pulse after pulse towards clear emergence, had attained completion the week before.[22] The question puts itself to every English soul, Which of these will you obey?—and in all quarters of English ground, with swords getting out of their scabbards, and yet the constable's baton still struggling to rule supreme, there is a most confused solution of it going on.

Of Oliver in these months we find the following things noted; which

[19] Rushworth, iv. 533.

[20] Vicars, pp. 93, 109; see *Commons Journals*, 10th June 1642.

[21] Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 193.

[22] Husbands the Printer's *First* Collection (Lond. 1643), pp. 346, 331.

the imaginative reader is to spread out into significance for himself the best he can.

February 7th. 'Mr. Cromwell,' among others, 'offers to lend Three-hundred Pounds for the service of the Commonwealth,'[23]—towards reducing the Irish Rebellion, and relieving the afflicted Protestants there, or here. Rushworth, copying a List of such subscribers, of date 9th April 1642, has Cromwell's name written down for '500*l.*'[24]—seemingly the same transaction; Mr. Cromwell having now mended his offer: or else Mr. Rushworth, who uses the arithmetical cipher in this place, having misprinted. Hampden's subscription there is 1,000*l.* In Mr. Cromwell it is clear there is no backwardness, far from that; his activity in these months notably increases. In the *D'Ewes* MSS.[25] he appears and reappears; suggesting this and the other practical step, on behalf of Ireland oftenest; in all ways zealously urging the work.

July 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell moved that we might make an order to 'allow the Townsmen of Cambridge to raise two Companies of Volunteers, 'and to appoint Captains over them.'[26] On which same day, 15th July, the Commons Clerk writes these words: 'Whereas Mr. Cromwell hath 'sent down arms into the County of Cambridge, for the defence of that 'County, it is this day ordered,'[27]—that he shall have the '100*l.*' expended on that service repaid him by and by. Is Mr. Cromwell aware that there lies a colour of high treason in all this; risk not of one's purse only, but of one's head? Mr. Cromwell is aware of it, and pauses not. The next entry is still stranger.

August 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell in Cambridgeshire has seized the Maga-'zine in the Castle at Cambridge; and hath hindered the carrying of the 'Plate from that University; which, as some report, was to the value of '20,000*l.* or thereabouts.' So does Sir Philip Stapleton, member for Aldborough, member also of our new 'Committee for Defence of the Kingdom,' report this day. For which let Mr. Cromwell have indemnity.[28]—Mr. Cromwell has gone down into Cambridgeshire in person, since they began to train there, and assumed the chief management,—to some effect, it would appear.

The like was going on in all shires of England; wherever the Parliament had a zealous member, it sent him down to his shire in these critical months, to take what management he could or durst. The most confused months England ever saw. In every shire, in every parish; in courthouses, alehouses, churches, markets, wheresoever men were gathered

[23] *Commons Journals*, ii. 408.
[24] Rushworth, iv. 564.
[25] February—July 1642.
[26] D'Ewes MSS. f. 658-661.
[27] *Commons Journals*, ii. 674.
[28] Ibid., ii. 720, 6. See likewise Tanner MSS. lxiii. 116; *Querela Cantabrigiensis* (and wipe away its blubberings and inexactitudes a little), *Life of Dr. Barwick*, &c.,—Cambridge Portfolio (London, 1840), ii. 386-8.

together, England, with sorrowful confusion in every fibre, is tearing itself into hostile halves, to carry on the voting by pike and bullet henceforth.

Brevity is very urgent on us, nevertheless we must give this other extract. Bramston the Shipmoney Judge, in trouble with the Parliament and sequestered from his place, is now likely to get into trouble with the King, who in the last days of July has ordered him to come to York on business of importance. Judge Bramston sends his two sons, John and Frank, fresh young men, to negotiate some excuse. They ride to York in three days; stay a day at York with his Majesty; then return, 'on the same horses,' in three days,—to Skreens in Essex; which was good riding. John, one of them, has left a most watery incoherent *Autobiography*, now printed, but not edited,—nor worth editing, except by *fire* to ninety-nine hundredths of it; very distracting; in which, however, there is this notable sentence; date about the middle of August, not discoverable to a day. Having been at York, and riding back on the same horses in three days:

'In our return on Sunday, near Huntingdon, between that and Cambridge, certain musketeers start out of the corn, and command us to stand; telling us we must be searched, and to that end must go before Mr. Cromwell, and give account from whence we came and whither we were going. I asked where Mr. Cromwell was? A soldier told us, He was four miles off. I said, it was unreasonable to carry us out of our way; if Mr. Cromwell had been there, I should have willingly given him all the satisfaction he could desire;—and putting my hand into my pocket, I gave one of them Twelvepence, who said, we might pass. By this I saw plainly it would not be possible for my Father to get to the King with his coach;'[29]—neither did he go at all, but stayed at home till he died.

September 14th. Here is a new phasis of the business. In a 'List of the Army under the command of the Earl of Essex,'[30] we find that Robert Earl of Essex is 'Lord General for King *and* Parliament' (to deliver the poor beloved King from traitors, who have misled him, and clouded his fine understanding, and rendered him as it were a beloved Parent fallen *insane*); that Robert Earl of Essex, we say, is Lord General for King and Parliament; that William the new Earl of Bedford is General of the Horse, and has, or is every hour getting to have, 'seventy-five troops of 60 men each;' in every troop a Captain, a Lieutenant, a Cornet and Quartermaster, whose names are all given. In *Troop Sixty-seven*, the Captain is 'Oliver Cromwell,' — honourable member for Cambridge; many honourable members having now taken arms; Mr. Hampden, for example, having become Colonel Hampden,—

[29] *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, Knt.* (Camden Society, 1845), p. 86.

[30] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 73.

busy drilling his men in Chalgrove Field at this very time. But moreover, in *Troop Eight* of Earl Bedford's Horse, we find another 'Oliver Cromwell, Cornet;'—and with real thankfulness for this poor flint-spark in the great darkness, recognise him for our honourable member's Son. His eldest Son Oliver,[31] now a stout young man of twenty. "Thou too, "Boy Oliver, thou art fit to swing a sword. If there ever was a battle "worth fighting, and to be called God's battle, it is this; thou too wilt "come!" How a staid, most pacific, solid Farmer of three-and-forty decides on girding himself with warlike iron, and fighting, he and his, against principalities and powers, let readers who have formed any notion of this man conceive for themselves.

On *Sunday 23d October*, was Edgehill Battle, called also Keinton Fight, near Keinton on the south edge of Warwickshire. In which Battle Captain Cromwell *was* present, and did his duty, let angry Denzil say what he will.[32] The Fight was indecisive; victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told Cousin Hampden, They never would get on with a set of poor tapsters and town-apprentice people fighting against men of honour. To cope with men of honour they must have men of religion. 'Mr. Hampden answered me, It was a good notion, if it could be executed.' Oliver himself set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, by and by.

'We all thought one battle would decide it,' says Richard Baxter;[33] —and we were all much mistaken! This winter there arise among certain Counties 'Associations' for mutual defence, against Royalism and plunderous Rupertism; a measure cherished by the Parliament, condemned as treasonable by the King. Of which 'Associations,' countable to the number of five or six, we name only one, that of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts; with Lord Grey of Wark for Commander; where, and under whom, Oliver was now serving. This 'Eastern Association' is alone worth naming. All the other Associations, no man of emphasis being in the midst of them, fell in few months to pieces; only this of Cromwell's subsisted, enlarged itself, grew famous;—and indeed kept its own borders clear of invasion during the whole course of the War. Oliver, in the beginning of 1643, is serving there, under the Lord Grey of Wark. Besides his military duties, Oliver, as natural, was nominated of the Committee for Cambridgeshire in this Association; he is also of the Committee for Huntingdonshire, which as yet belongs to another 'Association.' Member for the Committee of Huntingdonshire; to which also has been nominated a 'Robert Barnard, Esquire,'[34]—who, however, does not sit, as I have reason to surmise!

[31] Antea, p. 60.

[32] Vicars, p. 198; Denzil Holles's *Memoirs* (in Mazeres's *Tracts*, vol. i.).

[33] *Life* (London, 1696), Part i. p. 43.

[34] Husbands, i. 892; see for the other particulars, ii. 183, 327, 804, 809; *Commons Journals*, &c.

LETTER IV.

The reader recollects Mr. Robert Barnard, how, in 1630, he got a Commission of the Peace for Huntingdon, along with 'Dr. Beard and Mr. Oliver Cromwell,' to be fellow Justices there. Probably they never sat much together, as Oliver went to St. Ives soon after, and the two men were of opposite politics, which in those times meant opposite religions. But here in twelve-years space is a change of many things!

To my assured friend Robert Barnard, Esquire: Present these.

Mr. Barnard, 'Huntingdon,' 23d January 1642.

It's most true, my Lieutenant with some other soldiers of my troop were at your House. I dealt 'so' freely 'as' to inquire after you; the reason was, I had heard you reported active against the proceedings of Parliament, and *for* those that disturb the peace of this Country and the Kingdom,—*with* those of this Country who have had meetings not a few, to intents and purposes too-too full of suspect.[1]

It's true, Sir, I know you have been wary in your carriages: be not too confident thereof. Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will. With my heart I shall desire that your judgment may alter, and your practice. I come only to hinder men from increasing the rent,—from doing hurt; but not to hurt any man: nor shall I you; I hope you will give me no cause. If you do, I must be pardoned what my relation to the Public calls for.

If your good parts be disposed that way, know me for

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

Be assured fair words from me shall neither deceive you of your houses nor of your liberty.*

[1] *Country* is equivalent to *county* or *region; too-too*, in those days, means little more than *too; suspect* is *suspectability*, almost as proper as our modern *suspicion.*

* Original in the possession of Lord Gosford, at Worlingham in Suffolk.

My Copy, two Copies, of this Letter I owe to kind friends, who have carefully transcribed it from the Original at Lord Gosford's. The present Lady Gosford is 'granddaughter of Sir Robert Barnard,' to whose lineal ancestor the Letter is addressed. The date of time is given; there never was any date or address of place,—which probably means that it was written in Huntingdon and addressed to Huntingdon, where Robert Barnard, who became Recorder of the place, is known to have resided. Oliver, in the month of January 1642-3, is present in the Fen-country, and all over the Eastern Association, with his troop or troops; looking after disaffected persons; ready to disperse royalist assemblages, to seize royalist plate, to keep down disturbance, and care in every way that the Parliament Cause suffer no damage.[2] A Lieutenant and party have gone to take some survey of Robert Barnard, Esquire; Robert Barnard, standing on the right of injured innocence, innocent till he be proved guilty, protests: Oliver responds as here, in a very characteristic way.

It was precisely in these weeks, that Oliver from Captain became Colonel: Colonel of a regiment of horse, raised on his own principles so far as might be, in that 'Eastern Association;' and is henceforth known in the Newspapers as Colonel Cromwell. Whether on this 23d of January, he was still Captain, or had ceased to be so, no extant accessible record apprises us. On the 2d March 1642-3, I have found him named as 'Col. Cromwell,'[3] and hitherto not earlier. He is getting 'men of religion' to serve in this Cause,—or at least would fain get such if he might.

[2] Appendix, No. 4.

[3] *Cromwelliana*, p. 2.

LETTER V.

CAMBRIDGE.

In the end of February 1642-3, 'Colonel' Cromwell is at Cambridge; 'great forces from Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk' having joined him, and more still coming in.[1] There has been much alarm and running to and fro, over all those counties. Lord Capel hanging over them with an evident intent to plunder Cambridge, generally to plunder and ravage in this region; as Prince Rupert has cruelly done in Gloucestershire, and is now cruelly doing in Wilts and Hants. Colonel Cromwell, the soul of the whole business, must have had some bestirring of himself; some swift riding and resolving, now here, now there. Some '12,000 men,' however, or say even '23,000 men' (for rumour runs very high!), from the Associated Counties, are now at last got together about Cambridge, and Lord Capel has seen good to vanish again.[2] 'He was the first man that rose to complain of Grievances, in this Parliament;' he, while still plain Mr. Capel, member for Herts: but they have made a Lord of him, and the wind sits now in another quarter!—

Lord Capel has vanished; and the 12,000 zealous Volunteers of the Association are dismissed to their counties, with monition to be ready when called for again. Moreover, to avoid like perils in future, it is now resolved to make a Garrison of Cambridge; to add new works to the Castle, and fortify the Town itself. This is now going on in the early spring days of 1643; and Colonel Cromwell and all hands are busy!—Here is a small Document, incidentally preserved to us, which becomes significant if well read.

Fen Drayton is a small Village on the Eastern edge of Cambridgeshire, between St. Ives and Cambridge,—well known to Oliver. In the small Church of Fen Drayton, after divine service on Sunday the 12th of March 1642-3, the following Warrant, 'delivered to the Churchwardings' (by one Mr. Norris, a Constable, who spells very ill), and by them to the Curate, is read to a rustic congregation,—who sit, somewhat agape, I apprehend, and uncertain what to do about it.

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 2; Vicars, p. 273.

[2] Vicars; Newspapers, 6th-15th March (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 2).

COM. CANT. ('CAMBRIDGESHIRE TO WIT').

To all and every the Inhabitants of Fen Drayton in the Hundred of Papworth.

WHEREAS we have been enforced, by apparent grounds of approaching danger, to begin to fortify the Town of Cambridge, for preventing the Enemy's inroad, and the better to maintain the peace of this County:

Having in part seen your good affections to the Cause, and now standing in need of your further assistance to the perfecting of the said Fortifications, which will cost at least Two-thousand pounds, We are encouraged as well as necessitated to desire a Freewill Offering of a Liberal Contribution from you, for the better enabling of us to attain our desired ends,—viz. the Preservation of our County;—knowing that every honest and well-affected man, considering the vast expenses we have already been at, and our willingness to do according to our ability, will be ready to contribute his best assistance to a work of so high concernment and so good an end.

We do therefore desire that what shall be by you freely given and collected may with all convenient speed be sent to the Commissioners at Cambridge, to be employed to the use aforesaid. And so you shall further engage us to be

Yours ready to serve,

OLIVER CROMWELL.
THOMAS MARTYN.*
('and Six others.')

Cambridge, this 8th of March 1642.

The Thomas Martyn, Sir Thomas, and Six others whom we suppress, are all of the Cambridge Committees of those times;[3] zealous Puritan men, not known to us otherwise. Norris did not raise much at Fen Drayton; only 1*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.*, 'subscribed by Fifteen persons,' according to his Endorsement;—the general public at Fen Drayton, and probably in other such places, hesitates a little to draw its purse as yet! One way or other, however, the work of fortifying Cambridge was got done.[4] A

* Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1845), iii. 340.

[3] Husbands' Second Collection (London, 1646), p. 329; *Commons Journals*, iii. 153; &c.

[4] Reported complete, 15th July 1643 (Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 350).

regular Force lies henceforth in Cambridge: Captains Fleetwood, Desborow, Whalley, new soldiers who will become veterans and known to us, are on service here. Of course the Academic stillness is much fluttered by the war-drum, and many a confused brabble springs up between Gown and Garrison; college tippets, and on occasion still more venerable objects, getting torn by the business! The truth is, though Cambridge is not so Malignant as Oxford, the Surplices at Allhallowtide have still much sway there; and various Heads of Houses are by no means what one could wish: of whom accordingly Oliver has had, and still occasionally has, to send,—by instalments as the cases ripen,—a select batch up to Parliament: Reverend Dr. This and then also Reverend Dr. That; who are lodged in the Tower, in Ely House, in Lambeth or elsewhere, in a tragic manner, and pass very troublous years.[5]

Cambridge continues henceforth the Bulwark and Metropolis of the Association; where the Committees sit, where the centre of all business is. 'Colonel Cook,' I think, is Captain of the Garrison; but the soul of the Garrison, and of the Association generally, is probably another Colonel. Now here, now swiftly there, wherever danger is to be fronted, or prompt work is to be done:—for example, off to Norwich just now, on important businesses; and, as is too usual, very ill supplied with money.

LETTER V.

Of Captain Nelson I know nothing; seem to see an uncertain shadow of him turn up again, after years of industrious fighting under Irish Inchiquin and others, still a mere Captain, still terribly in arrear even as to pay.[6] 'It's pity a Gentleman of his affections should be discouraged!' 'The Deputy Lieutenants,' Suffolk Committee, could be named, if there were room.[7] The 'business for Norfolk' we guess to be, as usual, Delinquents,—symptoms of delinquent Royalists getting to a head.

To my honoured Friends the Deputy Lieutenants for the County of Suffolk.

Gentlemen, Cambridge, 10th March 1642.

I am sorry I should so often trouble you about the business of money: it's no pleasant subject to be too frequent

[5] *Querela Cantabrigiensis*, &c. &c. in Cooper, ubi suprà.
[6] *Commons Journals*, v. 524, 530. [7] Husbands, ii. 171, 193.

upon. But such is Captain Nelson's occasion, for want thereof, that he hath not wherewith to satisfy for the billet of his soldiers; and so this Business for Norfolk, so hopeful to set all right there, may fail. Truly he hath borrowed from me, else he could not have paid to discharge this Town at his departure.

It's pity a Gentleman of his affections should be discouraged! Wherefore I earnestly beseech you to consider him and the Cause. It's honourable that you do so.—What you can help him to, be pleased to send into Norfolk; he hath not wherewith to pay a Troop one day, as he tells me. Let your return be speedy,—to Norwich.

Gentlemen, command

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I hope to serve you in my return: with your conjunction, we shall quickly put an end to these businesses, the Lord assisting.*

By certain official docketings on this same Letter, it appears that Captain Nelson did receive his 100*l.*; touched it promptly on the morrow, '11th March;—I say received: JOHN NELSON.' How the Norfolk businesses proceeded, and what end they came to in Suffolk itself, we shall now see.

* Autograph, in the possession of C. Meadows, Esq., Great Bealing, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

LOWESTOFF.

The Colonel has already had experience in such Delinquent matters; has, by vigilance, by gentle address, by swift audacity if needful, extinguished more than one incipient conflagration. Here is one such instance,—coming to its sad maturity, and bearing fruit at Westminster in these very hours.

On *Monday* 13*th March* 1642-3, Thomas Conisby, Esquire, High Sheriff of Herts, appears visibly before the House of Commons, to give account of a certain 'Pretended Commission of Array,' which he had been attempting to execute one Market-day, some time since, at St. Albans in that county.[1] Such King's Writ, or Pretended Commission of Array, the said High Sheriff had, with a great *Posse Comitatus* round him, been executing one Market-day at St. Albans (date irrecoverably lost),—when Cromwell's Dragoons dashed suddenly in upon him; laid him fast,—not without difficulty: he was first seized by 'six troopers,' but rescued by his royalist multitude; then 'twenty troopers' again seized him; 'barricadoed the inn-yard;'[2] conveyed him off to London to give what account of the matter he could. There he is giving account of it,—a very lame and withal an 'insolent' one, as seems to the Honourable House; which accordingly sends him to the Tower, where he had to lie for several years. Commissions of Array are not handy to execute in the Eastern Association at present! Here is another instance; general result of this ride into Norfolk,—'end of these businesses,' in fact.

The 'Meeting at Laystoff,' or Lowestoff in Suffolk, is mentioned in all the old Books; but John Cory, Merchant Burgess of Norwich, shall first bring us face to face with it. Assiduous Sir Symond got a copy of Mr. Cory's Letter,[3] one of the thousand Letters which Honourable Members listened to in those mornings; and here now is a copy of it for the reader,—news all fresh and fresh, after waiting two hundred and two years. Colonel Cromwell is in Norwich: old Norwich becomes visible

[1] *Commons Journals*, ii. 1000-1.

[2] Vicars, p. 246; May's *History of the Long Parliament* (Guizot's French Translation), ii. 196.

[3] D'Ewes MSS. f. 1139; Transcript, p. 378.

and audible, the vanished moments buzzing again with old life,—if the reader will read well. Potts, we should premise, and Palgrave, were lately appointed Deputy Lieutenants of Norwich City;[4] Cory I reckon to be almost a kind of Quasi-Mayor, the real Mayor having lately been seized for Royalism; Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe we shall perhaps transiently meet again. The other royalist gentlemen also are known to antiquaries of that region, and what their 'seats' and connexions were: but our reader here can without damage consider merely that they were Sons of Adam, furnished in general with due seats and equipments; and read the best he can:

"*To Sir John Potts, Knight Baronet, of Mannington,*
"*Norfolk: These. Laus Deo.*

"Norwich, 17⁰ Martii 1642.[5]

"Right honourable and worthy Sir,—I hope you came in due time to "the end of your journey in health and safety; which I shall rejoice to "hear. Sir, I might spare my labour in now writing; for I suppose you "are better informed from other hands; only to testify my respects:

"Those sent out on Monday morning, the 13th, returned that night, "with old Mr. Castle of Raveningham, and some arms of his, and of Mr. "Loudon's of Alby, and of Captain Hamond's, with his leading staff-"ensign and drum. Mr. Castle is secured at Sheriff Greenwood's. That "night letters from Yarmouth informed the Colonel,[6] That they had, "that day, made stay of Sir John Wentworth, and of one Captain Allen "from Lowestoff, who had come thither to change dollars; both of "whom are yet secured;—and further, That the Town of Lowestoff had "received-in divers strangers, and was fortifying itself.

"The Colonel advised no man might enter in or out the gates 'of "Norwich,' that night. And the next morning, between five and six, "with his five troops, with Captain Fountain's, Captain Rich's, and "eighty of our Norwich Volunteers, he marched towards Lowestoff; "where he was to meet with the Yarmouth Volunteers, who brought "four or five pieces of ordnance. The Town 'of Lowestoff' had blocked "themselves up; all except where they had placed their ordnance, which "were three pieces; before which a chain was drawn to keep off the "horse.

"The Colonel summoned the Town, and demanded, If they would "deliver-up their strangers, the Town and their army?—promising them

[4] *Commons Journals*, 10th December 1642.

[5] Means 1643 of our Style. There are yet seven days of the Old Year to run.

[6] 'viz. Cromwell,' adds D'Ewes.

"then favour, if so; if not, none. They yielded to deliver-up their "strangers, but not to the rest. Whereupon our Norwich dragoons "crept under the chain before mentioned; and came within pistol-shot "of their ordnance; proffering to fire upon their cannoneer,—who fled: "so they gained the two pieces of ordnance, and broke the chain; and "they and the horse entered the Town without more resistance. Where "presently eighteen strangers yielded themselves; among whom were, of "Suffolk men: Sir T. Barker, Sir John Pettus;—of Norfolk: Mr. "Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe, 'whom we are to meet again;' Mr. Richard "Catelyn's Son,—some say his Father too was there in the morning; "Mr. F. Cory, my unfortunate cousin, who I wish would have been "better persuaded.

"Mr. Brooke, the sometime minister of Yarmouth, and some others, "escaped, over the river. There was good store of pistols, and other "arms: I hear, above fifty cases of pistols. The Colonel stayed there "Tuesday and Wednesday night. I think Sir John Palgrave and Mr. "Smith went yesterday to Berks. It is rumoured Sir Robert Kemp had "yielded to Sir John Palgrave; how true it is I know not, for I spoke "not Sir John yesterday as he came through Town. I did your message "to Captain Sherwood. Not to trouble you further, I crave leave; and "am ever

"Your Worship's at command,
"JOHN CORY."

"*Postscriptum*, 20th March 1642.—Right worthy Sir, The abovesaid, "on Friday, was unhappily left behind; for which I am sorry; as also "that I utterly forgot to send your plate. On Friday night the Colonel "brought in hither with him the prisoners taken at Lowestoff, and Mr. "Trott of Beccles. On Saturday night, with one troop, they sent all the "prisoners to Cambridge. Sir John Wentworth is come off with the "payment of 1000*l.* On Saturday, Dr. Corbett of Norwich, and Mr. "Henry Cooke[7] the Parliament-man, and our old 'Alderman' Daniell "were taken in Suffolk. Last night, several troops went out; some to "Lynn-ward, it's thought; others to Thetford-ward, it's supposed,— "because they had a prisoner with them. Sir, I am in great haste, and "remember nothing else at present.

"JOHN CORY."

Cory still adds: "Sir Richard Berney sent to me, last night, and "showed and gave me the Colonel's Note to testify he had paid him the "50*l.*"—a forced contribution levied by the Association Committee upon

[7] Corbett is or was 'Chancellor of Norwich Diocese;' Henry Cooke is Son of Coke upon Lyttleton,—has left his place in Parliament, and got into dangerous courses.

poor Berney, who had shown himself 'backward:' let him be quiet henceforth, and study to conform.

This was the last attempt at Royalism in the Association where Cromwell served. The other 'Associations,' no man duly forward to risk himself being present in them, had already fallen, or were fast falling, to ruin; their Counties had to undergo the chance of War as it came. Huntingdon County soon joined itself with this Eastern Association.[8] Cromwell's next operations, as we shall perceive, were to deliver Lincolnshire, and give it the power of joining, which in September next took effect.[9] Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts, Hunts: these are thenceforth the 'Seven Associated Counties,' called often the 'Association' simply, which make a great figure in the old Books,—and kept the War wholly out of their own borders, having had a man of due forwardness among them.

[8] 26th May,—Husbands, ii. 183.

[9] Ib. p. 327.

LETTERS VI.—VIII.

The main brunt of the War, during this year 1643, is in the extreme Southwest, between Sir Ralph Hopton and the Earl of Stamford; and in the North, chiefly in Yorkshire, between the Earl of Newcastle and Lord Fairfax. The Southwest, Cornwall or Devonshire transactions do not much concern us in this place; but with the Yorkshire we shall by and by have some concern. A considerable flame of War burns conspicuous in those two regions: the rest of England, all in a hot but very dim state, may be rather said to *smoke*, everywhere ready for burning, and incidentally catch fire here and there.

Essex, the Lord General, lies at Windsor, all spring, with the finest Parliamentary Army we have yet had; but unluckily can undertake almost nothing, till he see. For his Majesty in Oxford is also quiescent mostly; engaged in a negotiation with his Parliament; in a Treaty,—of which Colonel Hampden and other knowing men, though my Lord of Essex cannot, already predict the issue. And the Country is all writhing in dim conflict, suffering manifold distress. And from his Majesty's headquarters ever and anon there darts out, now hither now thither, across the dim smoke-element, a swift fierce Prince Rupert, plundering and blazing; and then suddenly darts in again;—too like a streak of sudden *fire*, for he plunders, and even *burns*, a good deal! Which state of things Colonel Hampden and others witness with much impatience; but cannot get the Lord General to undertake anything, till he see.

An obscure entangled scene of things; all manner of War-movements and swift-shooting electric influences crossing one another, with complex action and reaction;—as happens in a scene of War; much more of Civil War, where a whole People and its affairs have become *electric*.—Here are Three poor Letters, reunited at last from their long exile, resuscitated after long interment: not in a very luminous condition! Vestiges of Oliver in the Eastern Association; which, however faint, are welcome to us.

LETTER VI.

THE Essex people, at least the Town of Colchester and Langley their Captain have, in some measure, sent their contingent to Cambridge; but money is short. Cromwell, home rapidly again from Norfolk, must take charge of it; has an order from the Lord General;—nay it seems a Great Design is in view; and Cromwell too, like Richard Baxter and the rest of us, imagines one grand effort might perhaps end these bleeding miseries.

'*To the Mayor &c. of Colchester, By Captain Dodsworth: These.*'

GENTLEMEN, 'Cambridge,' 23d March 1642.

Upon the coming down of your Townsmen to Cambridge, Captain Langley not knowing how to dispose of them, desired me to nominate a fit Captain: which I did,—an honest, religious, valiant Gentleman, Captain Dodsworth, the Bearer hereof.

He hath diligently attended the service, and much improved his men in their exercise; but hath been unhappy beyond others in not receiving any pay for himself, and what he had for his soldiers is out long ago. He hath, by his prudence, what with fair and winning carriage, what with money borrowed, kept them together. He is able to do so no longer: they will presently disband, if a course be not taken.

It's pity it should be so! For I believe they are brought into as good order as most Companies in the Army. Besides, at this instant there is great need to use them; I have received a special command from my Lord General, To advance with what force we can, to put an end, if it may be, to this Work,—God so assisting, from whom all help cometh.

I beseech you, therefore, consider this Gentleman, and the soldiers; and if it be possible, make up his Company a Hundred-and-twenty; and send them away with what expedition is possible. It may, through God's blessing, prove very happy. One month's pay may prove all your trouble. I speak to wise men:—God direct you. I rest,

Yours to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Morant's *History of Colchester* (London, 1748), book i. p. 55; 'from the Original,' he says, but not where that was or is.

The present Great Design, though it came to nothing, is not without interest for us. Some three days before the date of this Letter, as certain Entries in the Commons Journals still testify,[1] there had risen hot alarm in Parliament; my Lord General writing from Windsor, 'at three in the morning:' Prince Rupert out in one of his forays; in terrible force before the Town of Aylesbury: ought not one to go and fight him?— Without question! eagerly answer Colonel Hampden and others; Fight him, beat him; beat more than him! Why not rise heartily from Windsor with this fine Army; calling the Eastern Association and all friends to aid us; and storm-in upon Oxford itself? It may perhaps quicken the negotiations there!—

This Design came to nothing, and soon sank into total obscurity again. But it seems Colonel Hampden did entertain such a Design, and even take some steps in it. And this Letter of Oliver's, coupled with the Entries in the Commons Journals, is perhaps the most authentic proof we yet have of that fact; an interesting fact, which has rested hitherto on the vague testimony of Clarendon,[2] who seems to think the Design might have succeeded. But it came to nothing; Colonel Hampden could not rouse the Lord General to do more than 'write at three in the morning,' and send 'special commands,' for the present.

[1] *Commons Journals*, iii. 10, 12.

[2] *History of the Rebellion* (Oxford, 1819), ii. 319; see also May's *Long Parliament* (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), p. 192.

LETTER VII.

And now here is a new horde of 'Plunderers' threatening the Association with new infall from the North. The old Newspapers call them 'Camdeners;' followers of a certain Noel, Viscount Camden, from Rutlandshire; who has seized Stamford, is driving cattle at a great rate, and fast threatening to become important in those quarters. 'Sir John Burgoyne' is the Burgoyne of Potton in Bedfordshire, chief Committeeman in that County: Bedford is not in our Association; but will perhaps lend us help in this common peril.

'*To my honoured Friend Sir John Burgoyne, Baronet: These.*'

Sir, 'Huntingdon,' 10th April 1643.

These Plunderers draw near. I think it will do well if you can afford us any assistance of Dragooners, to help in this great Exigence. We have here about Six or Seven Troops of Horse; such, I hope, as will fight. It's happy to resist such beginnings betimes.

If you can contribute anything to our aid, let us speedily participate thereof. In the mean time, and ever, command

Your humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Concerning these Camdeners at Stamford and elsewhere, so soon as Colonel Cromwell has got himself equipt, we shall hear tidings again. Meanwhile, say the old Newspapers,[3] 'there is a regiment of stout Northfolk blades gone to Wisbeach, Croyland, and so into Holland' of Lincolnshire, 'to preserve those parts,'—if they may. Colonel Cromwell will follow; and give good account of that matter by and by.

Lincolnshire in fact ought to be all subdued to the Parliament; added to the Association. We could then coöperate with Fairfax across the Humber, and do good service! So reason the old Committees, as one dimly ascertains.—The Parliament appointed a Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, Lord Willoughby of Parham, a year ago;[4] but he is much infested with Camdeners, with enemies in all quarters, and has yet got no secure footing there. Cromwell's work, and that of the Association, for the next twelvemonth, as we shall perceive, was that of clearing Lincolnshire from enemies, and accomplishing this problem.

* Communicated (from an old Copy) by H. C. Cooper, Esq., Cambridge.

[3] In Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 343.

[4] *Commons Journals* (ii. 497), 25th March 1642. New encouragement and sanction given him (Rushworth, v. 108), of date 9th Jan. 1642-3.

LETTER VIII.

MEANWHILE enter Robert Barnard, Esquire, again. Barnard, getting ever deeper into trouble, has run up to Town; has been persuading my Lord of Manchester and others, That he is not a disaffected man; that a contribution should not be inflicted on him by the County Committee.

To my very loving Friend Robert Barnard, Esquire: Present these.

SIR, 'Huntingdon,' 17th April 1643.

I have received two Letters, one from my Lord of Manchester, the other from yourself; much to the same effect: I hope therefore one answer will serve them both.

Which is in short this: That we *know* you are disaffected to the Parliament;—and truly if the Lords, or any Friends, may take you off from a reasonable Contribution, for my part I should be glad to be commanded to any other employment. Sir, you may, if you will, "come freely into the country about your occasions." For my part, I have protected you in your absence; and shall do so to you.

This is all,—but that I am ready to serve you, and rest

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Let Barnard return, therefore; take a lower level, where the ways are more sheltered in stormy weather;—and so save himself, and 'become Recorder after the Restoration.' Subtlety may deceive him; integrity never will!—

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1791), lxi. 44: no notice whence, no criticism or commentary there: Letter undoubtedly genuine.

LETTERS IX.—XI.

Cromwell, we find, makes haste to deal with these 'Camdeners.' His next achievement is the raising of their Siege of Croyland (in the end of April, exact date not discoverable); concerning which there are large details in loud-spoken Vicars:[1] How the reverend godly Mr. Ram and godly Sergeant Horne, both of Spalding, were 'set upon the walls to be shot at,' when the Spalding people rose to deliver Croyland; how 'Colonel Sir Miles Hobart' and other Colonels rose also to deliver it,—and at last how 'the valiant active Colonel Cromwell' rose, and did actually deliver it.[2]

Cromwell has been at Lynn, he has been at Nottingham, at Peterborough, where the Soldiers were not kind to the Cathedral and its Surplice-furniture:[3] he has been here and then swiftly there; encountering many things. For Lincolnshire is not easy to deliver; dangers, intricate difficulties abound in those quarters, and are increasing. Lincolnshire, infested with infalls of Camdeners, has its own Malignancies too;—and, much more, is sadly overrun with the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern 'Popish Army' at present. An Army 'full of Papists,' as is currently reported; officered by renegade Scots, 'Sir John Henderson,' and the like unclean creatures. For the Marquis, in spite of the Fairfaxes, has overflowed Yorkshire; flowed across the Humber; has fortified himself in Newark-on-Trent, and is a sore affliction to the well-affected thereabouts. By the Queen's interest he is now, from Earl, made Marquis, as we see. For indeed, what is worst of all, the Queen in late months has landed in these Northern parts, with Dutch ammunition purchased by English Crown Jewels; is stirring up all manner of 'Northern Papists' to double animation; tempting Hothams and other waverers to meditate treachery, for which they will pay dear. She is the centre of these new perils. She marches Southward, much agitating the skirts of the Eastern Association; joins the King 'on Keinton field' or Edgehill field, where

[1] 'Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne and *Vicars*.'
Hudibras, canto i. 645.

[2] Vicars, p. 322-5; Newspapers (25th April—2d May), in *Cromwelliana*, p. 4.

[3] Royalist Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 4); *Querela Cantab.*; &c. &c.

he fought last autumn.—She was impeached of treason by the Commons. She continued in England till the following summer;[4] then quitted it for long years.

Let the following Three Letters,—one of which is farther distinguished as the first of Cromwell's ever published in the Newspapers,—testify what progress he is making in the difficult problem of delivering Lincolnshire in this posture of affairs.

LETTER IX.

THERE was in those weeks, as we learn from the old Newspapers, a combined plan, of which Cromwell was an element, for capturing Newark; there were several such; but this and all the rest proved abortive, one element or another of the combination always failing. That Cromwell was not the failing element we could already guess, and may now definitely read.

'Lord Grey,' be it remembered, is Lord Grey of Groby, once Military Chief of the Association,—though now I think employed mainly elsewhere, nearer home: a Leicestershire man; as are 'Hastings' and 'Hartop:' well known all of them in the troubles of that County. Hastings, strong for the King, holds 'Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which is his Father's House, well fortified;'[5] and shows and has shown himself a pushing man. 'His Excellency' is my Lord General Essex. 'Sir John Gell' is Member and Commander for Derbyshire, has Derby Town for Garrison. The Derbyshire forces, the Nottinghamshire forces, the Association forces: if all the 'forces' could but be united! But they never rightly can.

'To the Honourable the Committee at Lincoln: These.'

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, 'Lincolnshire,' 3d May 1643.

I must needs be hardly thought on; because I am still the messenger of unhappy tidings and delays concerning you,—though I know my heart is to assist you with all expedition!

My Lord Grey hath now again failed me of the rendezvous at Stamford,—notwithstanding that both he and I received Letters from his Excellency, commanding us both to meet, and, together

[4] From February 1642-3 till July 1644 (Clarendon, iii. 195; Rushworth, v. 684).

[5] Clarendon, ii. 202.

with Sir John Gell and the Nottingham forces, to join with you. My Lord Grey sent Sir Edward Hartop to me, To let me know he could not meet me at Stamford according to our agreement; fearing the exposing of Leicester to the forces of Mr. Hastings and some other Troops drawing that way.

Believe it, it were better, in my poor opinion, Leicester were not, than that there should not be found an immediate taking of the field by our forces to accomplish the common ends. Wherein I shall deal as freely with him, when I meet him, as you can desire. I perceive Ashby-de-la-Zouch sticks much with him. I have offered him now another place of meeting;[6] to come to which I suppose he will not deny me; and that to be tomorrow. If you shall therefore think fit to send one over unto us to be with us at night,—you do not know how far we may prevail with him: To draw speedily to a head, with Sir John Gell and the other forces, where we may all meet at a general rendezvous, to the end you know of. And then you shall receive full satisfaction concerning my integrity;[7]—and if no man shall help you, yet will not I be wanting to do my duty, God assisting me.

If we could unite those forces 'of theirs;' and with them speedily make Grantham the general rendezvous, both of yours and ours, I think it would do well. I shall bend my endeavours that way. Your concurrence by some able instrument to solicit this, might probably exceedingly hasten it; especially having so good a foundation to work upon as my Lord General's commands. Our Norfolk forces, which will not prove so many as you may imagine by six or seven hundred men, will lie conveniently at Spalding; and, I am confident, be ready to meet at Grantham at the general rendezvous.

I have no more to trouble you; but begging of God to take away the impediments that hinder our conjunction, and to prosper our designs, take leave.

Your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Some rendezvous at Grantham does take place, some uniting of forces, more or fewer; and strenuous endeavour thereupon. As the next Letter will testify.

[6] Name, not so fit to be *written* for fear of accidents, is very much unknown now!

[7] Means 'that the blame was not in me.'

* Tanner MSS. (Oxford), lxii. 94: the address lost, the date of place never given; the former clearly restorable from *Commons Journals*, ii. 75.

LETTER X.

THIS Letter is the first of Cromwell's ever published in the Newspapers. 'That valiant soldier Colonel Cromwell' has written on this occasion to an official Person of name not now discoverable:

'*To —— ——: These.*'

SIR, 'Grantham, 13th May 1643.'

God hath given us, this evening, a glorious victory over our enemies. They were, as we are informed, one-and-twenty colours of horse-troops, and three or four of dragoons.

It was late in the evening when we drew out; they came and faced us within two miles of the town. So soon as we had the alarm, we drew out our forces, consisting of about twelve troops,—whereof some of them so poor and broken, that you shall seldom see worse: with this handful it pleased God to cast the scale. For after we had stood a little, above musket-shot the one body from the other; and the dragooners had fired on both sides, for the space of half an hour or more; they not advancing towards us, we agreed to charge them. And, advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troops a pretty round trot; they standing firm to receive us: and our men charging fiercely upon them, by God's providence they were immediately routed, and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles.

I believe some of our soldiers did kill two or three men apiece in the pursuit; but what the number of dead is we are not certain. We took forty-five Prisoners, besides divers of their horse and arms, and rescued many Prisoners whom they had lately taken of ours; and we took four or five of their colours. 'I rest' * *

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

On inquiry at Grantham, there is no vestige of tradition as to the scene of this skirmish; which must have been some two miles out on the Newark road. Thomas May, a veracious intelligent man, but vague as to dates, mentions two notable skirmishes of Cromwell's 'near to

* *Perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament*, 22d-29th May 1643; completed from Vicars, p. 332, whose copy, however, is not, except as to sense and facts, to be relied on.

Grantham,' in the course of this business; one especially in which 'he 'defeated a strong party of the Newarkers, where the odds of number on 'their side was so great that it seemed almost a miraculous victory:' that probably is the one now in question. Colonel Cromwell, we farther find, was very 'vigilant of all sallies that were made, 'and took many men and colours at several times;'[8] and did what was in Colonel Cromwell; —but could not take Newark at present. One element or other of the combination always fails. Newark, again and again besieged, did not surrender until the end of the War. At present, it is terribly wet weather, for one thing; 'thirteen days of continual rain.'

The King, as we observed, is in Oxford: Treaty, of very slow gestation, came to birth in March last, and was carried on there by Whitlocke and others till the beginning of April; but ended in absolute nothing.[9] The King still continues in Oxford,—his head-quarters for three years to come. The Lord General Essex did at one time think of Oxford, but preferred to take Reading first; is lying now scattered about Thame, and Brickhill in Buckinghamshire, much drenched with the unseasonable rains, in a very dormant, discontented condition.[10] Colonel Hampden is with him. There is talk of making Colonel Hampden Lord General. The immediate hopes of the world, however, are turned on 'that valiant soldier and patriot of his country' Sir William Waller, who has marched to discomfit the Malignants of the West.

On the 4th of this May, Cheapside Cross, Charing Cross, and other Monuments of Papist Idolatry were torn down by authority, 'troops of soldiers sounding their trumpets, and all the people shouting;' the Book of Sports was also burnt on the ruins of the same.[11] In which days, too, all the people are working at the Fortification of London.

LETTER XI.

THE 'great Service,' spoken of in this Letter, we must still understand to be the deliverance of Lincolnshire in general; or if it were another, it did not take effect. No possibility yet of getting over into Yorkshire to coöperate with the Fairfaxes,—though they much need help, and there have been speculations of that and of other kinds.[12] For the War-tide breaks in very irregular billows upon our shores; at one time we are

[8] *History of Long Parliament*, p. 208.

[9] Whitlocke, 1st edition, pp. 63-5; Husbands, ii. 48-119.

[10] Rushworth, v. 290; May, p. 192.

[11] Lithgow (in *Somers Tracts*, iv. 536); Vicars (date incorrect), p. 327.

[12] Old Newspapers (30th May—12th June 1643), in *Cromwelliana*, p. 6.

pretty clear of Newark and its Northern Papists; and anon 'the Queen has got into Newark,' and we are like to be submerged by them. As a general rule, intricate perilous difficulties abound; and cash is scarce. The Fairfaxes, meanwhile, last week, have gained a Victory at Wakefield;[13] which is a merciful encouragement.

'To the Mayor &c. of Colchester: These.'

GENTLEMEN, 'Lincolnshire,' 28th May 1643.

I thought it my duty once more to write unto you For more strength to be speedily sent unto us, for this great Service.

I suppose you hear of the great Defeat given by my Lord Fairfax to the Newcastle Forces at Wakefield. It was a great mercy of God to us. And had it not been bestowed upon us at this very present, my Lord Fairfax had not known how to have subsisted. We assure you, should the Force we have miscarry,—expect nothing but a speedy march of the Enemy up unto you.

Why you should not strengthen us to make us subsist,—judge you the danger of the neglect; and how inconvenient this improvidence, or unthrift, may be to you! I shall never write but according to my judgment: I tell you again, It concerns you exceedingly to be persuaded by me. My Lord Newcastle is near Six-thousand foot, and above Sixty troops of horse; my Lord Fairfax is about Three-thousand foot, and Nine troops of horse; and we have about Twenty-four troops of horse and dragooners. The Enemy draws more to the Lord Fairfax: our motion and yours must be exceedingly speedy, or else it will do you no good at all.

If you send, let your men come to Boston. I beseech you hasten the supply to us:—forget not money! I press not hard; though I do so need that, I assure you, the foot and dragooners are ready to mutiny. Lay not too much upon the back of a poor gentleman, who desires, without much noise, to lay down his life, and bleed the last drop to serve the Cause and you. I ask not your money for myself: if that were my end and hope,—viz. the pay of my place,—I would not open my mouth at this time. I

[13] 21st May 1643: Letter by Lord Fairfax (in Rushworth, v. 268); *Short Memorials*, by the younger Fairfax (in *Somers Tracts*, v. 380).

desire to deny myself; but others will not be satisfied. I beseech you hasten supplies. Forget not your prayers.

Gentlemen, I am

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Lay not too much upon a poor gentleman,'—who is really doing what he can; shooting swiftly, now hither, now thither, wheresoever the tug of difficulty lies; struggling very sore, as beseems the Son of Light and Son of Adam, not to be vanquished by the mud-element!

Intricate struggles; sunk almost all in darkness now:—of which take this other as a token, gathered still luminous from the authentic but mostly inane opacities of the *Commons Journals*:[14] '21 June 1643, Mr. Pym reports from the Committee of the Safety of the Kingdom,' our chief authority at present, to this effect, That Captain Hotham, son of the famed Hull Hotham, had, as appeared by Letters from Lord Grey and Colonel Cromwell, now at Nottingham, been behaving very ill; had plundered divers persons without regard to the side they were of; had, on one occasion, 'turned two pieces of ordnance *against* Colonel Cromwell;' nay, once, when Lord Grey's quartermaster was in some huff with Lord Grey 'about oats,' had privily offered to the said quartermaster that they two should draw out their men, and have a fight for it with Lord Grey;—not to speak of frequent correspondences with Newark, with Newcastle, and the Queen now come back from Holland: wherefore he is arrested there in Nottingham, and locked up for trial.

This was on the Wednesday, this report of Pym's: and, alas, while Pym reads it, John Hampden, mortally wounded four days ago in a skirmish at Chalgrove Field, lies dying at Thame;—died on the Saturday following!

* Morant's *History of Colchester*, book i. p. 56.

[14] iii. 138

LETTERS XII.—XV.

'On Thursday July the 27th,' on, or shortly before that day, 'news reach London' that Colonel Cromwell has taken Stamford,—retaken it, I think; at all events taken it. Whereupon the Cavaliers from Newark and Belvoir Castle came hovering about him: he drove them into Burleigh House, near by, and laid siege to the same; 'at three in the morning,' battered it with all his shot, and stormed it at last.[1] Which is 'a good help we have had this week.'

On the other hand, at Gainsborough we are suffering siege; indisputably the Newarkers threaten to get the upper hand in that quarter of the County. Here is Cromwell's Letter,—happily now the original itself;—concerning Lord Willoughby of Parham, and the relief of Gainsborough 'with powder and match.'

LETTER XII.

In Rushworth and the old Newspaper copies of this Letter, along with certain insignificant, perhaps involuntary variations, there are two noticeable omissions; the whole of the *first* paragraph, and nearly the whole of the *last*, omitted for cause by the old official persons; who furthermore have given only the virtual address '*To the Committee of the Association sitting at Cambridge*,' not the specific one as here:

To my noble Friends, Sir Edmund Bacon, Knight and Baronet, Sir William Spring, Knight and Baronet, Sir Thomas Barnardiston, Knight, and Maurice Barrow, Esquire: Present these.

Gentlemen, Huntingdon, 31st July 1643.

No man desires more to present you with encouragement than myself, because of the forwardness I find in you, —to your honour be it spoken,—to promote this great Cause.

[1] Vicars; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 6).

And truly God follows us with encouragements, who is the God of blessings:—and I beseech you let Him not lose His blessings upon us! They come in season, and with all the advantages of heartening: as if God should say, "Up and be doing, and I will stand by you, and help you!" There is nothing to be feared but our own sin and sloth.[2]

It hath pleased the Lord to give your servant and soldiers a notable victory now at Gainsborough. I marched after the taking of Burleigh House upon Wednesday to Grantham, where I met about 300 horse and dragooners of Nottingham. With these, by agreement, we met the Lincolners at North Scarle, which is about ten miles from Gainsborough, upon Thursday in the evening; where we tarried until two of the clock in the morning; and then with our whole body advanced towards Gainsborough.

About a mile and a half from the Town, we met a forlorn hope of the enemy of near 100 horse. Our dragooners laboured to beat them back; but not alighting off their horses, the enemy charged them, and beat some four or five of them off their horses: our horse charged them, and made them retire unto their main body. We advanced, and came to the bottom of a steep hill: we could not well get up but by some tracks; which our men essaying to do, a body of the enemy endeavoured to hinder; wherein we prevailed, and got the top of the hill. This was done by the Lincolners, who had the vanguard.

When we all recovered the top of the hill, we saw a great Body of the enemy's horse facing us, at about a musket-shot or less distance; and a good Reserve of a full regiment of horse behind it. We endeavoured to put our men into as good order as we could. The enemy in the mean time advanced towards us, to take us at disadvantage; but in such order as we were, we charged their great body, I having the right wing; we came up horse to horse; where we disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time; all keeping close order, so that one could not break the other. At last, they a little shrinking, our men perceiving it, pressed-in upon them, and immediately routed this whole body; some flying on one side and others on the other of the enemy's Reserve; and our men, pursuing them, had chase and execution about five or six miles.

I perceiving this body which was the Reserve standing still unbroken, kept back my Major, Whalley, from the chase; and

[2] This paragraph is omitted in Rushworth and the Newspapers.

with my own troop and the other of my regiment, in all being three troops, we got into a body. In this Reserve stood General Cavendish; who one while faced me, another while faced four of the Lincoln troops, which was all of ours that stood upon the place, the rest being engaged in the chase. At last General Cavendish charged the Lincolners, and routed them. Immediately I fell on his rear with my three troops; which did so astonish him, that he gave over the chase, and would fain have delivered himself from me. But I pressing on forced them down a hill, having good execution of them; and below the hill, drove the General with some of his soldiers into a quagmire; where my Captain-lieutenant slew him with a thrust under his short ribs. The rest of the body was wholly routed, not one man staying upon the place.

We then, after this defeat which was so total, relieved the Town with such powder and provision as we brought. Which done, we had notice that there were six troops of horse and 300 foot on the other side of the Town, about a mile off us: we desired some foot of my Lord Willoughby's, about 400; and, with our horse and these foot, marched towards them: when we came towards the place where their horse stood, we beat back with my troops about two or three troops of the enemy's, who retired into a small village at the bottom of the hill. When we recovered the hill, we saw in the bottom, about a quarter of a mile from us, a regiment of foot; after that another; after that the Marquis of Newcastle's own regiment; consisting in all of about 50 foot colours, and a great body of horse;—which indeed was Newcastle's Army. Which, coming so unexpectedly, put us to new consultations. My Lord Willoughby and I, being in the Town, agreed to call-off our foot. I went to bring them off: but before I returned, divers of the foot were engaged; the enemy advancing with his whole body. Our foot retreated in disorder; and with some loss got the Town; where now they are. Our horse also came off with some trouble; being wearied with the long fight, and their horses tired; yet faced the enemy's fresh horse, and by several removes got off without the loss of one man; the enemy following the rear with a great body. The honour of this retreat is due to God, as also all the rest: Major Whalley did in this carry himself with all gallantry becoming a gentleman and a Christian.

Thus you have this true relation, as short as I could. What

you are to do upon it, is next to be considered.[3] If I could speak words to pierce your hearts with the sense of our and your condition, I would! If you will raise 2,000 Foot at present to encounter this Army of Newcastle's, to raise the siege, and to enable us to fight him,—we doubt not, by the grace of God, but that we shall be able to relieve the Town, and beat the Enemy on[4] the other side of Trent. Whereas if somewhat be not done in this, you will see Newcastle's Army march up into your bowels; being now, as it is, on this side Trent. I know it will be difficult to raise thus many in so short time: but let me assure you, it's necessary, and therefore to *be* done. At least do what you may, with all possible expedition! I would I had the happiness to speak with one of you:—truly I cannot come over, but must attend my charge; the Enemy is vigilant. The Lord direct you what to do.

Gentlemen, I am
Your faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Give this Gentleman credence: he is worthy to be trusted, he knows the urgency of our affairs better than myself. If he give you intelligence, in point of time, of haste to be made,—believe him: he will advise for your good.*

About two miles south of Gainsborough, on the North-Scarle road, stands the Hamlet and Church of Lea; near which is a 'Hill,' or expanse of upland, of no great height, but sandy, covered with furze, and full of rabbit-holes, the ascent of which would be difficult for horsemen in the teeth of an enemy. This is understood to be the 'Hill' of the fight referred to here. Good part of it is enclosed, and the ground much altered, since that time; but one of the fields is still called '*Redcoats* Fields,'[5] and another at some distance nearer Gainsborough '*Graves* Field;' beyond which latter, 'on the other or western face of the Hill, a 'little over the boundary of Lea Parish with Gainsborough Parish, on the 'left hand (as you go North) between the Road and the River,' is a morass or meadow still known by the name of *Cavendish's Bog*, which points-out the locality.[6]

[3] The rest of this paragraph, all except the last sentence, is omitted: Postscript, too, omitted. [4] Means 'to.'

* Rushworth, v. 278;—given now (*Third Edition*) according to Autograph in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth. (Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society, Jan. 1848; and *Athenæum*, London, 11th March 1848.)

[5] See *Squire Papers*, no. xxxiv., end of vol. ii. [6] MS. *penes me.*

Of the 'Hills' and 'Villages' rather confusedly alluded to in the second part of the Letter, which probably lay across Trent Bridge on the Newark side of the river, I could obtain no elucidation,—and must leave them to the guess of local antiquaries interested in such things.[7]

'General Cavendish,' whom some confound with the Earl of Newcastle's brother, was his *Cousin*, 'the Earl of Devonshire's second son;' an accomplished young man of three-and-twenty; for whom there was great lamenting;—indeed a general emotion about his death, of which we, in these radical times, very irreverent of human quality itself, and much more justly of the *dresses* of human quality, cannot even with effort form any adequate idea. This was the first action that made Cromwell to be universally talked of: He dared to kill this honourable person found in arms against him! 'Colonel Cromwell gave assistance 'to the Lord Willoughby, and performed very gallant service against 'the Earl of Newcastle's forces. This was the beginning of his great 'fortunes, and now he began to appear in the world.'[8]

Waller has an Elegy, not his best, upon 'Charles Ca'ndish.'[9] It must have been written some time afterwards: poor Waller, in these weeks, very narrowly escapes death himself, on account of the 'Waller Plot;'—makes an abject submission; pays 10,000*l.* fine; and goes upon his travels into foreign parts!—

LETTER XIII.

HERE meanwhile is a small noteworthy thing. Consider these 'Young Men and Maids,' and that little joint-stock company of theirs! Amiable young persons, may it prosper with you! Twelve-score pounds and so many stand of muskets,—well, this little too, in the great Cause, will help. For a pure preached Gospel, and the ancient liberties of England, who would not try to help? Fine new cloaks and fardingales are good; but a company of musketeers busy on the right side, how much better!—Colonel Cromwell, now home again, has received a Deputation on the matter; and suggests improvements. 'Country' which will take your muskets, means *County*. Three pounds, we perceive by calculation, will buy a war-saddle and pistols. Who the 'Sir' is, guessable as some Chairman of this 'Young Men and Maids' Society; and in what Town he sits, whether in Huntingdon itself or in another,

[7] Two other Letters on this Gainsborough Action, in Appendix, No. 5.

[8] Whitlocke (1st edition, London, 1682,—as always, unless the contrary be specified), p. 68.

[9] Fenton's *Waller*, p. 209.

—must remain forever uncertain. His Address, by negligence, has vanished; his affair wholly has vanished; the body of it gone all to air, and only the *soul* of it now surviving, and like to survive!

To —— ——.

SIR,

'Huntingdon,' 2d August 1643.

I understand by these Gentlemen the good affections of your Young Men and Maids; for which God is to be praised.

I approve of the business: only I desire to advise you that your "foot company" may be turned into a troop of horse; which indeed will, by God's blessing, far more advantage the Cause than two or three companies of foot; especially if your men be honest godly men, which by all means I desire. I thank God for stirring-up the youth to cast-in their mite, which I desire may be employed to the best advantage; therefore my advice is, that you would employ your Twelve-score Pounds to buy pistols and saddles, and I will provide Four-score horses; for 400*l.* more will not raise a troop of horse. As for the muskets that are bought, I think the Country will take them of you. Pray raise honest godly men, and I will have them of my regiment. As for your Officers, I leave it as God shall or hath directed to choose;—and rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XIV.

GAINSBOROUGH was directly taken, after this relief of it; Lord Willoughby could not resist the Newarkers with Newcastle at their head. Gainsborough is lost, Lincoln is lost; unless help come speedily, all is like to be lost. The following Letter, with its enclosure from the Lord Lieutenant Willoughby of Parham, speaks for itself. Read the Enclosure first.

* *Fairfax Correspondence* (London, 1849), iii. 56: the Original is Autograph; address quite gone; docketed 'Colonel Cromwell's Letter to' (in regard to) 'the Bachelors and Maids, 2d August 1643, from Huntingdon.'

"To my noble Friend Colonel Cromwell, at Huntingdon: These.

"Boston, 5th August 1643.

"NOBLE SIR,—Since the business of Gainsborough, the hearts of our "men have been so deaded that we have lost most of them by running "away. So that we were forced to leave Lincoln upon a sudden:—and "if I had not done it then, I should have been left alone in it. So that "now I am at Boston; where we are very poor in strength;—so that with- "out some speedy supply, I fear we shall not hold this long neither.

"My Lord General, I perceive, hath writ to you, To draw all the "forces together. I should be glad to see it: for if that will not be, "there can be no good to be expected. If you will endeavour to stop "my Lord of Newcastle, you must presently draw them to him and fight "him! For without we be masters of the field, we shall be pulled out "by the ears, one after another.

"The Foot, if they will come on, may march very securely to Boston; "which, to me, will be very considerable to your Association. For if the "Enemy get that Town, which is now very weak for defence for want of "men, I believe they will not be long out of Norfolk and Suffolk.

"I can say no more: but desire you to hasten;—and rest,

"Your servant,

"FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY." [10]

To my honoured Friends the Commissioners at Cambridge: These present.

GENTLEMEN, Huntingdon, 6th August 1643.

You see by this Enclosed how sadly your affairs stand. It's no longer Disputing, but Out instantly all you can! Raise all your Bands; [11] send them to Huntingdon;—get up what Volunteers you can; hasten your Horses.

Send these Letters to Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, without delay. I beseech you spare not, but be expeditious and industrious! Almost all our Foot have quitted Stamford: there is nothing to interrupt an Enemy, but our Horse, that is considerable. You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means!—

I am, your faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[10] Baker MSS. (Trinity-College Library, Cambridge), xxxiv. 429; is in Tanner MSS. too, together with the following. [11] Trainbands.

* Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 355; Tanner MSS. lxii. 229.

In the Commons Journals, *August 4th*,[12] are various Orders, concerning Colonel Cromwell and his affairs, of a comfortable nature: as, 'That he 'shall have the Three-thousand Pounds, already levied in the Associated 'Counties, for payment of his men;' likewise privilege of 'Free Quarter 'on the march he is now upon;' and lastly, 'That the Six Associated 'Counties do forthwith raise Two-thousand men more' for his behoof and that of the Cause. On which occasion Speaker Lenthall, as we otherwise find, writes to him on the part of the House, in these encouraging terms: 'The House hath commanded me to send you these enclosed Orders; and 'to let you know that nothing is more repugnant to the sense of this 'House, and dangerous to this Kingdom, than the unwillingness of their 'forces to march out of their several Counties.'—'For yourself, they do 'exceedingly approve of your faithful endeavours to God and the 'Kingdom.'[13]

LETTER XV.

THE Committee's answer, 'my return from you,' will find Cromwell at Stamford; to which, as to the place of danger, he is already speeding and spurring. Here is his next Letter to these Honoured Friends:

To my honoured Friends the Commissioners at Cambridge: These present.

GENTLEMEN, 'Peterborough,' 8th August 1643.

Finding our foot much lessened at Stamford, and having a great train and many carriages, I held it not safe to continue there, but presently after my return from you, I ordered the foot to quit that place and march into Holland, 'to Spalding;' which they did on Monday last.[14] I was the rather induced so to do because of the Letter I received from my Lord Willoughby, a copy whereof I sent you.

I am now at Peterborough, whither I came this afternoon. I was no sooner come but Lieutenant-Colonel Wood sent me word, from Spalding, That the Enemy was marching, with twelve flying colours of horse and foot, within a mile of Swinstead: so that I hope it was a good providence of God that our foot were at Spalding.

[12] *Commons Journals*, iii. 193.

[13] Tanner MSS. lxii. (i.), 224.

[14] Yesterday.

It much concerns your Association, and the Kingdom, that so strong a place as Holland is be not possessed by them. If you have any foot ready to march, send them away to us with all speed. I fear lest the Enemy should press in upon our foot:—he being thus far advanced towards you, I hold it very fit that you should hasten your horse at Huntingdon, and what you can speedily raise at Cambridge, unto me. I dare not go into Holland with my horse, lest the enemy should advance with his whole body of horse, this way, into your Association; but remain ready here, endeavouring[15] my Lord Grey's and the Northamptonshire horse towards me; that so, if we be able, we may fight the enemy, or retreat unto you, with our whole strength. I beseech you hasten your levies, what you can; especially those of foot! Quicken all our friends with new letters upon this occasion;—which I believe you will find to be a true alarm. The particulars I hope to be able to inform you speedily of, more punctually; having sent, in all haste, to Colonel Wood for that purpose.

The money I brought with me is so poor a pittance when it comes to be distributed amongst all my troops that, considering their necessity,—it will not half clothe them, they were so far behind,—if we have not more money speedily, they will be exceedingly discouraged. I am sorry you put me to it to write thus often. It makes it seem a needless importunity in me; whereas, in truth, it is a constant neglect of those that should provide for us. Gentlemen, make them able to live and subsist that are willing to spend their blood for you!—I say no more; but rest,

Your faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Sir William Waller, whom some called William the Conqueror, has been beaten all to pieces on Lansdown Heath, about three weeks ago. The Fairfaxes too are beaten from the field; glad to get into Hull,—which Hotham the Traitor was about delivering to her Majesty, when vigilant persons laid him fast.[16] And, in the end of May, Earl Stamford was defeated in the Southwest; and now Bristol has been suddenly surrendered to Prince Rupert,—for which let Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes (says Mr. Prynne, still very zealous) be tried by Court-Martial, and if possible, shot.

[15] 'but am ready endeavouring,' in orig. * *Fairfax Correspondence*, iii. 58.

[16] Of Hotham: 29th June 1643 (Rushworth, v. 275-6);—of the Fairfaxes, at Adderton Moor: 30th June (ib. 279);—of Waller: 13th July (ib. 285; Clarendon, ii. 376-9). Stratton Fight in Cornwall, defeat of Stamford by Hopton, was 16th May; Bristol is 22d July (Rushworth, v. 271, 284).

LETTERS XVI.—XVIII.

In the very hours while Cromwell was storming the sand-hill near Gainsborough 'by some tracks,' honourable gentlemen at St. Stephen's were voting him Governor of the Isle of Ely. Ely in the heart of the Fens, a place of great military capabilities, is much troubled with 'corrupt ministers,' with 'corrupt trainbands,' and understood to be in a perilous state; wherefore they nominate Cromwell to take charge of it.[1] We understand his own Family to be still resident in Ely.

The Parliament affairs, this Summer, have taken a bad course; and, except it be in the Eastern Association, look everywhere declining. They have lost Bristol, their footing in the Southwest and in the North is mostly gone; Essex's Army has melted away, without any action of mark all Summer, except the *loss* of Hampden in a skirmish. In the beginning of August the King breaks out from Oxford, very clearly superior in force; goes to settle Bristol; and might thence, it was supposed, have marched direct to London, if he had liked. He decides on taking Gloucester with him before he quit those parts. The Parliament, in much extremity, calls upon the Scots for help; who, under conditions, will consent.

In these circumstances, it was rather thought a piece of heroism in our old friend Lord Kimbolton, or Mandevil, now become Earl of Manchester, to accept the command of the Eastern Association: he is nominated 'Sergeant-Major of the Associated Counties,' 10th August 1643; is to raise new force, infantry and cavalry; has four Colonels of Horse under him; Colonel Cromwell, who soon became his second in command, is one of them; Colonel Norton, whom we shall meet afterwards, is another.[2] 'The Associated Counties are busy listing,' intimates the old Newspaper; 'and so soon as their harvest is over, which for the present much 'retardeth them, the Earl of Manchester will have a very brave and 'considerable Army, to be a terror to the Northern Papists,' Newarkers and Newcastles, 'if they advance Southward.'[3] When specially it was that Cromwell listed his celebrated body of *Ironsides* is of course not to

[1] *Commons Journals*, iii. 186 (of 28th July 1643); ib. 153, 167, 180, &c. to 657 (9th October 1644).

[2] Ibid. iii. 199, 200; Husbands, ii. 286, 276-8.

[3] 29th August 1643, *Cromwelliana*, p. 7.

be dated, though some do carelessly date it, as from the very 'beginning of the War;' and in Bates[4] and others are to be found various romantic details on the subject, which deserve no credit. Doubtless Cromwell, all along, in the many changes his body of men underwent, had his eye upon this object of getting good soldiers and dismissing bad; and managed the matter by common practical vigilance, not by theatrical clap-traps as Dr. Bates represents. Some months ago, it was said in the Newspapers, of Colonel Cromwell's soldiers, 'not a man swears but he pays his twelvepence;' no plundering, no drinking, disorder, or impiety allowed.[5] We may fancy, in this new levy, as Manchester's Lieutenant and Governor of Ely, when the whole force was again winnowed and sifted, he might complete the process, and see his Thousand Troopers ranked before him, worthy at last of the name of *Ironsides*. They were men that had the fear of God; and gradually lost all other fear. "Truly they were never beaten at all," says he.—Meanwhile:

1643.

August 21*st*. The shops of London are all shut for certain days:[6] Gloucester is in hot siege; nothing but the obdurate valour of a few men there prevents the King, with Prince Rupert, called also Prince Robert and Prince *Robber*, from riding roughshod over us.[7] The City, with much emotion, ranks its Trained Bands under Essex; making up an Army for him, despatches him to relieve Gloucester. He marches on the 26th; steadily along, in spite of rainy weather and Prince Rupert; westward, westward: on the night of the tenth day, September 5th, the Gloucester people see his signal-fire flame up, amid the dark rain, 'on the top of Presbury Hill;'—and understand that they shall live and not die. The King 'fired his huts,' and marched off without delay. He never again had any real chance of prevailing in this War. Essex, having relieved the West, returns steadily home again, the King's forces hanging angrily on his rear; at Newbury in Berkshire, he had to turn round, and give them battle,—*First* Newbury Battle, 20th September 1643,—wherein he came off rather superior.[8] Poor Lord Falkland, in his 'clean shirt,' was killed here. This steady march, to Gloucester and back again, by Essex, was the chief feat he did during the War; a considerable feat, and very characteristic of him, the slow-going, inarticulate, indignant, somewhat elephantine man.

[4] *Elenchus Motuum*.

[5] May 1643, *Cromwelliana*, p. 5.

[6] Rushworth, v. 291.

[7] See Webb's *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis, a Collection* &c. (Gloucester, 1825), or Corbet's contemporary *Siege of Gloucester* (*Somers Tracts*, v. 296), which forms the main substance of Mr. Webb's Book.

[8] Clarendon, ii. 460; Whitlocke, p. 70.

Here, however, in the interim, are some glimpses of the Associated Counties; of the 'listing' that now goes on there, a thing attended with its own confused troubles.

LETTER XVI.

LETTER Sixteenth is not dated at all; but incidentally names its place; and by the tenor of it sufficiently indicates these autumn days, first days of September, as the approximate time. 'Our handful,' to be known by and by as *Ironsides*, they are ready and steady; but we see what an affair the listing of the rest is: cash itself like to be dreadfully short; men difficult to raise, worth little when raised;—add seizure of Malignant neighbours' horses, proclamations, reclamations, and the Lawyers' tongues, and all men's, everywhere set wagging! Spring and Barrow are leading Suffolk Committee-men, whom we shall see again in that capacity. Of Captain Margery, elsewhere than in that Suffolk Troop now mustering, I know nothing; but Colonel Cromwell knows him, can recommend him as a man worth something: if Margery, to mount himself in this pressure, could 'raise the horses from Malignants,' in some measure,—were it not well?

To my noble Friends, Sir William Spring, Knight and Baronet, and Maurice Barrow, Esquire: Present these.

GENTLEMEN, 'Cambridge, — September 1643.'

I have been now two days at Cambridge, in expectation to hear the fruit of your endeavours in Suffolk towards the public assistance. Believe it, you will hear of a storm in few days! You have no Infantry at all considerable; hasten your Horses;—a few hours may undo you, neglected.—I beseech you be careful what Captains of Horse you choose, what men be mounted: a few honest men are better than numbers. Some time they must have for exercise. If you choose godly honest men to be Captains of Horse, honest men will follow them; and they will be careful to mount such.

The King is exceeding strong in the West. If you be able to foil a force at the first coming of it, you will have reputation; and that is of great advantage in our affairs. God hath given it to our handful; let us endeavour to keep it. I had rather have a plain

russet-coated Captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call "a Gentleman" and is nothing else. I honour a *Gentleman* that is so indeed!—

I understand Mr. Margery hath honest men will follow him: if so, be pleased to make use of him; it much concerns your good to have conscientious men. I understand that there is an Order for me to have 3,000*l.* out of the Association; and Essex hath sent their part, or near it. I assure you we need exceedingly. I hope to find your favour and respect. I protest, if it were for myself, I would not move you. That is all, from

Your faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. If you send such men as Essex hath sent, it will be to little purpose. Be pleased to take care of their march; and that such may come along with them as will be able to bring them to the main Body; and then I doubt not but we shall keep them, and make good use of them.—I beseech you, give countenance to Mr. Margery! Help him in raising his Troop; let him not want your favour in whatsoever is needful for promoting this work;—and *command* your servant. If he can raise the horses from Malignants, let him have your warrant: it will be of special service.*

LETTER XVII.

LISTING still; and with more trouble than ever. Matters go not well: 'Nobody to *put-on*,' nobody to *push*; cash too is and remains defective: —here, however, is another glimpse of the *Ironsides*, first specific glimpse, which is something.

To my honoured Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, at Lincoln's Inn: These present.

SIR, 'Eastern Association,' 11th Sept. '1643.'

Of all men I should not trouble you with money matters,—did not the heavy necessities my Troops are in, press me beyond measure. I am neglected exceedingly!

* Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society (Norwich, January 1848).

I am now ready for[9] my march towards the Enemy; who hath entrenched himself over against Hull, my Lord Newcastle having besieged the Town. Many of my Lord of Manchester's Troops are come to me: very bad and mutinous, not to be confided in; —*they* paid to a week almost; *mine* noways provided-for to support them, except by the poor Sequestrations of the County of Huntingdon!—My Troops increase. I have a lovely company; you would respect them, did you know them. They are no "Anabaptists;" they are honest sober Christians:—they expect to be used as men!

If I took pleasure to write to the House in bitterness, I have occasion. 'Of' the 3,000*l.* allotted me, I cannot get the Norfolk part nor the Hertfordshire: it was gone before I had it.—I have minded your service to forgetfulness of my own and Soldiers' necessities. I desire not to seek myself:—'but' I have little money of my own to help my Soldiers. My estate is little. I tell you, the business of Ireland and England hath had of me, in money, between Eleven and Twelve Hundred pounds;—therefore my Private can do little to help the Public. You have had my money: I hope in God I desire to venture my skin. So do mine. Lay weight upon their patience; but break it not! Think of that which may be a real help. I believe 5,000*l.*[10] is due.

If you lay aside the thought of me and my Letter, I expect no help. Pray for

Your true friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' There is no care taken how to maintain that Force of Horse and Foot raised and a-raising for my Lord of Manchester. He hath not one able to put-on 'that business.' The Force will fall if some help not. Weak counsels and weak actings undo all!—[*two words crossed out*]:—all will be lost, if God help not! Remember who tells you.*

In Lynn Regis there arose 'distractions,' last Spring; distractions ripening into open treason, and the seizure of Lynn by Malignant forces,—Roger L'Estrange, known afterwards as Sir Roger the busy Pamphleteer, being very active in it. Lynn lies strong amid its

[9] 'upon' crossed out as ambiguous; 'ready for' written over it.

[10] Erased, as not the correct sum.

* Additional Ayscough MSS. 5015, art. 25: printed, with some errors, in *Annual Register*, xxxv. 358.

marshes; a gangrene in the heart of the Association itself. My Lord of Manchester is now, with all the regular Foot, and what utmost effort of volunteers the Country can make, besieging Lynn, does get it, at last, in a week hence. Ten days hence the Battle of Newbury is got; and much joy for Gloucester and it. But here in the Association, with such a weight of enemies upon us, and such a stagnancy and staggering want of pith within us, things still look extremely questionable!—

Monday, 25th September. The House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines take the Covenant, the old Scotch Covenant, slightly modified now into a 'Solemn League and Covenant;' in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.[11] They lifted up their hands *seriatim*, and then 'stept into the chancel to sign. The List yet remains in Rushworth,—incorrect in some places. There sign in all about 220 Honourable Members that day. The whole Parliamentary Party, down to the lowest constable or drummer in their pay, gradually signed. It was the condition of assistance from the Scotch; who are now calling out 'all fencible men from sixteen to sixty,' for a third expedition into England. A very solemn Covenant, and Vow of all the People; of the awfulness of which, we, in these days of Custom-house oaths and loose regardless talk, cannot form the smallest notion.—Duke Hamilton, seeing his painful Scotch diplomacy end all in this way, flies to the King at Oxford,—is there 'put under arrest,' sent to Pendennis Castle near the Land's End.[12]

LETTER XVIII.

In Rushworth's List of Members covenanting in St. Margaret's Church on Monday September 25th, the name of Oliver Cromwell stands visible: but it is an error; as this Letter and other good evidences still remain to show. Indeed some singular oscitancy must have overtaken the watchful Rushworth, on that occasion of the Covenant; or what is likelier, some inextricable shuffle had got among his Paper-masses there, when he came to redact them long after,—the indefatigable painful man! Thus he says furthermore, and again says, the signing took place 'on September 22d,' which was Friday; whereas the Rhadamanthine Commons Journals still testify, that on Friday September 22d there was merely order and appointment made to sign on the 25th; and that the signing itself took place, accordingly, on

[11] *Commons Journals*, iii. 252-4; Rushworth (incorrect in various particulars,—unusual with Rushworth), v. 475, 480; the Covenant itself, ib. 478.

[12] Burnet, *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*.

Monday September 25th, as we have given it. With other errors,—incident to the exactest Rushworth, when his Paper-masses get shuffled! —Here is another entry of his, confirmable beyond disputing; which is of itself fatal to that of 'Oliver Cromwell' among 'those who signed the Covenant that day.' Oliver Cromwell had quite other work to do than signing of Covenants, many miles away from him just now; and indeed, I guess, did not sign this one for many days and weeks to come; not till he got to his place in Parliament again, with more leisure on his hands than now.

Tuesday, '26*th September*. The Lord Willoughby' of Parham 'and 'Colonel Cromwell came to Hull, to consult with the Lord Fairfax; 'but made no stay: and the same day, Sir Thomas Fairfax crossed 'Humber with Twenty Troops of Horse, to join with Cromwell's forces 'in Lincolnshire.'[13] For the Marquis of Newcastle is begirdling, and ever more closely besieging, the Lord Fairfax in Hull; which has obliged him to ship his brave Son, with all the horse, across the Humber, in this manner: horse are useless here; under the Earl of Manchester, on the other side, they may be of use.

The landing took place at Saltfleet that same afternoon, say the Newspapers: here now is what followed thereupon,—successful though rather dangerous march into the safe parts of Lincolnshire, and continuance of the drillings, fightings, and enlistments there. Committeemen 'Spring and Barrow' are known to us; of Margery and 'the Malignants' horses' we have also had some inkling once.

To his honoured Friends, Sir William Spring and Mr. Barrow: These present.

GENTLEMEN, 'Holland, Lincolnshire,' 28th Sept. 1643.

It hath pleased God to bring off Sir Thomas Fairfax his Horse over the river from Hull, being about One-and-twenty Troops of Horse and Dragoons. The Lincolnshire horse laboured to hinder this work, being about Thirty-four Colours of Horse and Dragoons: we marched up to their landing-place, and the Lincolnshire Horse retreated.

After they were come over, we all marched towards Holland; and when we came to our last quarter upon the edge of Holland, the Enemy quartered within four miles of us, and kept the field all night with his whole body: his intendment, as we conceive, was to fight us;—or hoping to interpose betwixt us and our retreat; having received, to his Thirty-four Colours of Horse,

[13] Rushworth, v. 280.

Twenty fresh Troops, ten Companies of 'Dragoons;'[14] and about a Thousand Foot, being General King's own Regiment. With these he attempted our guards and our quarters; and, if God had not been merciful, had ruined us before we had known of it; the Five Troops we set to keep the watch failing much of their duty. But we got to horse; and retreated in good order, with the safety of all our Horse of the Association; not losing four of them that I hear of, and we got five of theirs. And for this we are exceedingly bound to the goodness of God, who brought our troops off with so little loss.

I write unto you to acquaint you with this; the rather that God may be acknowledged; and that you may help forward, in sending such force away unto us as lie unprofitably in your country. And especially that Troop of Captain Margery's, which surely would[15] not be wanting, now we so much need it!

I hear there hath been much exception taken to Captain Margery and his Officers, for taking of horses. I am sorry you should discountenance those who (not to make benefit to themselves, but to serve their Country) are willing to venture their lives, and to purchase to themselves the displeasure of bad men, that they may do a Public benefit. I undertake not to justify all Captain Margery's actions: but his own conscience knows whether he hath taken the horses of any but Malignants;—and it were somewhat too hard to put it upon the consciences of your fellow Deputy Lieutenants, whether they have not *freed* the horses of known Malignants? A fault not less, considering the sad estate of this Kingdom, than to take a horse from a known Honest man; the offence being against the Public, which is a considerable aggravation! I know not the measure every one takes of Malignants. I think it is not fit Captain Margery should be the judge: but if he, in this taking of horses, hath observed the plain character of a Malignant, and cannot be charged for one horse otherwise taken,—it had been better that some of the bitterness wherewith he and his have been followed had been spared! The horses that his Cornet[16] Boulry took, he will put himself upon that issue for them all.

If these men be accounted "troublesome to the Country," I shall be glad you would send them all to me. I'll bid them welcome. And when they have fought for you, and endured some other

[14] Word torn. [15] should. [16] 'Coronett' in orig.

difficulties of war which your "honester" men will hardly bear, I pray you then let them go for honest men! I protest unto you, many of those men which are of your Country's choosing, under Captain Johnson, are so far from serving you, that,—were it not that I have honest Troops to master them,—although they be well paid, yet they are so mutinous that I may justly fear they would cut my throat!—Gentlemen, it may be it provokes some spirits to see such plain men made Captains of Horse. It had been well that men of honour and birth had entered into these employments:—but why do they not appear? Who would have hindered them? But seeing it was necessary the work must go on, better plain men than none;—but best to have men patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employment. And such, I hope, these will approve themselves to be. Let them therefore, if I be thought worthy of any favour, leave your Country with your good wishes and a blessing. I am confident they[17] will be well bestowed. And I believe before it be long, you will be in their debt; and then it will not be hard to quit scores.

What arms you can furnish them withal, I beseech you do it. I have hitherto found your kindness great to me:—I know not what I have done to lose it; I love it so well, and price it so high, that I would do my best to gain more. You have the assured affection of

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S.—I understand there were some exceptions taken at a Horse that was sent to me, which was seized out of the hands of one Mr. Goldsmith of Wilby. If he be not by you judged a Malignant, and that you do not approve of my having of the Horse, I shall as willingly return him again as you shall desire. And therefore, I pray you, signify your pleasure to me herein under your hands. Not that I would, for ten thousand horses, have the Horse to my own private benefit, saving to make use of him for the Public:—for I will most gladly return the value of him to the State. If the Gentleman stand clear in your judgments,—I beg it as a special favour that, if the Gentleman be freely willing to let me have him for my money, let him set his own price: I shall

[17] your wishes.

very justly return him the money. Or if he be unwilling to part with him, but keeps him for his own pleasure, be pleased to send me an answer thereof: I shall instantly return him his Horse; and do it with a great deal more satisfaction to myself than keep him.—Therefore I beg it of you to satisfy my desire in this last request; it shall exceedingly oblige me to you. If you do it not, I shall rest very unsatisfied, and the Horse will be a burden to me so long as I shall keep him.*

The Earl of Manchester, recaptor of Lynn Regis lately, is still besieging and retaking certain minor strengths and Fen garrisons,—sweeping the intrusive Royalists out of those Southern Towns of Lincolnshire. This once done, his Foot once joined to Cromwell's and Fairfax's Horse, something may be expected in the Midland parts too.

* Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society (Norwich, January 1848).

WINCEBY FIGHT.

Lincolnshire, which has now become one of the Associated Seven,[1] and is still much overrun by Newarkers and Northern Papists, shall at last be delivered.

Hull siege still continues, with obstinate sally and onslaught; on the other hand, Lynn siege, which the Earl of Manchester was busy in, has prosperously ended; and the Earl himself, with his foot regiments, is now also here; united, in loose quarters, with Cromwell and Fairfax, in the Boston region, and able probably to undertake somewhat. Cromwell and Fairfax with the horse, we perceive, have still the brunt of the work to do. Here, after much marching and skirmishing, is an account of Winceby Fight, their chief exploit in those parts, which cleared the country of the Newarkers, General Kings, and renegade Sir John Hendersons;—as recorded by loud-spoken Vicars. In spite of brevity we must copy the Narrative. Cromwell himself was nearer death in this action than ever in any other; the victory too made its due figure, and 'appeared in the world.'

Winceby, a small upland Hamlet, in the Wolds, not among the Fens, of Lincolnshire, is some five miles west of Horncastle. The confused memory of this Fight is still fresh there; the Lane along which the chase went bears ever since the name of '*Slash* Lane,' and poor Tradition maunders about it as she can. Hear Vicars, a poor human soul zealously prophesying as if through the organs of an ass,—in a not mendacious, yet loud-spoken, exaggerative, more or less asinine manner:[2]

* * * 'All that night,' Tuesday 10th October 1643, 'we were drawing 'our horse to the appointed rendezvous; and the next morning, being 'Wednesday, my Lord' Manchester 'gave order that the whole force, 'both horse and foot, should be drawn up to Bolingbroke Hill, where he 'would expect the enemy, being the only convenient ground to fight with 'him. But Colonel Cromwell was no way satisfied that we should fight; 'our horse being extremely wearied with hard duty two or three days 'together.

[1] 20th September 1643, Husbands, ii. 327.

[2] Third form of Vicars: *God's Ark overtopping the World's Waves, or the Third Part of the Parliamentary Chronicle:* by John Vicars (London, printed by M. Simons and J. Meecock, 1646), p. 45. There are three editions or successive forms of this Book of Vicars's (see Bliss's Wood, *in voce*): it is always, unless the contrary be expressed, the *second* (of 1644) that we refer to here.

'The enemy also drew, that' Wednesday 'morning, their whole body 'of horse and dragooners into the field, being 74 colours of horse, and 21 'colours of dragoons, in all 95 colours. We had not many more than half 'so many colours of horse and dragooners; but I believe we had as many 'men,—besides our foot, which indeed could not be drawn up until it 'was very late. The enemy's word was "Cavendish;" '—he that was killed in the Bog; 'and ours was "Religion." I believe that as we had 'no notice of the enemy's coming towards us, so they had as little of our 'preparation to fight with them. It was about twelve of the clock ere 'our horse and dragooners were drawn up. After that we marched about 'a mile nearer the enemy; and then we began to descry him, by little 'and little, coming towards us. Until this time we did not know we 'should fight; but so soon as our men had knowledge of the enemy's 'coming, they were very full of joy and resolution, thinking it a great 'mercy that they should now fight with him. Our men went on in 'several bodies, singing Psalms. Quartermaster-General Vermuyden with 'five troops had the forlorn-hope, and Colonel Cromwell the van, assisted 'with other of my Lord's troops, and seconded by Sir T. Fairfax. Both 'armies met about Ixbie, if I mistake not the Town's name,'—you do mistake, Mr. Vicars; it is Winceby, a mere hamlet and not a town.

'Both they and we had drawn-up our dragooners; who gave the first 'charge; and then the horse fell in. Colonel Cromwell fell with brave 'resolution upon the enemy, immediately after their dragooners had given 'him the first volley; yet they were so nimble, as that, within half pistol-'shot, they gave him another: his horse was killed under him at the first 'charge, and fell down upon him; and as he rose up, he was knocked 'down again by the Gentleman who charged him, who 'twas conceived 'was Sir Ingram Hopton: but afterwards he' the Colonel 'recovered a 'poor horse in a soldier's hands, and bravely mounted himself again. 'Truly this first charge was so home-given, and performed with so much 'admirable courage and resolution by our troops, that the enemy stood 'not another; but were driven back upon their own body, which was to 'have seconded them; and at last put these into a plain disorder; and 'thus, in less than half an hour's fight, they were all quite routed, and'—driven along Slash Lane at a terrible rate, unnecessary to specify. Sir Ingram Hopton, who had been so near killing Cromwell, was himself killed. 'Above a hundred of their men were found drowned in ditches,' in quagmires that would not bear riding; the 'dragooners now left on foot' were taken prisoners; the chase lasted to Horncastle or beyond it,—and Henderson the renegade Scot was never heard of in those parts more. My Lord of Manchester's foot did not get up till the battle was over.

This very day of Winceby Fight, there has gone on at Hull a universal sally, tough sullen wrestle in the trenches all day; with important loss to the Marquis of Newcastle; loss of ground, loss of lives, loss still more of

invaluable guns, brass drakes, sackers, what not:—and on the morrow morning the Townsfolk, looking out, discern with emotion that there is now no Marquis, that the Marquis has marched away under cloud of night, and given up the siege. Which surely are good encouragements we have had; two in one day.

This will suffice for Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, of 11th October 1643;[3] and leave the reader to imagine that Lincolnshire too was now cleared of the 'Papist Army,' as we violently nickname it,—all but a few Towns on the Western border, which will be successfully besieged when the Spring comes.

[3] Account of it from the other side, in Rushworth, v. 282; Hull Siege, &c. ib. 280.

LETTERS XIX, XX.

In the month of January 1643-4, Oliver, as Governor of Ely, is present for some time in that City; lodges, we suppose, with his own family there; doing military and other work of government:—makes a transient appearance in the Cathedral one day; memorable to the Reverend Mr. Hitch and us.

The case was this. Parliament, which, ever since the first meeting of it, had shown a marked disaffection to Surplices at Allhallowtide and 'monuments of Superstition and Idolatry,' and passed Order after Order to put them down,—has in August last come to a decisive Act on the subject, and specifically explained that go they must and shall.[1] Act of Parliament which, like the previous Orders of Parliament, could only have gradual partial execution, according to the humour of the locality; and gave rise to scenes. By the Parliament's directions, the Priest, Churchwardens, and proper officers were to do it, with all decency: failing the proper officers, *im*proper officers, military men passing through the place, these and suchlike, backed by a Puritan populace and a Puritan soldiery, had to do it;—not always in the softest manner. As many a *Querela*, Peter Heylin's (lying Peter's) *History*, and *Persecutio Undecima*, still testifies with angry tears. You cannot pull the shirt off a man, the skin off a man, in a way that will please him!—Our Assembly of Divines, sitting earnestly deliberative ever since June last,[2] will direct us what Form of Worship we are to adopt,—some form, it is to be hoped, not grown dramaturgic to us, but still awfully symbolic for us. Meanwhile let all Churches, especially all Cathedrals, be stript of whatever the general soul so much as suspects to be stage-property and prayer by machinery,—a thing we very justly hold in terror and horror, and dare not live beside!—

Ely Cathedral, it appears, had still been overlooked,—Ely, much troubled with scandalous ministers, as well as with disaffected trainbands,

[1] 28th August 1643 (Scobell, i. 53; *Commons Journals*, iii. 220): 2d November 1642 (*Commons Journals*, and Husbands, ii. 119): 31st August 1641; 23d January 1641 (*Commons Journals*, in diebus).

[2] Bill for convocation of them, read a third time, 6th January 1642-3 (*Commons Journals*, ii. 916); Act itself, with the Names, 13th June 1643 (Scobell, i. 42-4).

—and Mr. Hitch, under the very eyes of Oliver, persists in his Choir-service there. Here accordingly is an official Note, copies of which still sleep in some repositories.

LETTER XIX.

'To the Reverend Mr. Hitch, at Ely: These.'

MR. HITCH, 'Ely,' 10th January 1643.

Lest the Soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the Cathedral Church, I require you to forbear altogether your Choir-service, so unedifying and offensive:—and this as you shall answer it, if any disorder should arise thereupon.

I advise you to catechise, and read and expound the Scripture to the people; not doubting but the Parliament, with the advice of the Assembly of Divines, will direct you farther. I desire your Sermons 'too,' where usually they have been,—but more frequent.

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Mr. Hitch paid no attention; persisted in his Choir-service:—whereupon enter the Governor of Ely with soldiers, 'with a rabble at his heels,' say the old *Querelas*. With a rabble at his heels, with his hat on, he walks up to the Choir; says audibly: "I am a man under Authority; and am commanded to dismiss this Assembly,"—then draws back a little, that the Assembly may dismiss with decency. Mr. Hitch has paused for a moment; but seeing Oliver draw back, he starts again: "As it was in the beginning"—!—"Leave off your fooling, and come down, Sir!"[3] said Oliver, in a voice still audible to this Editor; which Mr. Hitch did now instantaneously give ear to. And so, 'with his whole congregation,' files out, and vanishes from the field of History.

Friday, 19*th January*. The Scots enter England by Berwick, 21,000 strong: on Wednesday they left Dunbar 'up to the knees in snow;'

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1788), lviii. 225: copied 'from an old Copy, by a Country Rector,' who has had some difficulty in reading the name of Hitch, and knows nothing farther about him or it.

[3] Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy* (London, 1714), Part ii. p. 23.

such a heart of forwardness was in them.[4] Old Lesley, now Earl of Leven, was their General, as before; a Committee of Parliamenteers went with him. They soon drove-in Newcastle's 'Papist Army' within narrower quarters; in May, got Manchester with Cromwell and Fairfax brought across the Humber to join them, and besieged Newcastle himself in York. Which, before long, will bring us to Marston Moor, and *Letter Twenty-first.*

In this same month of January, 22nd day of it, directly after Hitch's business, Colonel Cromwell, now more properly Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Lieutenant to the Earl of Manchester in the Association, transiently appeared in his place in Parliament; complaining much of my Lord Willoughby, as of a backward General, with strangely dissolute people about him, a great sorrow to Lincolnshire;[5]—and craving that my Lord Manchester might be appointed there instead: which, as we see, was done; with good result.

LETTER XX.

About the end of next month, February 1644, the Lieutenant-General, we find, has been in Gloucester, successfully convoying Ammunition thither; and has taken various stronghouses by the road,—among others, Hilsden-House in Buckinghamshire, with important gentlemen, and many prisoners; which latter, 'Walloons, French, and other outlandish men,' appear in Cambridge streets in a very thirsty condition; and are, in spite of danger, refreshed according to ability by the loyal Scholars, and especially by 'Mrs. Cumber's maid,' with a temporary glass of beer.[6] In this expedition there had gone with Cromwell a certain Major-General Crawford, whom he has left behind in the Hilsden neighbourhood; to whom there is a Letter, here first producible to modern readers, and connected therewith a tale otherwise known.

Letter Twentieth, which exists as a Copy, on old dim paper, in the Kimbolton Archives, addressed on the back of the sheet, with all reverence, *To the Earl of Manchester*, and forms a very opaque puzzle in that condition,—turns out, after due study, to have been a Copy *by* that Crawford of a Letter addressed to himself: Copy hastily written off, along with other hasty confused sheets still extant beside it, for the Earl of Manchester's use, on a certain Parliamentary occasion, which will by and by concern us too for a moment.

[4] Rushworth, v. 603-6. [5] D'Ewes MSS. vol. iv. f. 280 b.

[6] *Querela* (in Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 370); *Cromwelliana*, p. 8 (5th March 1643).

A 'Lieutenant-Colonel,' Packer I dimly apprehend is the name of him, has on this Hilsden-and-Gloucester expedition given offence to Major-General Crawford; who again, in a somewhat prompt way, has had Packer laid under arrest, under suspension at Cambridge; in which state Packer still painfully continues. And may, seemingly, continue: for here has my Lord of Manchester just come down with a Parliamentary Commission 'to reform the University,' a thing of immense noise and moment, and 'is employed in regard of many occasions;' is, in fact, precisely in these hours,[7] issuing his Summonses to the Heads of Houses; and cannot spare an instant for Packer and his pleadings. Crawford is still in Buckinghamshire; nevertheless the shortest way for Packer will be to go to Crawford, and take this admonitory Letter from his superior in command:

'*To Major-General Crawford: These.*'

SIR, Cambridge, 10th March '1643.'[8]

The complaints you preferred to my Lord against your Lieutenant-Colonel, both by Mr. Lee and your own Letters, have occasioned his stay here:—my Lord being 'so' employed, in regard of many occasions which are upon him, that he hath not been at leisure to hear him make his defence: which, in pure justice, ought to be granted him or any man before a judgment be passed upon him.

During his abode here and absence from you, he hath acquainted me what a grief it is to him to be absent from his charge, especially now the regiment is called forth to action: and therefore, asking of me my opinion, I advised him speedily to repair unto *you*. Surely you are not well advised thus to turn-off one so faithful to the Cause, and so able to serve you as this man is. Give me leave to tell you, I cannot be of your judgment; 'cannot understand,' if a man notorious for wickedness, for oaths, for drinking, hath as great a share in your affection as one who fears an oath, who fears to sin,—that this doth commend your election of men to serve as fit instruments in this work!—

Ay, but the man "is an Anabaptist." Are you sure of that? Admit he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the Public? "He is indiscreet." It may be so, in some things: we have all

[7] 11th March (Cooper, iii. 371; details in Neal, ii. 79-89).

[8] In Appendix, No. 6 (infrà, vol. v.): Letter from Oliver, notably busy, and not yet got to Cambridge.

human infirmities. I tell you, if you had none but such "indiscreet men" about you, and would be pleased to use them kindly, you would find as good a fence to you as any you have yet chosen.

Sir, the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it,—that satisfies. I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself: if you had done it when I advised you to it, I think you would not have had so many stumblingblocks in your way. It may be you judge otherwise; but I tell you my mind.—I desire you would receive this man into your favour and good opinion. I believe, if he follow my counsel, he will deserve no other but respect from you. Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion. If there be any other offence to be charged upon him,—that must in a judicial way receive determination. I know you will not think it fit my Lord should discharge an Officer of the Field but in a regulate way. I question whether you or I have any precedent for that.

I have not farther to trouble you:—but rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Adjoined to this Letter, as it now lies,—in its old repository at Kimbolton, copied and addressed in the enigmatic way above mentioned, —there is, written in a Clerk's hand, but corrected in the hand which copied the Letter, a confused loud-spoken recriminatory Narrative, of some length, about the Second Battle of Newbury; touching also, in a loud confused way, on the case of Packer and others:—evidently the raw-material of the Earl's *Speech in defence of himself*,[9] in the time of the *Self-denying Ordinance;* of which the reader will hear by and by. Assiduous Crawford had provided the Earl with these helps to prove Cromwell an insubordinate person, and what was equally terrible, a favourer of Anabaptists. Of the *Letter*, Crawford, against whom also there lay accusations, retains the Original; but furnishes this Copy;—of which, unexpectedly, we too have now obtained a reading.

This sharp Letter may be fancied to procure the Lieutenant-Colonel's reinstatement; who, we have some intimation, does march with his

* Communicated, with much politeness, by the Duke of Manchester, from Family Papers at Kimbolton.

[9] Rushworth, v. 733-6.

regiment again, in hopes to take the Western Towns of Lincolnshire. Indeed Lieutenant-Colonel Packer, if this were verily Packer as he seems to be, became a distinguished Colonel afterwards, and gave Oliver himself some trouble with his Anabaptistries.[10] In the Letter itself, still more in the confused Papers adjoined to it, of Major-General Crawford's writing, there is evidence enough of smouldering fire-elements in my Lord's Eastern-Association Army! The Lieutenant-General Cromwell, one perceives, is justly suspected of a lenity for Sectaries, Independents, Anabaptists themselves, provided they be 'men that fear God,' as he phrases it. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn (Freeborn John), Lieutenant-Colonel Fleetwood risen from Captaincy now: these and others, in the Crawford Documents, come painfully to view in this Lincolnshire campaign and afterwards; with discontents, with 'Petitions,' and one knows not what; all tending to Sectarian courses, all countenanced by the Lieutenant-General.[11] Most distasteful to Scotch Crawford, to my Lord of Manchester, not to say criminal and unforgivable to the respectable Presbyterian mind.

Reverend Mr. Baillie is now up in Town again with the Scotch Commissioners,—for there is again a Scotch Commission here, now that their Army has joined us: Reverend Mr. Baillie, taking good note of things, has this pertinent passage some six months hence: 'The Earl of 'Manchester, a sweet meek man, did formerly permit Lieutenant-General 'Cromwell to guide all the Army at his pleasure: the man Cromwell is 'a very wise and active head'—yes, Mr. Robert!—'universally well 'beloved as religious and stout; but a known Independent or favourer 'of Sects,'—the issues of which might have been frightful! 'But now 'our countryman Crawford has got a great hand with Manchester, stands 'high with all that are against Sects;' which is a blessed change indeed,[12] —and may partly explain this Letter and some other things to us!

Of Major-General Crawford, who was once a loud-sounding well-known man, but whose chance for being remembered much longer will mainly ground itself on a Letter he copied with very different views, let us say here what little needs to be said. He is Scotch; of the Crawfords of Jordan-Hill, in Renfrewshire; has seen service in the German Wars, and is deeply conscious of it;—paints himself to us as a headlong audacious fighter, of loose loud tongue, much of a pedant and braggart, somewhat given to sycophancy too. Whose history may sum itself up practically in this one fact, That he helped Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester to quarrel; and his character in this other, That he knew Lieutenant-General Cromwell to be a coward. This he, Crawford, knew; had seen it; was wont to assert it, and could prove it. Nay once, in subsequent angry

[10] Ludlow (London, 1721), ii. 599.

[11] MS. by Crawford at Kimbolton.

[12] Baillie, ii. 229 (16th Sept. 1644).

months, talking to the Honourable Denzil Holles in Westminster Hall, he asserted it within earshot of Cromwell himself; 'who was passing into the House, and I am very sure did hear it, as intended;'—who, however, heard it as if it had been no affair of his at all; and quietly walked on, as if *his* affairs lay elsewhere than there![13] From which I too, the knowing Denzil, drew my inferences,—ignominious to the human character!—Poor Crawford, after figuring much among the Scotch Committee-men and Presbyterian Grandees for a time, joined or rejoined the Scotch Army under Lesley; and fell at the Siege of Hereford in 1645, fighting gallantly I doubt not, and was quiet thenceforth.[14]

In these same weeks there is going on a very famous Treaty once more, 'Treaty of Uxbridge:' with immense apparatus of King's Commissioners and Parliament and Scotch Commissioners;[15] of which, however, as it came to nothing, there need nothing here be said. Mr. Christopher Love, a young eloquent divine, of hot Welsh blood, of Presbyterian tendency, preaching by appointment in the place, said, He saw no prospect of an agreement, he for one; "Heaven might as well think of agreeing with Hell;"[16] words which were remembered against Mr. Christopher. The King will have nothing to do with Presbyterianism, will not stir a step without his Surplices at Allhallowtide; there remains only War; a supreme managing 'Committee of Both Kingdoms;' combined forces, and war. On the other hand, his Majesty, to counterbalance the Scots, had agreed to a 'Cessation in Ireland,' sent for his 'Irish Army' to assist him here,—and indeed already got them as good as ruined, or reduced to a mere marauding apparatus.[17] A new 'Papist' or partly 'Papist Army,' which gave great scandal in this country. By much the remarkablest man in it was Colonel George Monk; already captured at Nantwich, and lodged in the Tower.

But now the Western Towns of Lincolnshire are all taken; Manchester with Cromwell and Fairfax are across the Humber, joined with the Scots besieging York, where Major-General Crawford again distinguishes himself;[18]—and we are now at Marston Moor.

[13] Holles's *Memoirs:* in Maseres's *Select Tracts* (London, 1815), i. 199.

[14] Wood's *Athenæ* (*Life*, p. 8); Baillie, ii. 235 and sæpius (correct ib. ii. p. 218 n. and Godwin, i. 380); Holles; Scotch Peerages; &c. &c.

[15] 29th Jan.—5th March, Rushworth, v. 844-946; Whitlocke, p. 122-3.

[16] Wood, iii. 281; *Commons Journals*, &c.

[17] Rushworth, v. 547 (Cessation, 15th September 1643); v. 299-303 (Siege of Nantwich, and ruin of the Irish Army, 21st November).

[18] Fires a mine without orders; Storms-in, hoping to take the City himself; and is disastrously repulsed (Rushworth, v. 631; Baillie, ii. 200).

LETTER XXI.

MARSTON MOOR.

In the last days of June 1644, Prince Rupert, with an army of some 20,000 fierce men, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire, where he had left harsh traces of himself, to relieve the Marquis of Newcastle, who was now with a force of 6,000 besieged in York, by the united forces of the Scots under Leven, the Yorkshiremen under Lord Fairfax, and the Associated Counties under Manchester and Cromwell. On hearing of his approach, the Parliament Generals raised the Siege; drew out on the Moor of Long Marston, some four miles off, to oppose his coming. He avoided them by crossing the river Ouse; relieved York, Monday 1st July; and might have returned successful; but insisted on Newcastle's joining him, and going out to fight the Roundheads. The Battle of Marston Moor, fought on the morrow evening, Tuesday 2d July 1644, from 7 to 10 o'clock, was the result,—entirely disastrous for him.

Of this Battle, the bloodiest of the whole War, I must leave the reader to gather details in the sources indicated below;[1] or to imagine it in general as the most enormous hurlyburly, of fire and smoke, and steel-flashings and death-tumult, ever seen in those regions: the end of which, about ten at night, was 'Four-thousand one-hundred-and-fifty bodies' to be buried, and total ruin to the King's affairs in those Northern parts.

The Armies were not completely drawn-up till after five in the evening; there was a ditch between them; they stood facing one another, motionless except the exchange of a few cannon-shots, for an hour and half. Newcastle thought there would be no fighting till the morrow, and had retired to his carriage for the night. There is some shadow of surmise that the stray cannon-shot which, as the following Letter indicates, proved fatal to Oliver's Nephew, did also, rousing Oliver's humour to the charging point, bring on the general Battle. 'The Prince of Plunderers,' invincible

[1] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 164 (various accounts by eye-witnesses); no. 168, one by Simeon Ash, the Earl of Manchester's Chaplain; no. 167, &c.: Rushworth, v. 632: Carte's *Ormond Papers* (London, 1739), i. 56: Fairfax's *Memorials* (*Somers Tracts*, v. 389). Modern accounts are numerous, but of no value.

hitherto, here first tasted the steel of Oliver's Ironsides, and did not in the least like it. 'The Scots delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire,'—in the ancient summer gloaming there.

'To my loving Brother, Colonel Valentine Walton: These.'

DEAR SIR, 'Leaguer before York,' 5th July 1644.

It's our duty to sympathise in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, that so we may sorrow together.

Truly England and the Church of God hath had a great favour from the Lord, in this great Victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this War began. It had all the evidences of an absolute Victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the Godly Party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The Left Wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe, of Twenty-thousand the Prince hath not Four-thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.

Sir, God hath taken away your eldest Son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

Sir, you know my own trials this way:[2] but the Lord supported me with this, That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, "It was so great above his pain." This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he

[2] I conclude, the poor Boy Oliver has already fallen in these Wars,—none of *us* knows where, though his Father well knew!——*Note to Third Edition:* In the *Squire Papers* (*Fraser's Magazine*, December 1847) is this passage: 'Meeting Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston 'Battle, Squire says, "I thought he looked sad and wearied, for he had had a "sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was "near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed."'——*Note of* 1857: see antea, p. 41 n.

said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, What that was? He told me it was, That God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them, Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the Army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious Saint in Heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink-up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays

Your truly faithful and loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My love to your Daughter, and my Cousin Perceval, Sister Desborow and all friends with you.*

Colonel Valentine Walton, already a conspicuous man, and more so afterwards, is of Great-Staughton, Huntingdonshire, a neighbour of the Earl of Manchester's; Member for his County, and a Colonel since the beginning of the War. There had long been an intimacy between the Cromwell Family and his. His Wife, the Mother of this slain youth, is Margaret Cromwell, Oliver's younger Sister, next to him in the family series. 'Frank Russel' is of Chippenham, Cambridgeshire, eldest son of the Baronet there; already a Colonel; soon afterwards Governor of Ely in Oliver's stead.[3] It was the daughter of this Frank that Henry Cromwell, some ten years hence, wedded.

Colonel Walton, if he have at present some military charge of the Association, seems to attend mainly on Parliament; and this Letter, I think, finds him in Town. The poor wounded youth would have to lie on the field at Marston while the Battle was fought; the whole Army had to bivouac there, next to no food, hardly even water to be had. That of 'Seeing the rogues run,' occurs more than once at subsequent

* Seward's *Anecdotes* (London, 1798), i. 362; reproduced in Ellis's *Original Letters* (First Series), iii. 299. 'Original once in the possession of Mr. Langton of Welbeck Street,' says Ellis;—'in the Bodleian Library,' says Seward.

[3] See Noble, ii. 407-8,—with vigilance against his blunders.

dates in these Wars :[4] who first said it, or whether anybody ever said it, must remain uncertain.

York was now captured in a few days : Prince Rupert had fled across into Lancashire, and so 'south to Shropshire, to recruit again ;' Marquis Newcastle with 'about eighty gentlemen,' disgusted at the turn of affairs, had withdrawn beyond seas. The Scots moved northward to attend the Siege of Newcastle,—ended it by storm in October next. On the 24th of which same month, 24th October 1644, the Parliament promulgated its Rhadamanthine Ordinance, To 'hang any Irish Papist taken in arms in this country ;'[5] a very severe Ordinance, but not uncalled for by the nature of the 'marauding apparatus' in question there.

[4] Ludlow.

[5] Pushworth, v. 783.

LETTERS XXII, XXIII.

THE next Two Letters represent the Army and Lieutenant-General got home to the Association again; and can be read with little commentary. 'The Committee for the Isle of Ely,' we are to remark, consists of Honourable Members connected with that region, and has its sittings in London. Of 'Major Ireton' we shall hear farther; 'Husband' also is slightly met with elsewhere; and 'Captain Castle' grew, I think, to be Colonel Castle, and perished at the Storm of Tredah, some years afterwards.

LETTER XXII.

For my noble Friends the Committee for the Isle of Ely: Present these.

GENTLEMEN, Lincoln, 1st September 1644.

I understand that you have lately released some persons committed by Major Ireton and Captain Husband, and one committed by Captain Castle,—all 'committed' upon clear and necessary grounds as they are represented unto me; 'grounds' rendering them as very enemies as any we have, and as much requiring to have them continued secured.

I have given order to Captain Husband to see them re-committed to the hands of my Marshal, Richard White. And I much desire you, for the future, Not to entrench upon me so much as to release them,—or any committed in the like case by myself, or my Deputy and Commanders in the Garrison,—until myself or some Superior Authority[1] be satisfied in the cause, and do give order in allowance of their enlargement. For I profess I will be no Governor, nor engage any other under me to undertake such a charge, upon such weak terms!—

I am so sensible of the need we have to improve the present

[1] Not inferior!

opportunity of our being masters in the field and having no Enemy near the Isle, and to spare whatever charge we can towards the making of those Fortifications, which may render it more defensible hereafter if we shall have *more* need,—I shall desire you, for that end, to ease the Isle and Treasury from the superfluous charge of 'having' Two several Committees for the several parts of the Isle; and that one Committee, settled at March, may serve for the whole Isle.

Wherefore I wish that one of your number may, in your courses, intend[2] and appear at that Committee, to manage and uphold it the better for all parts of the Isle.

Resting upon your care herein, I remain,

Your friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XXIII.

SLEAFORD is in Lincolnshire, a march farther South. Lieutenant-General Cromwell with the Eastern-Association Horse, if the 'Foot' were once settled,—might not he dash down to help the Lieutenant-General Essex and his 'Army in the West'? Of whom, and of whose sad predicament amid the hills of Cornwall there, we shall see the issue anon. Brother Walton, a Parliament-man, has written, we perceive, to Cromwell, suggesting such a thing; urging haste if possible. In Cromwell is no delay: but the Eastern-Association Army, horse or foot, is heavy to move,—beset, too, with the old internal discrepancies, Crawfordisms, scandals at Sectaries, and what not.

For Colonel Valentine Walton: These, in London.

SIR, Sleaford, 6th or 5th September '1644.'

We do with grief of heart resent the sad condition of our Army in the West, and of affairs there. That business has

[2] 'intend' means 'take pains;' March is a *Town* in the Ely region.

* Old Copy, now (January 1846) on sale at Mr. Graves's, Pall-Mall: printed in the *Athenæum* of 13th December 1845. Old copy, such as the Clerks of Honourable Members were wont to take of Letters read in the House, or officially elsewhere;—worth copying for certain parties, in a time without Newspapers like ours.

our hearts with it; and truly had we wings, we would fly thither! So soon as ever my Lord and the Foot set me loose, there shall be in me no want to hasten what I can to that service.

For indeed all other considerations are to be laid aside and to give place to *it*, as being of far more importance. I hope the Kingdom shall see that, in the midst of our necessities, we shall serve them without disputes. We hope to forget our wants, which are exceeding great, and ill cared for; and desire to refer the many slanders heaped upon us by false tongues to God,—who will, in due time, make it appear to the world that we study the glory of God, and the honour and liberty of the Parliament. For which we unanimously fight; without seeking our own interests.

Indeed, we never find our men so cheerful as when there is work to do. I trust you will always hear so of them. The Lord is our strength, and in Him is all our hope. Pray for us. Present my love to my friends: I beg their prayers. The Lord still bless you.

We have some amongst us much[3] slow in action:—if we could all intend our own ends less, and our ease too, our business in this Army would go on wheels for expedition! 'But' because some of us are enemies to rapine and other wickednesses, we are said to be "factious," to "seek to maintain our opinions in religion by force," —which we detest and abhor. I profess I could never satisfy myself of the justness of this War, but from the Authority of the Parliament to maintain itself in its rights: and in this Cause I hope to approve myself an honest man and single-hearted.

Pardon me that I am thus troublesome. I write but seldom: it gives me a little ease to pour my mind, in the midst of calumnies, into the bosom of a friend.

Sir, no man more truly loves you than

Your brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[3] 'much' is old for *very*.

* Seward's *Anecdotes*, ut supra, i. 362.

THREE FRAGMENTS OF SPEECHES.

SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

THE following Three small Fragments of Speeches will have to represent for us some six months of occasional loud debating, and continual anxious gestation and manipulation, in the Two Houses, in the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and in many other houses and places;—the ultimate outcome of which was the celebrated 'Self-denying Ordinance,' and 'New Model' of the Parliament's Army; which indeed brings on an entirely New Epoch in the Parliament's Affairs.

Essex and Waller had, for the third or even fourth time, chiefly by the exertions of ever-zealous London, been fitted out with Armies; had marched forth together to subdue the West;—and ended in quite other results than that. The two Generals differed in opinion; did not march long together: Essex, urged by a subordinate, Lord Roberts, who had estates in Cornwall and hoped to get some rents out of them,[1] turned down thitherwards to the left; Waller bending up to the right;—with small issue either way. Waller's last action was an indecisive, rather unsuccessful Fight, or day of skirmishing, with the King, at Cropredy Bridge on the border of Oxford and Northampton Shires,[2] three days before Marston Moor. After which both parties separated: the King to follow Essex, since there was now no hope in the North; Waller to wander London-wards, and gradually 'lose his Army by desertion,' as the habit of him was. As for the King, he followed Essex into Cornwall with effect; hemmed him in among the hills there, about Bodmin, Lostwithiel, Foy, with continual skirmishing, with ever-growing scarcity of victual; forced poor Essex to escape to Plymouth by the Fleet,[3] and *leave* his Army to shift for itself as best might be: the horse under Balfour to cut their way through; the foot under Skippon to lay-down their arms, cease to be soldiers, and march away 'with staves in their hands' into the wide world. This surrender was effected 1st September

[1] Clarendon. [2] 29th June 1644, Clarendon, ii. 655.

[3] His own distinct, downright and somewhat sulky Narrative, in Rushworth, v. 701.

1644, two months after Marston Moor. The Parliament's and Cromwell's worst anticipation, in that quarter, is fulfilled.

The Parliament made no complaint of Essex; with a kind of Roman dignity, they rather thanked him. They proceeded to recruit Waller and him, summoned Manchester with Cromwell his Lieutenant-General to join them; by which three bodies, making again a considerable army, under the command of Manchester and Waller (for Essex lay 'sick,' or seeming to be sick), the King, returning towards Oxford from his victory, was intercepted at Newbury; and there, on Sunday 27th October 1644, fell out the *Second* Battle of Newbury.[4] Wherein his Majesty, after four-hours confused fighting, rather had the worse; yet contrived to march off, unmolested, 'by moonlight, at 10 o'clock,' towards Wallingford, and got safe home. Manchester refused to pursue though urged by Cromwell, and again urged. Nay twelve days after, when the King came back, and openly revictualled Dennington Castle, an important strong-place hard by,—Manchester, in spite of Cromwell's urgency, still refused to interfere.

They, in fact, came to a quarrel here, these two:—and much else that was represented by them came to a quarrel; Presbytery and Independency, to wit. Manchester was reported to have said, If they lost this Army pursuing the King, they had no other; the King 'might hang them all.' To Cromwell and the thorough-going party, it had become very clear that high Essexes and Manchesters, of limited notions and large estates and anxieties, who besides their fear of being themselves beaten utterly, and forfeited and 'hanged,' were afraid of beating the King too well, would never end this Cause in a good way. Whereupon ensue some six months of very complex manipulation, and public and private consultation, which these Three Fragments of Speeches are here to represent for us.

I. *In the House of Commons, on Monday 25th November* 1644, *Lieutenant-General Cromwell did, as ordered on the Saturday before, exhibit a charge against the Earl of Manchester, to this effect:*

That the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements, and the ending of the War by the sword; and 'always' *for* such a Peace as a 'thorough' victory would be a disadvantage to;—and hath declared this by principles express to that purpose, and 'by' a continued series of carriage and actions answerable.

That since the taking of York,[5] as if the Parliament had now

[4] Clarendon, ii. 717.

[5] Directly after Marston Moor.

advantage fully enough, he hath declined whatsoever tended to farther advantage upon the Enemy; 'hath' neglected and studiously shifted-off opportunities to that purpose, as if he thought the King too low, and the Parliament too high,—especially at Dennington Castle.

That he hath drawn the Army into, and detained them in, such a posture as to give the Enemy fresh advantages; and this, before his conjunction with the other Armies,[6] by his own absolute will, against or without his Council of War, against many commands of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and with contempt and vilifying of those commands;—and, *since* the conjunction, sometimes against the Councils of War, and sometimes by persuading and deluding the Council to neglect one opportunity with pretence of another, and this again of a third, and at last by persuading 'them' that it was not fit to fight at all.*

To these heavy charges, Manchester,—furnished with his confused Crawford Documents, and not forgetting Letter *Twentieth* which we lately read,—makes heavy answer, at great length, about a week after: of which we shall remember only this piece of countercharge, How his Lordship had once, in those very Newbury days, ordered Cromwell to proceed to some rendezvous with the horse, and Cromwell, very unsuitably for a Lieutenant-General, had answered, The horses were already worn off their feet; "if your Lordship want to have the *skins* of the horses, this is the way to get them!"—Through which small slit, one looks into large seas of general discrepancy in those old months! Lieutenant-General Cromwell is also reported to have said, in a moment of irritation surely, "There would never be a good time in England till we had done with Lords."[7] But the most appalling report that now circulates in the world is this, of his saying once, "If he met the King in battle, he would fire his pistol at the King as at another;"—pistol, at our poor semi-divine misguided Father fallen insane: a thing hardly conceivable to the Presbyterian human mind![8]

II. *In the House of Commons, on Wednesday 9th December, all sitting in Grand Committee, 'there was a general silence for a good space of time,' one looking upon the other to see who would break the ice, in regard to this delicate point of getting our*

[6] Waller's and Essex's at Newbury.

* Rushworth, v. 732; *Commons Journals*, iii. 703-5.

[7] Rushworth, v. 734.

[8] Old Pamphlets *sæpius*, onwards to 1649.

Essexes and Manchesters softly ousted from the Army; a very delicate point indeed;—when Lieutenant-General Cromwell stood up, and spake shortly to this effect:

It is now a time to speak, or forever hold the tongue. The important occasion now, is no less than To save a Nation, out of a bleeding, nay almost dying condition: which the long continuance of this War hath already brought it into; so that without a more speedy, vigorous and effectual prosecution of the War,—casting off all lingering proceedings like 'those of' soldiers-of-fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war,—we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a Parliament.

For what do the Enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this, That the Members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, what by power in the Army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the War speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This 'that' I speak here to our own faces, is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any. I know the worth of those Commanders, Members of both Houses, who are yet in power: but if I may speak my conscience without reflection upon any, I do conceive if the Army be not put into another method, and the War more vigorously prosecuted, the People can bear the War no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable Peace.

But this I would recommend to your prudence, Not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any Commander-in-chief upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore, waving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy; which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts, and zealous affections towards the general weal of our Mother Country, as no Members of either House will scruple to *deny* themselves, and their own private interests, for the public good; nor account it to be a dishonour done to them, whatever the Parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter.*

* Rushworth, vi. 4.

III. *On the same day, seemingly at a subsequent part of the debate, Lieutenant-General Cromwell said likewise, as follows:*

Mr. Speaker,—I am not of the mind that the calling of the Members to sit in Parliament will break, or scatter our Armies. I can speak this for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but upon you; and for you they will fight, and live and die in your Cause; and if others be of that mind that they are of, you need not fear them. They do not idolise me, but look upon the Cause they fight for. You may lay upon them what commands you please, they will obey your commands in that Cause they fight for.†

To be brief, Mr. Zouch Tate, Member for Northampton, moved this day a Self-denying Ordinance; which, in a few days more, was passed in the Commons. It was not so easily got through the Lords; but there too it had ultimately to pass. One of the most important clauses was this, introduced not without difficulty, That religious men might now serve *without* taking the Covenant as a *first* preliminary,—perhaps they might take it by and by. This was a great ease to tender consciences; and indicates a deep split, which will grow wider and wider, in our religious affairs. The Scots Commissioners have sent for Whitlocke and Maynard to the Lord General's, to ask in judicious Scotch dialect, Whether there be not ground to prosecute Cromwell as an 'incendiary'? "You ken varry weel!"—The two learned gentlemen shook their heads.[9]

This Self-denying Ordinance had to pass; it and the New Model wholly; by the steps indicated below.[10] Essex was gratified by a splendid Pension,—very little of it ever actually paid; for indeed he died some two years after: Manchester was put on the Committee of Both Kingdoms: the Parliament had its New-Model Army, and soon saw an entirely new epoch in its affairs.

† *Cromwelliana*, p. 12.

[9] Whitlocke, iii. p. 111 (December 1644).

[10] Rushworth, vi. 7, 8: Self-denying Ordinance *passed* in the Commons 19th December, and is sent to the Lords; Conference about it, 7th January; *rejected* by the Lords 15th January,—because "we do not know what *shape* the Army will now suddenly take." Whereupon, 21st January, 'Fairfax is nominated General;' and on the 19th February, the New Model is completed and passed: "*This* is the shape the Army is to take." A second Self-denying Ordinance, now introduced, got itself finally passed 3d April 1645.

LETTER XXIV.

BEFORE the old Officers laid down their commissions, Waller with Cromwell and Massey were sent on an expedition into the West against Goring and Company; concerning which there is some echo in the old Books and Commons Journals, but no definite vestige of it, except the following Letter, read in the House of Commons, 9th April 1645; which D'Ewes happily had given his Clerk to copy. The Expedition itself, which proved successful, is now coming towards an end. Fairfax the new General is at Windsor all April; full of business, regimenting, discharging, enlisting, new-modelling.

LETTER XXIV.

For the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Army: Haste, Haste: These: At Windsor.

SIR, 'Salisbury,' 9th April (ten o'clock at night) 1645.

Upon Sunday last we marched towards Bruton in Somersetshire, which was General Goring's headquarter: but he would not stand us; but marched away, upon our appearance, to Wells and Glastonbury, Whither we held it unsafe to follow him; lest we should engage our Body of Horse too far into that enclosed country, not having foot enough to stand by them; and partly because we doubted the advance of Prince Rupert with his force to join with Goring; having some notice from Colonel Massey of the Prince his coming this way.

General Goring hath 'Sir Richard' Greenvil in a near posture to join with him. He hath all their Garrisons in Devon, Dorset and Somersetshire, to make an addition to him. Whereupon, Sir William Waller having a very poor Infantry of about 1,600 men,—lest they, being so inconsiderable, should engage[1] our Horse,—we came from Shaftesbury to Salisbury to secure our

[1] entangle or encumber.

Foot; to prevent our being necessitated to a too unequal engagement, and to be nearer a communication with our friends.

Since our coming hither, we hear Prince Rupert is come to Marshfield, a market-town not far from Trowbridge. If the enemy advance all together, how far we may be endangered,—that I humbly offer to you; entreating you to take care of us, and to send us with all speed such an assistance, to Salisbury, as may enable us to keep the field and repel the enemy, if God assist us: at least to secure and countenance us so, as that we be not put to the shame and hazard of a retreat; which will lose the Parliament many friends in these parts, who will think themselves abandoned on our departure from them. Sir, I beseech you send what Horse and Foot you can spare towards Salisbury, by way of Kingscleere, with what convenient expedition may be. Truly we look to be attempted upon every day.

These things being humbly represented to your knowledge and care, I subscribe myself,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In Carte's Ormond Papers (i. 79) is a Letter of the same date on the same subject, somewhat illustrative of this. See also Commons Journals *in die.*

* D'Ewes MSS. vol. v. p. 189; p. 445 of Transcript.

LETTERS XXV.—XXVII.

Prince Rupert had withdrawn without fighting; was now at Worcester with a considerable force, meditating new infall. For which end, we hear, he has sent 2,000 men across the country to his Majesty at Oxford, to convoy 'his Majesty's person and the Artillery' over to Worcester to him,—both of which objects are like to be useful there. The Committee of Both Kingdoms order the said Convoy to be attacked.

'The charge of this service they recommended particularly to General 'Cromwell, who, looking on himself now as discharged of military 'employment by the New Ordinance, which was to take effect within 'few days, and to have no longer opportunity to serve his country in that 'way,—was, the night before, come to Windsor, from his service in the 'West, to kiss the General's hand and take leave of him: when, in the 'morning ere he was come forth of his chamber, those commands, than 'which he thought of nothing less in all the world, came to him from the 'Committee of Both Kingdoms.'[1]

'The night before' must mean, to all appearance, the 22d of April. How Cromwell instantly took horse; plunged into Oxfordshire, and on the 24th, at Islip Bridge, attacked and routed this said Convoy; and the same day, 'merely by dragoons' and fierce countenance, took Bletchington House, for which poor Colonel Windebank was shot, so angry were they: all this is known from Clarendon, or more authentically from Rushworth;[2] and here now is Cromwell's own account of it:

LETTER XXV.

'Committee of Both Kingdoms,' first set up in February gone a year, when the Scotch Army came to help, has been the Executive in the

[1] Sprigge's *Anglia Rediviva* (London, 1647), p. 10. Sprigge was one of Fairfax's Chaplains; his Book, a rather ornate work, gives florid but authentic and sufficient account of this New-Model Army in all its features and operations, by which 'England' had 'come alive again.' A little sparing in dates; but correct where they are given. None of the old Books is better worth reprinting.—For some glimmer of notice concerning Joshua Sprigge himself, see Wood *in voce*,—and disbelieve altogether that 'Nat. Fiennes' had anything to do with this Book.

[2] vi. 23-4.

War-department ever since; a great but now a rapidly declining authority. Sits at Derby House: Four Scotch; Twenty-one English, of whom Six a quorum. Johnston of Warriston is the notablest Scotchman; among the leading English are Philip Lord Wharton and the Younger Vane.[3]

'Watlington' is in the Southeast nook of Oxfordshire; a day's march from Windsor. 'Major-General Browne' commands at Abingdon; a City Wood-merchant once; a zealous soldier, of Presbyterian principles at present. The rendezvous at Watlington took place on Wednesday night; the 25th of April is Friday.

To the Right Honourable the Committee of Both Kingdoms, at Derby House: These.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, Bletchington, 25th April 1645.

According to your Lordships' appointment, I have attended your Service in these parts; and have not had so fit an opportunity to give you an account as now.

So soon as I received your commands, I appointed a rendezvous at Watlington. The body being come up, I marched to Wheatley Bridge, having sent before to Major-General Browne for intelligence; and it being market-day at Oxford, from whence I likewise hoped, by some of the market-people, to gain notice where the Enemy was.

Towards night I received certain notice by Major-General Browne, that the Carriages were not stirred, that Prince Maurice was not here; and by some Oxford scholars, that there were Four Carriages and Wagons ready in one place, and in another Five; all, as I conceived, fit for a march.[4]

I received notice also that the Earl of Northampton's Regiment was quartered at Islip; wherefore in the evening I marched that way, hoping to have surprised them; but, by the mistake and failing of the forlorn-hope, they had an alarm there, and to all their quarters, and so escaped me; by means whereof they had time to draw all together.

I kept my body all night at Islip: and, in the morning, a party of the Earl of Northampton's Regiment, the Lord Wilmot's, and

[3] List, and light as to its appointment, in *Commons Journals* (7th Feb. 1643-4), iii. 391; Baillie, ii. 141 et sæpius. Its Papers and Correspondence, a curious set of records, lie in very tolerable order in the State-Paper Office.

[4] 'march,' out towards Worcester.

the Queen's, came to make an infall upon me. Sir Thomas Fairfax's Regiment[5] was the first that took the field; the rest drew out with all possible speed. That which is the General's Troop charged a whole squadron of the Enemy, and presently broke it. Our other Troops coming seasonably on, the rest of the Enemy were presently put into confusion; so that we had the chase of them three or four miles; wherein we killed many, and took near Two-hundred prisoners, and about Four-hundred horse.

Many of them escaped towards Oxford and Woodstock; divers were drowned; and others got into a strong House in Bletchington, belonging to Sir Thomas Cogan; wherein Colonel Windebank kept a garrison with near Two-hundred men. Whom I presently summoned; and after a long Treaty he went out, about twelve at night, with these Terms here enclosed; leaving us between Two and Three-hundred muskets, besides horse-arms, and other ammunition, and about Threescore-and-eleven horses more.

This was the mercy of God; and nothing is more due than a real acknowledgment. And though I have had greater mercies, yet none clearer: because, in the first 'place,' God brought them to our hands when we looked not for them; and delivered them out of our hands when we laid a reasonable design to surprise them, and which we carefully endeavoured. His mercy appears in this also, That I did much doubt the storming of the House, it being strong and well manned, and I having few dragoons, and this being not my business;—and yet we got it.

I hope you will pardon me if I say, God is not enough owned. We look too much to men and visible helps: this hath much hindered our success. But I hope God will direct all to acknowledge Him alone in all 'things.'

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Poor Windebank was shot by sudden Court-martial, so enraged were they at Oxford,—for Cromwell had not even foot-soldiers, still less a

[5] 'which was once mine,' he might have added, but modestly does not; only alluding to it from afar, in the next sentence.

* Pamphlet, in *Parliamentary History*, xiii. 459: read in the House, Monday 28th April (*Commons Journals*, iv. 124).—Letter to Fairfax on the same subject, Appendix, No. 7.

battering gun. It was his poor young Wife, they said, she and other 'ladies on a visit there,' that had confused poor Windebank: he set his back to the wall of Merton College, and received his death-volley with a soldier's stoicism.[6] The Son of Secretary Windebank, who fled beyond seas long since.

LETTER XXVI.

How Cromwell, sending off his new guns and stores to Abingdon, now shot across westward to 'Radcot Bridge' or 'Bampton-in-the-Bush;' and on the 26th gained a new victory there; and on the whole made a rather brilliant sally of it:—this too is known from Clarendon, or more authentically from Rushworth; but only the concluding unsuccessful part of this, the fruitless Summons to Farringdon, has left any trace in autograph.

To the Governor of the Garrison in Farringdon.

SIR, 29th April 1645.

I summon you to deliver into my hands the House wherein you are, and your Ammunition, with all things else there; together with your persons, to be disposed of as the Parliament shall appoint. Which if you refuse to do, you are to expect the utmost extremity of war. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

THIS Governor, 'Roger Burgess,' is not to be terrified with fierce countenance and mere dragoons; he refuses. Cromwell condenses himself about Farringdon Town, 'sends for infantry' (but, we fear, gets none), and again summons:

[6] Heath's *Chronicle*, p. 122.

* Rushworth, vi. 26.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same; same date.

SIR,

I understand by forty or fifty poor men whom you forced into your House, that you have many there whom you cannot arm, and who are not serviceable to you.

If these men should perish by your means, it were great inhumanity surely. Honour and honesty require this, That though you be prodigal of your own lives, yet not to be so of theirs. If God give you into my hands, I will not spare a man of you, if you put me to a storm.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Roger Burgess, still unawed, refuses; Cromwell waits for infantry from Abingdon 'till 3 next morning,' then storms; loses fourteen men, with a captain taken prisoner;—and draws away, leaving Burgess to crow over him. The Army, which rose from Windsor yesterday, gets to Reading this day, and he must hasten thither.[7]

Yesterday, Wednesday, Monthly-fast day, all Preachers, by Ordinance of Parliament, were praying for 'God's merciful assistance to this New 'Army now on march, and His blessing upon their endeavours.'[8] Consider it; actually 'praying'! It was a capability old London and its Preachers and Populations had; to us the incrediblest.

* Rushworth, vi. 26.

[7] For Bampton, &c. see Appendix, No. 7. [8] Rushworth, vi. 25.

LETTER XXVIII.

By Letter Twenty-eighth it will be seen that Lieutenant-General Cromwell has never yet resumed his Parliamentary duty. In fact, he is in the Associated Counties, raising force; 'for protection of the Isle of Ely,' and other purposes. To Fairfax and his Officers, to the Parliament, to the Committee of Both Kingdoms, to all persons, it is clear that Cromwell cannot be dispensed with. Fairfax and the Officers petition Parliament[1] that he may be appointed their Lieutenant-General, Commander-in-Chief of the Horse. There is a clear necessity in it. Parliament, the Commons somewhat more readily than the Lords, continue, by instalments of 'forty days,' of 'three months,' his services in the Army; and at length grow to regard him as a constant element there. A few others got similar leave of absence, similar dispensation from the Self-denying Ordinance. Sprigge's words, cited above, are no doubt veracious; yet there is trace of evidence[2] that Cromwell's continuance in the Army had, even by the framers of the Self-denying Ordinance, been considered a thing possible, a thing desirable. As it well might! To Cromwell himself there was no overpowering felicity in getting out to be shot at, except where wanted; he very probably, as Sprigge intimates, did let the matter in silence take its own course.

'*To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army : These.*'

Sir, Huntingdon, 4th June 1645.

I most humbly beseech you to pardon my long silence. I am conscious of the fault, considering the great obligations lying upon me. But since my coming into these parts, I have been busied to secure that part of the Isle of Ely where I conceived most danger to be.

Truly I found it in a very ill posture: and it is yet but weak; without works, ammunition or men considerable,—and of money

[1] Their Letter (Newspapers, 9th-16th June), in *Cromwelliana*, p. 18.

[2] Godwin's *History of the Commonwealth* (London, 1824), i. 405.

least: and then, I hope, you will easily conceive of the defence: and God has preserved us all this while to a miracle. The party under Vermuyden waits the King's Army, and is about Deeping; has a command to join with Sir John Gell, if he commands him. So 'too' the Nottingham Horse. I shall be bold to present you with intelligence as it comes to me.

I am bold to present this as my humble suit: That you would be pleased to make Captain Rawlins, this Bearer, a Captain of Horse. He has been so before; was nominated to the Model; is a most honest man. Colonel Sidney leaving his regiment, if it please you to bestow *his* Troop on him, I am confident he will serve you faithfully. So, by God's assistance, will

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The 'Vermuyden' mentioned here, who became Colonel Vermuyden, is supposed to be a son of the Dutch Engineer who drained the Fens. 'Colonel Sidney' is the celebrated Algernon; he was nominated in the 'Model,' but is 'leaving his regiment;' having been appointed Governor of Chichester.[3] Captain Rawlins does obtain a Company of Horse; under 'Colonel Sir Robert Pye.'[4]—Colonel Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, has a Foot-Regiment here. Hugh Peters is 'Chaplain to the Train.'

* Rushworth, vi. (London, 1701), p. 37.

[3] *Commons Journals*, iv. 136 (9th May 1645).

[4] Army-List, in Sprigge (p. 330).

BY EXPRESS.

FAIRFAX, with his New-Model Army, has been beleaguering Oxford for some time past; but in a loose way, and making small progress hitherto. The King, not much apprehensive about Oxford, is in the Midland Counties; has just stormed Leicester ('last night of May,' says Clarendon,[1] a terrible night, and still more terrible 'daybreak' and day following it), which perhaps may itself relieve Oxford. His Majesty is since at halt, or in loose oscillating movement, 'hunting' on the hills, 'driving large herds of cattle before him,'—nobody, not even himself, yet knows whitherward. Whitherward? This is naturally a very agitating question for the neighbouring populations; but most of all, intensely agitating for the Eastern Association,—though Cromwell, in that Huntingdon Letter, occupied with Ely and other Garrisons, seems to take it rather quietly. But two days later, we have trace of him at Cambridge, and of huge alarm round him there. Here is an old Piece of Paper still surviving; still emblematic of old dead days and their extinct agitations, when once we get to decipher it! They are the Cambridge Committee that write; 'the Army about Oxford,' we have seen, is Fairfax's.

'*To the Deputy-Lieutenants of Suffolk: These.*'

GENTLEMEN, Cambridge, 6th June 1645.

The cloud of the Enemy's Army hanging still upon the borders, and drawing towards Harborough, make some supposals that they aim at the Association. In regard whereof, we having information that the Army about Oxford was not yesterday advanced, albeit it was ordered so to do, we thought meet to give you intelligence thereof;—and therewith earnestly to propound to your consideration, That you will have in readiness what Horse and Foot may be had, that so a proportion may be drawn forth for this service, such as may be expedient.

And because we conceive that the exigence may require Horse and Dragoons, we desire That all your Horse and Dragoons may

[1] ii. 857.

hasten to Newmarket; where they will receive orders for farther advance, according as the motion of the Enemy and of our Army shall require. And To allow both the several Troops of Dragoons and Horse one week's pay, to be laid down by the owner; which shall be repaid out of the public money out of the County; the pay of each Trooper being 14 shillings per week, and of a Dragoon 10*s.* 6*d.* per week.

Your servants,

H. MILDMAY, W. SPRING,
W. HEVENINGHAM, MAURICE BARROW,
TI. MIDLTON (*sic*), NATHANIEL BACON,
FRANCIS RUSSELL,
OLIVER CROMWELL,
HUM. WALCOT,
ISAAK PULLER,
ED - - - [*illegible.*]

'P.S.' The Place of Rendezvous for the Horse and Dragoons is to be at Newmarket; and for the Foot Bury.—Since the writing hereof, we received certain intelligence that the Enemy's Body, with 60 carriages, was upon his march towards the Association, 3 miles on this side Harborough, last night at 4 of the clock.*

The Original, a hasty, blotted Paper, with the Signatures in two unequal columns (as imitated here), and with the Postscript crammed hurriedly into the corner, and written from another inkbottle as is still apparent,—represents to us an agitated scene in the old Committee-rooms at Cambridge that Friday. In *Rushworth* (see vi. 36-8), of the same date, and signed by the same parties, with some absentees (Oliver among them, probably now gone on other business) and more new arrivals,—is a Letter to Fairfax himself, urging him to speed over, and help them in their peril. They say, 'We had formerly written to the Counties to raise their Horse and Dragoons, and have now written,' as above for one instance, 'to quicken them.'—The Suffolk and other Horse, old Ironsides not hindmost, did muster; and in about a week hence, there came other news from 'this side Harborough last night'!

* Original, long stationary at Ipswich, is now (Jan. 1849) the property of John Wodderspoon, Esq., Mercury Office, Norwich.

LETTER XXIX.

NASEBY.

The old Hamlet of Naseby stands yet, on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the Northwestern border of Northamptonshire; some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire; nearly on a line, and nearly midway, between that Town and Daventry. A peaceable old Hamlet, of some eight-hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer-shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off Southwards into two long streets: the old Church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old Ball, held up by rods; a 'hollow copper Ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,'—which has, like Hudibras's breeches, 'been at the Siege of Bullen.' The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England: gentle Dulness, taking a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel;* 'Navesby, quasi *Navels*by, from being' &c.: Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare's Avon, is on the Western slope of the high grounds; Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Cromwell's Fen-country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the Eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high; and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of 'Hills,' 'Rutput Hill,' 'Mill Hill,' 'Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time: but they are not properly hills at all; they are broad blunt clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles in extent.

It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June 1645, fought his last battle; dashed fiercely against the New-Model Army, which he had despised till then; and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. 'Prince Rupert, on the King's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him;' but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged downhill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder, he. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived

from the Association two days before, 'amid shouts from the whole Army:' he had the ordering of the Horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the King's Infantry a ruin; prepares to charge again with the rallied Cavalry; but the Cavalry too, when it came to the point, 'broke all asunder,'—never to reassemble more. The chase went through Harborough; where the King had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some 'surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before,' and give the Roundheads battle.

Ample details of this Battle, and of the movements prior and posterior to it, are to be found in Sprigge, or copied with some abridgment into Rushworth; who has also copied a strange old Plan of the Battle; half plan, half picture, which the Sale-Catalogues are very chary of, in the case of Sprigge. By assiduous attention, aided by this Plan, as the old names yet stick to the localities, the Narrative can still be, and has lately been, pretty accurately verified, and the Figure of the old Battle dimly brought back again.[1] The reader shall imagine it, for the present.—On the crown of Naseby Height stands a modern Battle-monument; but, by an unlucky oversight, it is above a mile to the east of where the Battle really was. There are likewise two modern Books about Naseby and its Battle; both of them without value.

The Parliamentary Army stood ranged on the Height still partly called 'Mill Hill,' as in Rushworth's time, a mile and half from Naseby; the King's Army, on a parallel 'Hill,' its back to Harborough;—with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor; which are understood to have once been burial *mounds;*—some of which, one to my knowledge, have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground,—and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large; which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June two hundred years ago, and except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never worked to do more in this world!—'A stack of dead bodies, 'perhaps about 100, had been buried in this Trench; piled as in a wall, 'a man's length thick: the skeletons lay in courses, the heads of one 'course to the heels of the next; one figure, by the strange position of 'the bones, gave us the hideous notion of its having been thrown in '*before* death! We did not proceed far:—perhaps some half-dozen 'skeletons. The bones were treated with all piety; watched rigorously, 'over Sunday, till they could be covered in again.'[2] Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake forbear!—

[1] Appendix, No. 8.

[2] MS. *penes me.*

At this Battle Mr. John Rushworth, our Historical Rushworth, had unexpectedly, for some instants, sight of a very famous person. Mr. John is Secretary to Fairfax; and they have placed him today among the Baggage-wagons, near Naseby Hamlet, above a mile from the fighting, where he waits in an anxious manner. It is known how Prince Rupert broke our left wing, while Cromwell was breaking their left. 'A Gentleman of Public Employment in the late Service near Naseby' writes next day, 'Harborough, 15th June, 2 in the morning,' a rough graphic Letter in the Newspapers,[3] wherein is this sentence:

* * 'A party of theirs, that broke through the left wing of horse, came 'quite behind the rear to our Train; the Leader of them, being a person 'somewhat in habit like the General, in a red montero, as the General 'had. He came as a friend; our commander of the guard of the Train 'went with his hat in his hand, and asked him, How the day went? 'thinking it had been the General: the Cavalier, who we since heard was 'Rupert, asked him and the rest, If they would have quarter? They 'cried No; gave fire, and instantly beat them off. It was a happy 'deliverance,'—without doubt.

There were taken here a good few 'ladies of quality in carriages;'—and above a hundred Irish ladies not of quality, tattery camp-followers 'with long skean-knives about a foot in length,' which they well knew how to use; upon whom I fear the Ordinance against Papists pressed hard this day.[4] The King's Carriage was also taken, with a Cabinet and many Royal Autographs in it, which when printed made a sad impression against his Majesty,—gave, in fact, a most melancholy view of the veracity of his Majesty, "On the word of a King."[5] All was lost!—

Here is Cromwell's Letter, written from Harborough, or 'Haverbrowe' as he calls it, that same night; after the hot Battle and hot chase were over. The original, printed long since in Rushworth, still lies in the British Museum,—with 'a strong steady signature,' which one could look at with interest. 'The Letter consists of two leaves; much worn, and 'now supported by pasting; red seal much defaced; is addressed on the 'second leaf:'

[3] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 212, § 26, p. 2: the punctual contemporaneous Collector has named him with his pen: 'Mr. Rushworth's Letter, being the Secretary to his Excellency.'

[4] Whitlocke.

[5] *The King's Cabinet opened; or Letters taken in the Cabinet at Naseby Field* (London, 1645):—reprinted in *Harleian Miscellany* (London, 1810), v. 514.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

SIR, Harborough, 14th June 1645.

Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew-out to meet us; both Armies engaged. We, after three-hours fight very doubtful, at last routed his Army; killed and took about 5,000,—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued the Enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honour: and the best commendation I can give him is, That I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way:—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester,—not yet writing his *Pilgrim's Progress* on paper, but acting it on the face of the Earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, *without* the matchlock just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day.

* Harl. MSS. no. 7502, art. 5, p. 7; Rushworth, vi. 45.

'Harborough Church' is getting 'filled with prisoners,' while Oliver writes,—and an immense contemporaneous tumult every where going on!

The 'honest men who served you faithfully' on this occasion are the considerable portion of the Army who have not yet succeeded in bringing themselves to take the Covenant. Whom the Presbyterian Party, rigorous for their own formula, call 'Schismatics,' 'Sectaries,' 'Anabaptists,' and other hard names; whom Cromwell, here and elsewhere, earnestly pleads for. To Cromwell, perhaps as much as to another, order was lovely, and disorder hateful; but he discerned better than some others what order and disorder really were. The forest-trees are not in 'order' because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch-dragons, and forced to die or grow in that way; but because in each of them there is the same genuine unity of life, from the inmost pith to the outmost leaf, and they do grow according to that!—Cromwell naturally became the head of this Schismatic Party, intent to grow not as Dutch-dragons, but as real trees; a Party which naturally increased with the increasing earnestness of events and of men.—

The King stayed but a few hours in Leicester; he had taken Leicester, as we saw, some days before, and now it was to be re-taken from him some days after:—he stayed but a few hours here; rode on, that same night, to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which he reached 'at daybreak,'—poor wearied King!—then again swiftly Westward, to Wales, to Ragland Castle, to this place and that; in the hope of raising some force, and coming to fight again; which, however, he could never do.[6] Some ten months more of roaming, and he, 'disguised as a groom,' will be riding with Parson Hudson towards the Scots at Newark.

The New-Model Army marched into the Southwest; very soon 'relieved Colonel Robert Blake' (Admiral Blake), and many others;—marched to ever new exploits and victories, which excite the pious admiration of Joshua Sprigge; and very soon swept all its enemies from the field, and brought this War to a close.[7]

The following Letters exhibit part of Cromwell's share in that business, and may be read with little commentary.

[6] *Iter Carolinum;* being a succinct Relation of the necessitated Marches, Retreats and Sufferings of his Majesty Charles the First, from 10th January 1641 till the time of his Death, 1648: Collected by a daily Attendant upon his Sacred Majesty during all the said time. London, 1660.—It is reprinted in *Somers Tracts* (v. 263), but, as usual there, without any editing except a nominal one, though it somewhat needed more.

[7] A Journal of every day's March of the Army under his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax (in Sprigge, p. 331).

LETTER XXX.

THE CLUBMEN.

The victorious Army, driving all before it in the Southwest, where alone the King had still any considerable fighting force, found itself opposed by a very unexpected enemy, famed in the old Pamphlets by the name of *Clubmen*. The design was at bottom Royalist; but the country-people in those regions had been worked upon by the Royalist Gentry and Clergy, on the somewhat plausible ground of taking up arms to defend themselves against the plunder and harassment of *both* Armies. The great mass of them were Neutrals; there even appeared by and by various transient bodies of 'Clubmen' on the Parliament side, whom Fairfax entertained occasionally to assist him in pioneering and other such services. They were called Clubmen, not, as M. Villemain supposes,[1] because they united in *Clubs*, but because they were armed with rough country weapons, mere bludgeons if no other could be had. Sufficient understanding of them may be gained from the following Letter of Cromwell, prefaced by some Excerpts.

From Rushworth: 'Thursday July 3d, Fairfax marched from Blandford 'to Dorchester, 12 miles; a very hot day. Where Colonel Sidenham, 'Governor of Weymouth, gave him information of the condition of those 'parts; and of the great danger from the Club-risers;' a set of men 'who would not suffer either contribution or victuals to be carried to the 'Parliament's garrisons. And the same night Mr. Hollis of Dorsetshire, 'the chief leader of the Clubmen, with some others of their principal 'men, came to Fairfax: and Mr. Hollis owned himself to be one of their 'leaders; affirming that it was fit the people should show their grievances 'and their strength. Fairfax treated them civilly, and promised they 'should have an answer the next morning. For they were so strong at 'that time, that it was held a point of prudence to be fair in demeanour 'towards them for a while; for if he should engage with General Goring 'and be put to the worst, these Clubmen would knock them on the

[1] Our French friends ought to be informed that M. Villemain's Book on Cromwell is, unluckily, a rather ignorant and shallow one.—Of M. Guizot, on the other hand, we are to say that his Two Volumes, so far as they go, are the fruit of real ability and solid studies applied to those Transactions.

'head as they should fly for safety.—That which they desired from him 'was a safe-conduct for certain persons to go to the King and Parliament 'with Petitions:'[2] which Fairfax in a very mild but resolute manner *refused.*

From Sprigge,[3] copied also into Rushworth with some inaccuracies: 'On Monday August 4th, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, having intelli- 'gence of some of their places of rendezvous for their several divisions, 'went forth' from Sherborne 'with a party of Horse to meet these 'Clubmen; being well satisfied of the danger of their design. As he 'was marching towards Shaftesbury with the party, they discovered 'some colours upon the top of a high Hill, full of wood and almost 'inaccessible. A Lieutenant with a small party was sent to them to 'know their meaning, and to acquaint them that the Lieutenant-General 'of the Army was there; whereupon Mr. Newman, one of their leaders, 'thought fit to come down, and told us, The intent was to desire to 'know why the gentlemen were taken at Shaftesbury on Saturday? The 'Lieutenant-General returned him this answer: That he held himself 'not bound to give him or them an account; what was done was by 'Authority; and they that did it were not responsible to them that had 'none: but not to leave them wholly unsatisfied, he told him, Those 'persons so met had been the occasion and stirrers of many tumultuous 'and unlawful meetings; for which they were to be tried by law; which 'trial ought not by them to be questioned or interrupted. Mr. Newman 'desired to go up to return the answer; the Lieutenant-General with a 'small party went with him; and had some conference with the people; 'to this purpose: That whereas they pretended to meet there to save 'their goods, they took a very ill course for that: to leave their houses 'was the way to *lose* their goods; and it was offered them, That justice 'should be done upon any who offered them violence: and as for the 'gentlemen taken at Shaftesbury, it was only to answer some things they 'were accused of, which they had done contrary to law and the peace of 'the Kingdom.—Herewith they seeming to be well satisfied, promised to 'return to their houses; and accordingly did so.

'These being thus quietly sent home, the Lieutenant-General advanced 'farther, to a meeting of a greater number, of about 4000, who betook 'themselves to Hambledon Hill, near Shrawton. At the bottom of the 'Hill ours met a man with a musket, and asked, Whither he was going? 'he said, To the Club Army; ours asked, What he meant to do? he 'asked, What had they to do with that? Being required to lay-down 'his arms, he said He would first lose his life; but was not so good 'as his word, for though he cocked and presented his musket, he was 'prevented, disarmed, and wounded, but not'— Here, however, is Cromwell's own Narrative:

[2] Rushworth, vi. 52.

[3] pp. 78-9.

To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament's Forces, 'at Sherborne: These.'

SIR, 'Shaftesbury,' 4th August 1645.

I marched this morning towards Shaftesbury. In my way I found a party of Clubmen gathered together, about two miles on this side of the Town, towards you; and one Mr. Newman in the head of them,—who was one of those who did attend you at Dorchester, with Mr. Hollis. I sent to them to know the cause of their meeting: Mr. Newman came to me; and told me, That the Clubmen in Dorset and Wilts, to the number of ten-thousand, were to meet about their men who were taken away at Shaftesbury, and that their intendment was to secure themselves from plundering. To the first I told them, That although no account was due to them, yet I knew the men were taken by your authority, to be tried judicially for raising a Third Party in the Kingdom; and if they should be found guilty, they must suffer according to the nature of their offence; if innocent, I assured them you would acquit them. Upon this they said, If they have deserved punishment, they would not have anything to do with them; and so were quieted as to that point. For the other 'point,' I assured them, That it was your great care, not to suffer them in the least to be plundered, and that they should defend themselves from violence, and bring to your Army such as did them any wrong, where they should be punished with all severity: upon this, very quietly and peaceably they marched away to their houses, being very well satisfied and contented.

We marched on to Shaftesbury, where we heard a great body of them was drawn together about Hambledon Hill;—where indeed near two-thousand were gathered. I sent 'up' a forlorn-hope of about fifty Horse; who coming very civilly to them, they fired upon them; and ours desiring some of them to come to me, were refused with disdain. They were drawn into one of the old Camps,[4] upon a very high Hill: I sent one Mr. Lee[5] to them, To certify the peaceableness of my intentions, and To desire them to peaceableness, and to submit to the Parliament. They refused, and fired at us. I sent him a second time, To let them know, that if they would lay-down their arms, no wrong should

[4] Roman Camps (Gough's *Camden*, i. 52).

[5] 'One Mr. Lee, who, upon the approach of ours, had come from them.' (Sprigge, p. 79.)

be done them. They still (through the animation of their leaders, and especially two vile Ministers) refused; I commanded your Captain-Lieutenant to draw-up to them, to be in readiness to charge; and if upon his falling on, they would lay-down arms, to accept them and spare them. When we came near, they refused his offer, and let-fly at him; killed about two of his men, and at least four horses. The passage not being for above three a-breast, kept us out: whereupon Major Desborow wheeled about; got in the rear of them, beat them from the work, and did some small execution upon them;—I believe killed not twelve of them, but cut very many, 'and put them all to flight.' We have taken about 300; many of which are poor silly creatures, whom if you please to let me send home, they promise to be very dutiful for time to come, and "will be hanged before they come out again."

The ringleaders which we have, I intend to bring to you. They had taken divers of the Parliament soldiers prisoners, besides Colonel Fiennes his men; and used them most barbarously; bragging, They hoped to see my Lord Hopton, and that he is to command them. They expected from Wilts great store; and gave out they meant to raise the siege at Sherborne, when 'once' they were all met. We have gotten great store of their arms, and they carried few or none home. We quarter about ten miles off, and purpose to draw our quarters near to you tomorrow.

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'On Tuesday at night, August 5th, the Lieutenant-General' Cromwell 'with his party returned to Sherborne,' where the General and the rest were very busy besieging the inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives.

'This work,' which the Lieutenant-General had now been upon, continues Sprigge, 'though unhappy, was very necessary.'[6] No messenger could be sent out but he was picked-up by these Clubmen; these once dispersed, 'a man might ride very quietly from Sherborne to Salisbury.' The inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives (a thrasonical person known to the readers of Evelyn), after due battering, was now soon stormed: whereupon, by Letters found on him, it became apparent how deeply Royalist this scheme of Clubmen had been; 'Commissions for raising regiments of Clubmen;' the design to be extended over England at large, 'yea into the Associated Counties.' However, it has now come to nothing; and the Army turns Northward to the Siege of Bristol, where Prince Rupert is doing all he can to entrench himself.

* Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 20).

[6] Sprigge, p. 81.

LETTER XXXI.

STORM OF BRISTOL.

'On the Lord's Day September 21, according to Order of Parliament, 'Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter on the taking of Bristol was read 'in the several Congregations about London, and thanks returned to 'Almighty God for the admirable and wonderful reducing of that city. 'The Letter of the renowned Commander is well worth observation.'[1] For the Siege itself, and what preceded and followed it, see, besides this Letter, Rupert's own account,[2] and the ample details of Sprigge copied with abridgment by Rushworth: Sayer's *History of Bristol* gives Plans, and all manner of local details, though in a rather vague way.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

SIR, Bristol, 14th September 1645.

It has pleased the General to give me in charge to represent unto you a particular account of the taking of Bristol; the which I gladly undertake.

After the finishing of that service at Sherborne, it was disputed at a council of war, Whether we should march into the West or to Bristol? Amongst other arguments, the leaving so considerable an enemy at our backs, to march into the heart of the Kingdom, the undoing of the country about Bristol, which was 'already' exceedingly harassed by the Prince his being thereabouts but a fortnight; the correspondency he might hold in Wales; the possibility of uniting the Enemy's forces where they pleased, and especially of drawing to an head the disaffected Clubmen of Somerset, Wilts and Dorset, when once our backs were towards them: these considerations, together with 'the hope of' taking so important a place, so advantageous for the opening of trade to London,—did sway the balance, and beget that conclusion.

[1] Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 24). [2] Rushworth, vi. 69, &c.

When we came within four miles of the City, we had a new debate, Whether we should endeavour to block it up, or make a regular siege? The latter being overruled, Colonel Welden with his brigade marched to Pile Hill, on the South side of the City, being within musket-shot thereof:—where in a few days they made a good quarter, overlooking the City. Upon our advance, the enemy fired Bedminster, Clifton, and some other villages lying near to the City; and would have fired more, if our unexpected coming had not hindered. The General caused some Horse and Dragoons under Commissary-General Ireton, to advance over Avon, to keep-in the enemy on the North side of the Town, till the foot could come up: and after a day, the General, with Colonel Montague's and Colonel Rainsborough's Brigades, marched over at Kensham to Stapleton, where he quartered that night. The next day, Colonel Montague, having this post assigned with his brigade, To secure all between the Rivers Froom and Avon; he came up to Lawford's Gate,[3] within musket-shot thereof. Colonel Rainsborough's post was near to Durdham Down, whereof the Dragoons and three regiments of Horse made good a post upon the Down, between him and the River Avon, on his right hand. And from Colonel Rainsborough's quarters to Froom River, on his left, a part of Colonel Birch's, and 'the whole of' General Skippon's regiment were to maintain that post.

These posts thus settled, our Horse were forced to be upon exceeding great duty; to stand-by the Foot, lest the Foot, being so weak in all their posts, might receive an affront. And truly herein we were very happy, that we should receive so little loss by sallies; considering the paucity of our men to make good the posts, and strength of the Enemy within. By sallies (which were three or four) I know not that we lost thirty men, in all the time of our siege. Of officers of quality, only Colonel Okey was taken by mistake (going 'of himself' to the Enemy, thinking they had been friends), and Captain Guilliams slain in a charge. We took Sir Bernard Astley; and killed Sir Richard Crane,—one very considerable with the Prince.

We had a council of war concerning the storming of the Town, about eight days before we took it; and in that there appeared great unwillingness to the work, through the unseasonableness of the weather, and other apparent difficulties. Some inducement to bring us thither had been the report of the good affection of the

[3] One of the Bristol Gates.

Townsmen to us; but that did not answer expectation. Upon a second consideration, it was overruled for a storm. And all things seemed to favour the design;—and truly there hath been seldom the like cheerfulness to any work like to this, after it was once resolved upon. The day and hour of our storm was appointed to be on Wednesday morning the Tenth of September, about one of the clock. We chose to act it so early because we hoped thereby to surprise the Enemy. With this resolution also, to avoid confusion and falling-foul one upon another, That when 'once' we had recovered[4] the Line and Forts upon it, we should not advance farther till day. The General's signal unto a storm, was to be, The firing of straw, and discharging four pieces of cannon at Pryor's Hill Fort.

The signal was very well perceived of all;—and truly the men went on with great resolution; and very presently recovered the Line, making way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Montague and Colonel Pickering, who stormed at Lawford's Gate, where was a double work, well filled with men and cannon, presently entered; and with great resolution beat the Enemy from their works, and possessed their cannon. Their expedition was such that they forced the Enemy from their advantages, without any considerable loss to themselves. They laid-down the bridges for the Horse to enter; —Major Desborow commanding the Horse; who very gallantly seconded the Foot. Then our Foot advanced to the City Walls; where they possessed the Gate against the Castle Street: whereinto were put a Hundred men; who made it good. Sir Hardress Waller with his own and the General's regiment, with no less resolution, entered on the other side of Lawford's Gate, towards Avon River; and put themselves into immediate conjunction with the rest of the brigade.

During this, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Hammond attempted Pryor's Hill Fort, and the Line downwards towards Froom; and the Major-General's regiment being to storm towards Froom River, Colonel Hammond possessed the Line immediately, and beating the enemy from it, made way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Rainsborough, who had the hardest task of all at Pryor's Hill Fort, attempted it; and fought near three hours for it. And indeed there was great despair of carrying the place; it being

[4] *recovered* means 'taken,' 'got possession of:' *the Line* is a new earthen work outside the walls; very deficient in height, according to Rupert's account.

exceeding high, a ladder of thirty rounds scarcely reaching the top thereof; but his resolution was such that, notwithstanding the inaccessibleness and difficulty, he would not give it over. The Enemy had four pieces of cannon upon it, which they plied with round and case shot upon our men: his Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, and others, were two hours at push of pike, standing upon the palisadoes, but could not enter. 'But now' Colonel Hammond being entered the Line (and 'here' Captain Ireton,[5] with a forlorn of Colonel Rich's regiment, interposing with his Horse between the Enemy's Horse and Colonel Hammond, received a shot with two pistol-bullets, which broke his arm),—by means of this entrance of Colonel Hammond, they did storm the Fort on that part which was inward; 'and so' Colonel Rainsborough's and Colonel Hammond's men entered the Fort, and immediately put almost all the men in it to the sword.

And as this was the place of most difficulty, so 'it was' of most loss to us on that side,—and of very great honour to the undertaker. The Horse 'too' did second them with great resolution: both these Colonels do acknowledge that *their* interposition between the Enemy's Horse and their Foot was a great means of obtaining of this strong Fort. Without which all the rest of the Line to Froom River would have done us little good: and indeed neither Horse nor Foot could have stood in all that way, in any manner of security, had not the Fort been taken.—Major Bethel's were the first Horse that entered the Line; who did behave himself gallantly; and was shot in the thigh, had one or two shot more, and had his horse shot under him. Colonel Birch with his men, and the Major-General's regiment, entered with very good resolution where their post was; possessing the Enemy's guns, and turning them upon them.

By this, all the Line from Pryor's Hill Fort to Avon (which was a full mile), with all the forts, ordnance and bulwarks, were possessed by us;—save one, wherein were about Two-hundred and twenty men of the Enemy; which the General summoned, and all the men submitted.

The success on Colonel Welden's side did not answer with this. And although the Colonels, and other the officers and soldiers both Horse and Foot, testified as much resolution as could be expected, —Colonel Welden, Colonel Ingoldsby, Colonel Herbert, and the

[5] This is not the famous Ireton; this is his Brother. 'Commissary-General Ireton,' as we have seen (p. 199), is also here; he is not wedded yet.

rest of the Colonels and Officers, both of Horse and Foot, doing what could be well looked for from men of honour,—yet what by reason of the height of the works, which proved higher than report made them, and the shortness of the ladders, they were repulsed, with the loss of about a Hundred men. Colonel Fortescue's Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, and Major Cromwell[6] dangerously shot; and two of Colonel Ingoldsby's brothers hurt; with some Officers.

Being possessed of thus much as hath been related, the Town was fired in three places by the Enemy; which we could not put out. Which begat a great trouble in the General and us all; fearing to see so famous a City burnt to ashes before our faces. Whilst we were viewing so sad a spectacle, and consulting which way to make further advantage of our success, the Prince sent a trumpet to the General to desire a treaty for the surrender of the Town. To which the General agreed; and deputed Colonel Montague, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Pickering for that service; authorising them with instructions to treat and conclude the Articles,—which 'accordingly' are these enclosed. For performance whereof hostages were mutually given.

On Thursday about two of the clock in the afternoon, the Prince marched out; having a convoy of two regiments of Horse from us; and making election of Oxford for the place he would go to, which he had liberty to do by his Articles.

The cannon which we have taken are about a Hundred-and-forty mounted; about a Hundred barrels of powder already come to our hands, with a good quantity of shot, ammunition and arms. We have found already between Two and Three-thousand muskets. The Royal Fort had victual in it for a Hundred-and-fifty men, for Three-hundred-and-twenty days; the Castle victualled for nearly half so long. The Prince had in Foot of the Garrison, as the Mayor of the City informed me, Two-thousand five-hundred, and about a thousand Horse, besides the Trained Bands of the Town, and Auxiliaries a Thousand, some say a Thousand five-hundred.—I hear but of one man that hath died of the plague in all our Army, although we have quartered amongst and in the midst of infected persons and places. We had not killed of ours in the Storm, nor in all this Siege, Two-hundred men.

[6] A cousin.

Thus I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, That all this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made:—their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, That in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory and their country's good. It's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know, that faith and prayer obtained this City for you: I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that He have all the praise. Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference: pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe, have the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward, and spiritual, in the Body, and to the Head.[7] For being united in forms, commonly called Uniformity, every Christian will for peace-sake study and do, as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands,—for the terror of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well. If any plead exemption from that,—he knows not the Gospel: if any would wring that out of your hands, or steal it from you under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

These last paragraphs are, as the old Newspapers say, 'very remarkable.' If modern readers suppose them to be 'cant,' it will turn out an entire mistake. I advise all modern readers not only to believe that Cromwell

[7] 'Head' means *Christ;* 'Body' is *True Church of Christ.*

* Rushworth, vi. 85; Sprigge, pp. 112-118.

here means what he says; but even to try how *they*, each for himself in a new dialect, could mean the like, or something better!—

Prince Rupert rode out of Bristol amid seas of angry human faces, glooming unutterable things upon him; growling audibly, in spite of his escort, "Why not hang *him!*" For indeed the poor Prince had been necessitated to much plunder; commanding 'the elixir of the Blackguardism of the Three Kingdoms,' with very insufficient funds for most part!—He begged a thousand muskets from Fairfax on this occasion, to assist his escort in protecting him across the country to Oxford; promising, on his honour, to return them after that service. Fairfax lent the muskets; the Prince did honourably return them, what he had of them,—honourably apologising that so many had 'deserted' on the road, of whom neither man nor musket were recoverable at present.

LETTERS XXXII.—XXXV.

From Bristol the Army turned Southward again, to deal with the yet remaining force of Royalism in that quarter. Sir Ralph Hopton, with Goring and others under him, made stubborn resistance; but were constantly worsted, at Langport, at Torrington, wheresoever they rallied and made a new attempt. The Parliament Army went steadily and rapidly on; storming Bridgewater, storming all manner of Towns and Castles; clearing the ground before them: till Sir Ralph was driven into Cornwall; and, without resource or escape, saw himself obliged next spring[1] to surrender, and go beyond seas. A brave and honourable man; respected on both sides; and of all the King's Generals the most deserving respect. He lived in retirement abroad; taking no part in Charles Second's businesses; and died in honourable poverty before the Restoration.

The following Three Letters[2] are what remain to us concerning Cromwell's share in that course of victories. He was present in various general or partial Fights from Langport to Bovey Tracey; became especially renowned by his Sieges, and took many Strong Places besides those mentioned here.

LETTER XXXII.

'*To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*'

Sir, 'Winchester, 6th October 1645.'

I came to Winchester on the Lord's day the 28th of September; with Colonel Pickering,—commanding his own, Colonel Montague's, and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments. After some dispute with the Governor, we entered the Town. I summoned the Castle; was denied; whereupon we fell to prepare

[1] Truro, 14th March 1645-6 (Rushworth, vi. 110).

[2] Appendix, No. 9, contains Two more: Battle of Langport, and Summons to Winchester (*Note of* 1857).

batteries,—which we could not perfect (some of our guns being out of order) until Friday following. Our battery was six guns; which being finished,—after firing one round, I sent-in a second summons for a treaty; which they refused. Whereupon we went on with our work, and made a breach in the wall near the Black Tower; which, after about 200 shot, we thought stormable; and purposed on Monday morning to attempt it. On Sunday night, about ten of the clock, the Governor beat a parley, desiring to treat. I agreed unto it; and sent Colonel Hammond and Major Harrison in to him, who agreed upon these enclosed Articles.

Sir, this is the addition of another mercy. You see God is not weary in doing you good: I confess, Sir, His favour to you is as visible, when He comes by His power upon the hearts of your enemies, making them quit places of strength to you, as when He gives courage to your soldiers to attempt hard things. His goodness in this is much to be acknowledged: for the Castle was well manned with Six-hundred-and-eighty horse and foot, there being near Two-hundred gentlemen, officers, and their servants; well victualled, with fifteen hundred-weight of cheese, very great store of wheat and beer; near twenty barrels of powder, seven pieces of cannon; the works were exceeding good and strong. It's very likely it would have cost much blood to have gained it by storm. We have not lost twelve men: this is repeated to you, that God may have all the praise, for it's all His due.—Sir, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Secretary,' who brings this Letter, gets 50*l.* for his good news.[3] By Sprigge's account,[4] he appears to have been 'Mr. Hugh Peters,' this Secretary. Peters there makes a verbal Narrative of the affair, to Mr. Speaker and the Commons, which, were not room so scanty, we should be glad to insert.

It was at this surrender of Winchester that certain of the captive enemies having complained of being plundered contrary to Articles, Cromwell had the accused parties, six of his own soldiers, tried: being all found guilty, one of them by lot was hanged, and the other five were marched off to Oxford, to be there disposed of as the Governor saw fit. The Oxford Governor politely returned the five prisoners, 'with an acknowledgment of the Lieutenant-General's nobleness.'[5]

* Sprigge, p. 128; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 25); Rushworth, vi. 91. [3] *Commons Journals*, 7th October 1645. [4] p. 129.
[5] Sprigge, p. 133.

LETTER XXXIII.

Basing House, Pawlet Marquis of Winchester's Mansion, stood, as the ruined heaps still testify, at a small di-tance from Basingstoke in Hampshire. It had long infested the Parliament in those quarters; and been especially a great eyesorrow to the 'Trade of London with the Western Parts.' With Dennington Castle at Newbury, and this Basing House at Basingstoke, there was no travelling the western roads, except with escort, or on sufferance. The two places had often been attempted; but always in vain. Basing House especially had stood siege after siege, for four years; ruining poor Colonel This and then poor Colonel That; the jubilant Royalists had given it the name of *Basting* House: there was, on the Parliament side, a kind of passion to have Basting House taken. · The Lieutenant-General, gathering all the artillery he can lay hold of; firing incessantly, 200 or 500 shot at some given point till he see a hole made; and then storming like a fire-flood:—he perhaps may manage it.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

Sir, Basingstoke, 14th October 1645.

I thank God, I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for the storm: Colonel Dalbier was to be on the north side of the House next the Grange; Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed, this morning, after six of the clock: the signal for falling-on was the firing four of our cannon; which being done, our men fell-on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two Houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the New House, passed through, and got the gate of the Old House; whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear.

In the mean time Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the Enemy kept his Court of Guard;—which, with great resolution, they recovered; beating the Enemy from a whole culverin, and from that work:

which having done, they drew their ladders after them, and got over another work, and the house-wall, before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously.

We have had little loss: many of the Enemy our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst whom the Marquis 'of Winchester himself,' and Sir Robert Peak, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, with much ammunition, and our soldiers a good encouragement.

I humbly offer to you, to have this place utterly slighted, for these following reasons: It will ask about Eight-hundred men to manage it; it is no frontier; the country is poor about it; the place exceedingly ruined by our batteries and mortar-pieces, and by a fire which fell upon the place since our taking it. If you please to take the Garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part of the foot which were here under Dalbier, and to make a strong Quarter at Newbury with three or four troops of horse,—I dare be confident it would not only be a curb to Dennington, but a security and a frontier to all these parts; inasmuch as Newbury lies upon the River, and will prevent any incursion from Dennington, Wallingford or Farringdon into these parts; and by lying there, will make the trade most secure between Bristol and London for all carriages. And I believe the gentlemen of Sussex and Hampshire will with more cheerfulness contribute to maintain a garrison on the frontier than in their bowels, which will have less safety in it.

Sir, I hope not to delay, but to march towards the West to-morrow; and to be as diligent as I may in my expedition thither. I must speak my judgment to you, That if you intend to have your work carried on, recruits of Foot must be had, and a course taken to pay your Army; else, believe me, Sir, it may not be able to answer the work you have for it to do.

I intrusted Colonel Hammond to wait upon you, who was taken by a mistake whilst we lay before this Garrison, whom God safely delivered to us, to our great joy; but to his loss of almost all he had, which the Enemy took from him. The Lord grant that these mercies may be acknowledged with all thankfulness: God exceedingly abounds in His goodness to us, and will not be weary until righteousness and peace meet: and until He hath brought

forth a glorious work for the happiness of this poor Kingdom. Wherein desires to serve God and you, with a faithful heart,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Hammond, whom we shall by and by see again, brought this good news to London, and had his reward, of 200*l.*;[6] Mr. Peters also, being requested 'to make a relation to the House of Commons, spake as follows.' The reader will like to hear Mr. Peters for once, a man concerning whom he has heard so many falsehoods, and to see an old grim scene through his eyes. Mr. Peters related:

"That he came into Basing House some time after the storm," on Tuesday 14th of October 1645;—"and took a view first of the works, "which were many, the circumvallation being above a mile in compass. "The Old House had stood (as it is reported) two or three hundred years, "a nest of Idolatry; the New House surpassing that in beauty and "stateliness; and either of them fit to make an emperor's court.

"The rooms before the storm (it seems), in both Houses, were all "completely furnished; provisions for some years rather than months; "400 quarters of wheat; bacon divers rooms-full, containing hundreds of "flitches; cheese proportionable; with oatmeal, beef, pork; beer divers "cellars-full, and that very good,"—Mr. Peters having taken a draught of the same.

"A bed in one room, furnished, which cost 1,300*l.* Popish books "many, with copes, and such utensils. In truth, the House stood in "its full pride; and the Enemy was persuaded that it would be the last "piece of ground that would be taken by the Parliament, because they "had so often foiled our forces which had formerly appeared before it. "In the several rooms and about the House, there were slain seventy-"four, and only one woman, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, who by her "railing," poor lady, "provoked our soldiers (then in heat) into a farther "passion. There lay dead upon the ground Major Cuffle;—a man of "great account amongst them, and a notorious Papist: slain by the hands "of Major Harrison, that godly and gallant gentleman,"—all men know him; "and Robinson the Player, who, a little before the storm, was "known to be mocking and scorning the Parliament and our Army. "Eight or nine gentlewomen of rank, running forth together, were "entertained by the common soldiers somewhat coarsely;—yet not "uncivilly, considering the action in hand.

* Sprigge, pp. 137-9; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 27); and Harl. MSS. 787.

[6] *Commons Journals* (15th Oct. 1645), iv. 309.

"The plunder of the soldiers continued till Tuesday night: one "soldier had a Hundred-and-twenty Pieces in gold for his share; others "plate, others jewels;—among the rest, one got three bags of silver, "which (he being not able to keep his own counsel) grew to be common "pillage amongst the rest, and the fellow had but one half-crown left for "himself at last.—The soldiers sold the wheat to country-people; which "they held up at good rates awhile; but afterwards the market fell, and "there were some abatements for haste. After that, they sold the house-"hold stuff; whereof there was good store, and the country loaded away "many carts; and they continued a great while, fetching out all manner "of household stuff, till they had fetched out all the stools, chairs, and "other lumber, all which they sold to the country-people by piecemeal.

"In all these great buildings, there was not one iron bar left in all the "windows (save only what were on fire), before night. And the last "work of all was the lead; and by Thursday morning, they had hardly "left one gutter about the House. And what the soldiers left, the fire "took hold on; which made more than ordinary haste; leaving nothing "but bare walls and chimneys in less than twenty hours;—being occa-"sioned by the neglect of the Enemy in quenching a fire-ball of ours at "first."—What a scene!

"We know not how to give a just account of the number of persons "that were within. For we have not quite Three-hundred prisoners; "and it may be, have found a Hundred slain,—whose bodies, some being "covered with rubbish, came not at once to our view. Only, riding to "the House on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for "quarter; but our men could neither come to them, nor they to us. "Amongst those that we saw slain, one of their officers lying on the "ground, seeming so exceeding tall, was measured; and from his great-"toe to his crown was 9 feet in length" (*sic*).

"The Marquis being pressed, by Mr. Peters arguing with him," which was not very chivalrous in Mr. Peters, "broke out and said, 'That if "the King had no more ground in England but Basing House, he would "adventure as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost;'—meaning "with these Papists; comforting himself in this disaster, 'That Basing "House was called *Loyalty*.' But he was soon silenced in the question "concerning the King and Parliament; and could only hope 'that the "King might have a day again.'—And thus the Lord was pleased in a "few hours to show us what mortal seed all earthly glory grows upon; "and how just and righteous the ways of God are, who takes sinners in "their own snares, and lifteth up the hands of His despised people.

"This is now the Twentieth garrison that hath been taken-in, this "Summer, by this Army;—and, I believe most of them the answers of "the prayers, and trophies of the faith, of some of God's servants. The "Commander of this Brigade," Lieutenant-General Cromwell, "had

"spent much time with God in prayer the night before the storm;—and "seldom fights without some Text of Scripture to support him. This "time he rested upon that blessed word of God written in the Hundred-"and-fifteenth Psalm, eighth verse, *They that make them are like unto "them; so is every one that trusteth in them.* Which, with some verses "going before, was now accomplished." [7]

'Mr. Peters presented the Marquis's own Colours, which he brought 'from Basing; the Motto of which was, *Donec pax redeat terris;* the 'very same as King Charles gave upon his Coronation-money, when he 'came to the Crown.' [8]—So Mr. Peters; and then withdrew,—getting by and by 200*l.* a-year settled on him.[9]

This Letter was read in all Pulpits next Sunday, with thanks rendered to Heaven, by order of Parliament. Basing House is to be carted away; 'whoever will come for brick or stone shall freely have the same for his pains.' [10]

Among the names of the Prisoners taken here one reads that of *Inigo Jones*,—unfortunate old Inigo. Vertue, on what evidence I know not, asserts farther that Wenceslaus Hollar, with his graving tools and unrivalled graving talent, was taken here [11] The Marquis of Winchester had been addicted to the Arts,—to the Upholsteries perhaps still more. A magnificent kind of man; whose 'best bed,' now laid bare to general inspection, excited the wonder of the world.

LETTER XXXIV.

Fairfax, with the Army, is in Devonshire; the following Letter will find him at Tiverton; Cromwell marching that way, having now ended Basing. It is ordered in the Commons House that Cromwell be thanked; moreover that he now attack Dennington Castle, of which we heard already at Newbury. These messages, as I gather, reached him at

[7] 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory; for thy 'mercy and for thy truth's sake. Wherefore should the Heathen say, Where 'is now their God? Our God is in the Heavens: he hath done whatsoever 'he hath pleased!—Their Idols are silver and gold; the work of men's hands. 'They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; 'they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell 'not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk 'not: neither speak they through their throat! They that make them are 'like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.'—These words, awful as the words of very God, were in Oliver Cromwell's heart that night.

[8] Sprigge, pp. 139-41.

[9] Whitlocke.

[10] *Commons Journals*, iv. 309.

[11] *Life of Hollar.*

Basing, late 'last night,'—Wednesday 15th, the day they were written in London.[12] Thursday morning early, he marched; has come ('came,' he calls it) as far as Wallop; purposes still to make a forced march 'to Langford House tonight' (probably with horse only, and leave the foot to follow);—answers meanwhile his messages *here* (see next Letter), and furthermore writes this:

To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army:[13] *Haste: These.*

SIR, Wallop, 16th October 1645.

In today's march I came to Wallop, twenty miles from Basing, towards you. Last night I received this enclosed from the Speaker of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you; and to which I returned an Answer, a copy whereof I have also sent enclosed to you.

I perceive that it's their desire to have the place[14] taken-in. But truly I could not do other than let them know what the condition of affairs in the West is, and submit the business to them and you. I shall be at Langford House tonight, if God please. I hope the work will not be long. If it should, I will rather leave a small part of the Foot (if Horse will not be sufficient to take it in), than be detained from obeying such commands as I shall receive. I humbly beseech you to be confident that no man hath a more faithful heart to serve you than myself, nor shall be more strict to obey your commands than

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sir, I beseech you to let me know your resolution in this business with all the possible speed that may be; because whatsoever I be designed to, I wish I may speedily endeavour it, time being so precious for action in this season.*

Langford House, whither Oliver is now bound, hoping to arrive tonight, is near Salisbury. He did arrive accordingly; drew out part of his brigade, and summoned the place;—here is his own most brief account of the business.

[12] *Commons Journals* (iv. 309), 15th Oct. 1645.

[13] Marching from Collumpton to Tiverton, while Cromwell writes (Sprigge, p. 334).

[14] Dennington Castle.

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 61:—only the Signature is in Oliver's hand.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker to the Honourable House of Commons: These.

SIR, Salisbury, 17th Oct. (12 at night) 1645.

I gave you an account, the last night, of my marching to Langford House. Whither I came this day, and immediately sent them in a Summons. The Governor desired I should send two Officers to treat with him; and I accordingly appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Hewson and Major Kelsey thereunto. The Treaty produced the Agreement, which I have here enclosed to you.

The General, I hear, is advanced as far West as Collumpton, and hath sent some Horse and Foot to Tiverton. It is earnestly desired that more Foot might march up to him;—it being convenient that we stay 'here' a day for our Foot that are behind and coming up.

I wait your answer to my Letter last night from Wallop: I shall desire that your pleasure may be speeded to me;—and rest,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Basing is black ashes, then; and Langford is ours, the Garrison 'to march forth tomorrow at twelve of the clock, being the 18th instant.'[15] And now the question is, Shall we attack Dennington or not?—

Colonel Dalbier, a man of Dutch birth, well known to readers of the old Books, is with Cromwell at present; his Second in command. It was from Dalbier that Cromwell first of all learned the mechanical part of soldiering; he had Dalbier to help him in drilling his Ironsides; so says Heath, credible on such a point. Dennington Castle was not besieged at present; it surrendered next Spring to Dalbier.[16] Cromwell returned to Fairfax; served through Winter with him in the West, till all ended there.

About a month before the date of this Letter, the King had appeared again with some remnant of force, got together in Wales; with intent to

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 229, art. 19 (no. 42 of *The Weekly Account*).

[15] Sprigge, p. 145.

[16] 1st April 1646 (Rushworth, vi. 252).

relieve Chester, which was his key to Ireland: but this force too he saw shattered to pieces on Rowton Heath, near that City.[17] He had also had an eye towards the great Montrose in Scotland, who in these weeks was blazing at his highest there: but him too David Lesley with dragoons, emerging from the mist of the Autumn morning, on Philipshaugh near Selkirk, had, in one fell hour, trampled utterly out. The King had to retire to Wales again; to Oxford and obscurity again.

On the 14th of next March, as we said, Sir Ralph Hopton surrendered himself in Cornwall.[18] On the 22d of the same month, Sir Jacob Astley, another distinguished Royalist General, the last of them all,—coming towards Oxford with some small force he had gathered,—was beaten and captured at Stow among the Wolds of Gloucestershire:[19] surrendering himself, the brave veteran said, or is reported to have said, "You have now done your work, and may go to play,—unless you will fall out among yourselves."

On Monday night, towards twelve of the clock, 27th April 1646, the King in disguise rode out of Oxford, somewhat uncertain whitherward,—at length towards Newark and the Scots Army.[20] On the Wednesday before, Oliver Cromwell had returned to his place in Parliament.[21] Many detached Castles and Towns still held out, Ragland Castle even till the next August; scattered fires of an expiring conflagration, that need to be extinguished with effort and in detail. Of all which victorious sieges, with their elaborate treaties and moving accidents, the theme of every tongue during that old Summer, let the following one brief glimpse, notable on private grounds, suffice us at present.

Oxford, the Royalist metropolis, a place full of Royalist dignitaries, and of almost inexpugnable strength, had it not been so disheartened from without,—was besieged by Fairfax himself in the first days of May. There was but little fighting, there was much negotiating, tedious consulting of Parliament and King; the treaty did not end in surrender till Saturday 20th June. And now, dated on the Monday before, at Holton, a country Parish in those parts, there is this still legible in the old Church Register,—intimately interesting to some friends of ours! 'Henry 'Ireton, Commissary-General to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Bridget, 'Daughter to Oliver Cromwell, Lieutenant-General of the Horse to the 'said Sir Thomas Fairfax,—were married, by Mr. Dell, in the Lady 'Whorwood her House in Holton, 15th June 1646.—Alban Eales, 'Rector.'[22]

[17] 24th September 1645 (Rushworth, vi. 117; Lord Digby's account of it, *Ormond Papers*, ii. 90).

[18] Hopton's own account of it, *Ormond Papers*, ii. 109-26.

[19] Rushworth, vi. 139-41.

[20] Ibid. vi. 267; *Iter Carolinum.*

[21] *Cromwelliana*, p. 31.

[22] Parish Register of Holton (copied, Oct. 1846). Poor Noble (i. 134) seems

Ireton, we are to remark, was one of Fairfax's Commissioners on the Treaty for surrendering Oxford, and busy under the walls there at present: Holton is some five miles east of the City; Holton House we guess by various indications to have been Fairfax's own quarter. Dell, already and afterwards well known, was the General's Chaplain at this date. Of 'the Lady Whorwood' I have traces, rather in the Royalist direction; her strong moated House, very useful to Fairfax in those weeks, still stands conspicuous in that region, though now under new figure and ownership; drawbridge become *fixed*, deep ditch now dry, moated island changed into a flower-garden;—'rebuilt in 1807.' Fairfax's Lines, we observe, extended 'from Headington Hill to Marston,' several miles in advance of Holton House, then 'from Marston across the Cherwell, and over from that to the Isis on the North side of the City;' southward and elsewhere, the besieged, 'by a dam at St. Clement's Bridge, had laid the country all under water:' [23]—in such scene, with the treaty just ending and general Peace like to follow, did Ireton welcome his Bride,—a brave young damsel of twenty-one; escorted, doubtless by her Father among others, to the Lord General's house; and there, by the Rev. Mr. Dell, solemnly handed over to new destinies!

This wedding was on Monday 15th June; on Saturday came the final signing of the treaty: and directly thereupon, on Monday *next*, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice took the road, with their attendants, and their passes to the sea-coast; a sight for the curious. On Tuesday 'there went about 300 persons, mostly of quality;' and on Wednesday all the Royalist force, '3,000' (or say 2,000) 'to the Eastward, 500 to the North;' with 'drums beating, colours flying,' for the last time; all with passes, with agitated thoughts and outlooks: and in sacred Oxford, as poor Wood intimates,[24] the abomination of desolation supervened!—Oxford surrendering with the King's sanction quickened other surrenders; Ragland Castle itself, and the obstinate old Marquis, gave-in before the end of August: and the First Civil War, to the last ember of it, was extinct.

The Parliament, in these circumstances, was now getting itself 'recruited,' —its vacancies filled-up again. The Royalist Members, who had deserted three years ago, had been, without much difficulty, successively 'disabled,' as their crime came to light: but to issue new writs for new elections, while the quarrel with the King still lasted, was a matter of more delicacy; this too, however, had at length been resolved upon, the Parliament Cause now looking so decidedly prosperous, in the Autumn

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to have copied this same Register, and to have misread his own Note: giving instead of Holton *Nalton*, an imaginary place; and instead of June *January*, an impossible date. See antea, p. 62; postea, Letter XLI., p. 227.

[23] Rushworth, vi. 279-285.

[24] *Fasti*, ii. 58, sec. edit.

of 1645. Gradually, in the following months, the new Members were elected, above Two-hundred-and-thirty of them in all. These new Members, 'Recruiters,' as Anthony Wood and the Royalist world reproachfully call them, were, by the very fact of their standing candidates in such circumstances, decided Puritans all,—Independents many of them. Colonel, afterwards Admiral Blake (for Taunton), Ludlow, Ireton (for Appleby), Algernon Sidney, Hutchinson known by his Wife's *Memoirs*, were among these new Members. Fairfax, on his Father's death some two years hence, likewise came in.[25]

[25] The Writ is issued 16th March 1647-8 (*Commons Journals*).

PART III.

BETWEEN THE TWO CIVIL WARS.

1646—1648.

LETTERS XXXVI.—XLII.

The conquering of the King had been a difficult operation; but to make a Treaty with him now when he was conquered, proved an impossible one. The Scots, to whom he had fled, entreated him, at last, 'with tears' and 'on their knees,' to take the Covenant, and sanction the Presbyterian worship, if he could not adopt it: on that condition they would fight to the last man for him; on no other condition durst or would a man of them fight for him. The English Presbyterians, as yet the dominant party, earnestly entreated to the same effect. In vain, both of them. The King had other schemes: the King, writing privately to Digby before quitting Oxford, when he had some mind to venture privately on London, as he ultimately did on the Scotch Camp, to raise Treaties and Caballings there, had said, "—endeavouring to get to London; being not "without hope that I "shall be able so to draw either the Presbyterians or the Independents "to side with me for extirpating one another, that I shall be really King "again."[1] Such a man is not easy to make a Treaty with,—on the word of a King! In fact, his Majesty, though a belligerent party who had not now one soldier on foot, considered himself still a tower of strength; as indeed he was; all men having a to us inconceivable reverence for him, till better Necessity and he together drove them away from it. Equivocations, spasmodic obstinacies, and blindness to the real state of facts, must have an end.—

The following Seven Letters, of little or no significance for illustrating public affairs, are to carry us over a period of most intricate negotiation; negotiation with the Scots, managed manfully on both sides, otherwise it had ended in quarrel; negotiations with the King; infinite public and private negotiations;—which issue at last in the Scots marching home with 200,000*l.* as 'a fair instalment of their arrears,' in their pocket; and the King marching, under escort of Parliamentary Commissioners, to Holmby House in Northamptonshire, to continue in strict though very stately seclusion, 'on 50*l.* a-day,'[2] and await the destinies there.

[1] Oxford, 26th March 1646; Carte's *Life of Ormond*, iii. (London, 1735), p. 452.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 244.

LETTER XXXVI.

KNYVETT, of Ashwellthorpe in Norfolk, is one of the unfortunate Royalist Gentlemen whom Cromwell laid sudden hold of at Lowestoff some years ago, and lodged in the Castle of Cambridge,—suddenly snuffing-out their Royalist light in that quarter. Knyvett, we conclude, paid his 'contribution,' or due fine, for the business; got safe home again; and has lived quieter ever since. Of whom we promised the reader some transitory glimpse once more.[3]

Here accordingly is a remarkable Letter to him, now first adjusted to its right place in this Series. The Letter used to be in the possession of the Lords Berners, whose ancestor this Knyvett was, one of whose seats this Ashwellthorpe in Norfolk still is. With them, however, there remains nothing but a Copy now, and that without date, and otherwise not quite correct. Happily it had already gone forth in print with date and address in full;—has been found among the lumber and innocent marine-stores of *Sylvanus Urban,* communicated, in an incidental way, by 'a Gentleman at Shrewsbury,' who, in 1787, had got possession of it, —honestly, we hope; and to the comfort of readers here.

For my noble Friend Thomas Knyvett, Esquire, at his House at Ashwellthorpe: These.

SIR, London, 27th July 1646.

I cannot pretend any interest in you for anything I have done, nor ask any favour for any service I may do you. But because I am conscious to myself of a readiness to serve any gentleman in all possible civilities, I am bold to be beforehand with you to ask your favour on behalf of your honest poor neighbours of Hapton, who, as I am informed, are in some trouble, and are likely to be put to more, by one Robert Browne your Tenant, who, not well pleased with the way of these men, seeks their disquiet all he may.

Truly nothing moves me to desire this more than the pity I bear them in respect of their honesties, and the trouble I hear they are likely to suffer for their consciences. And however the world interprets it, I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind; doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age; and the anger seems to

[3] Antea, p. 122.

me to be the worse, where the ground is difference of opinion;—which to cure, to hurt men in their names, persons or estates, will not be found an apt remedy. Sir, it will not repent you to protect those poor men of Hapton from injury and oppression: which that you would is the effect of this Letter. Sir, you will not want the grateful acknowledgment, nor utmost endeavours of requital from

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Hapton is a Parish and Hamlet some seven or eight miles south of Norwich, in the Hundred of Depwade; it is within a mile or two of this Ashwellthorpe; which was Knyvett's residence at that time. What 'Robert Browne your Tenant' had in hand or view against these poor Parishioners of Hapton, must, as the adjoining circumstances are all obliterated, remain somewhat indistinct to us. We gather in general that the Parishioners of Hapton were a little given to Sectarian, Independent notions; which Browne, a respectable Christian of the Presbyterian strain, could not away with. The oppressed poor Tenants have contrived to make their case credible to Lieutenant-General Cromwell, now in his place in Parliament again;—have written to him; perhaps clubbed some poor sixpences, and sent up a rustic Deputation to him: and he, 'however the respectable Presbyterian world may interpret it, is not ashamed to solicit for them:' with effect, either now or soon.

LETTER XXXVII.

For his Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Forces: [4] *These.*

SIR, 'London,' 31st July 1646.

I was desired to write a Letter to you by Adjutant Fleming. The end of it is, To desire your Letter in his recommendation. He will acquaint you with the sum thereof, more particularly what the business is. I most humbly submit to your better judgment, when you hear it from him.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (1787), liv. 337.

[4] At Ragland, or about leaving Bath for the purpose of concluding Ragland Siege (Rushworth, vi. 293).

Craving pardon for my boldness in putting you to this trouble,
I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Adjutant Fleming is in Sprigge's Army-List. I suppose him to be the Fleming who, as Colonel Fleming, in Spring 1648, had rough service in South Wales two years afterwards; and was finally defeated,—attempting to 'seize a Pass' near Pembroke Castle, then in revolt under Poyer; was driven into a Church, and there slain,—some say, slew himself.[5]

Of Fleming's present 'business' with Fairfax, whether it were to solicit promotion here, or continued employment in Ireland, nothing can be known. The War, which proved to be but the 'First War,' is now, as we said, to all real intents, ended: Ragland Castle, the last that held-out for Charles, has been under siege for some weeks; and Fairfax, who had been 'at the Bath for his health,' was now come or coming into those parts for the peremptory reduction of it.[6] There have begun now to be discussions and speculations about sending men to Ireland;[7] about sending Massey (famed Governor of Gloucester) to Ireland with men, and then also about disbanding Massey's men.

Exactly a week before, 24th July 1646, the united Scots and Parliamentary Commissioners have presented their 'Propositions' to his Majesty at Newcastle: Yes or No, is all the answer they can take. They are most zealous that he should say Yes. Chancellor Loudon implores and prophesies in a very remarkable manner: "All England will rise against you; they," these Sectarian Parties, "will process and depose you, and set-up another Government," unless you close with the Propositions. His Majesty, on the 1st of August (writing at Newcastle, in the same hours whilst Cromwell writes this in London), answers in a haughty way, No.[8]

LETTER XXXVIII.

August 10th. The Parliamentary Commissioners have returned, and three of the leading Scots with them,—to see what is now to be done. The 'Chancellor' who comes with Argyle is Loudon, the Scotch Chan-

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 70.

[5] Rushworth, vii. 1097, 38:—a little 'before' 27th March 1648.

[6] Rushworth, vi. 293;—Fairfax's first Letter from Ragland is of 7th August; 14th August he dates from Usk; and Ragland is surrendered on the 17th.

[7] *Cromwelliana*, April 1646, p. 3.

[8] Rushworth, vi. 319-21.

cellor, a busy man in those years. Fairfax is at Bath; and 'the Solicitor,' St. John the Shipmoney Lawyer, is there with him.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, the General: These.

SIR, London, 10th Aug. 1646.

Hearing you were returned from Ragland to the Bath, I take the boldness to make this address to you.

Our Commissioners sent to the King came this night to London.[9] I have spoken with two of them, and can only learn these generals, That there appears a good inclination in the Scots to the rendition of our Towns, and to their march out of the Kingdom. When they bring-in their Papers, we shall know more. Argyle, and the Chancellor, and Dunfermline are come up. Duke of Hamilton is gone from the King into Scotland. I hear that Montrose's men are *not* disbanded. The King gave a very general answer. Things are not well in Scotland;—would they were in England! We are full of faction and worse.

I hear for certain that Ormond has concluded a Peace with the Rebels. Sir, I beseech you command the Solicitor to come away to us. His help would be welcome.—Sir, I hope you have not cast me off. Truly I may say, none more affectionately honours nor loves you. You and yours are in my daily prayers. You have done enough to command the uttermost of,

Your faithful and most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'P.S.' I beseech you, my humble service may be presented to your Lady.

'P.S. 2d.'[10] The money for disbanding Massey's men is gotten, and you will speedily have directions about them from the Commons House.

'Our Commissioners' to Charles at Newcastle, who have returned 'this night,' were: Earls Pembroke and Suffolk, from the Peers; from the Commons, Sir Walter Earle (Weymouth), Sir John Hippesley (Cockermouth), Robert Goodwin (East Grinstead, Sussex), Luke Robinson (Scarborough).[11]

[9] *Commons Journals*, 11th Aug. 1646. * Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 63.

[10] This second Postscript has been squeezed-in *above* the other, and is evidently written *after* it.

[11] Rushworth, vi. 309, where the proposals are also given.

'Duke of Hamilton:' the Parliamentary Army found him in Pendennis Castle,—no, in St. Michael's Mount Castle,—when they took these places in Cornwall lately. The Parliament has let him loose again; —he has begun a course of new diplomacies, which will end still more tragically for him.

Ormond is, on application from the Parliament, ostensibly ordered by his Majesty not to make peace with the outlaw Irish rebels; detestable to all men:—but he of course follows his own judgment of the necessities of the case, being now nearly over with it himself, and the King under restraint unable to give any real 'orders.' The truth was, Ormond's Peace, odious to all English Protestants, had been signed and finished in March last; with this condition among others, That an Army of 10,000 Irish were to come over and help his Majesty; which truth is now beginning to ooze out. A new Ormond Peace:—not materially different I think from the late very sad Glamorgan one; which had been made in secret, through the Earl of Glamorgan, in Autumn last; and then, when by ill chance it came to light, had needed to be solemnly denied in Winter following, and the Earl of Glamorgan to be thrown into prison to save appearances! On the word of an unfortunate King![12]—It would be a comfort to understand farther, what the fact soon proves, that this new Peace also will not hold; the Irish Priests and Pope's Nuncios disapproving of it. Even while Oliver writes, an Excommunication or some such Document is coming out, signed "Frater O'Farrel," "Abbas O'Teague," and the like names: poor Ormond going to Kilkenny, to join forces with the Irish rebels, is treacherously set upon, and narrowly escapes death by them.[13]

Concerning 'the business of Massey's men,' there are some notices in Ludlow.[14] The Commons had ordered Fairfax to disband them, and sent the money, as we see here; whereupon the Lords ordered him, Not. Fairfax obeyed the Commons; apologised to the Lords,—who had to submit, as their habit was. Massey's Brigade was of no particular religion; Massey's Miscellany,—'some of them will require passes to Æthiopia,' says ancient wit. But Massey himself was strong for Presbyterianism, for strict Drill-sergeantcy and Anti-heresy of every kind: the Lords thought his Miscellany and he might have been useful.

[12] Rushworth, vi. 242, 239-247; Birch's *Inquiry concerning Glamorgan;* Carte's *Ormond;* &c. Correct details in Godwin, ii. 102-124.

[13] Rushworth, vi. 416; Carte's *Life of Ormond.*

[14] *Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow* (London, 1722), ii. 181.

LETTER XXXIX.

His Excellency, in the following Letter, is Fairfax; John Rushworth, worthy John, we already know! Fairfax has returned to the Bath, still for his health; Ragland being taken, and the War ended.

For John Rushworth, Esquire, Secretary to his Excellency, at the Bath: These.

Mr. Rushworth, The House 'of Commons,' 26th Aug. '1646.'

I must needs entreat a favour on the behalf of Major Lilburn; who has a long time wanted employment, and by reason good his necessities may grow upon him.

You should do very well to move the General to take him into favourable thoughts. I know a reasonable employment will content him. As for his honesty and courage, I need not speak much of 'that,' seeing he is so well known both to the General and yourself.

I desire you answer my expectation herein so far as you may. You shall very much oblige,

Sir,

Your real friend and servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

This is not 'Freeborn John,' the Sectarian Lieutenant-Colonel once in my Lord of Manchester's Army; the Lilburn whom Cromwell spoke for, when Sir Philip Warwick took note of him; the John Lilburn 'who could not live without a quarrel; who if he were left alone in the 'world would have to divide himself in two, and set the John to fight 'with Lilburn, and the Lilburn with John!' Freeborn John is already a Lieutenant-Colonel by title; was not in the New Model at all; is already deep in quarrels,—lying in limbo since August last, for abuse of his old master Prynne.[15] He has quarrelled, or is quarrelling, with Cromwell too; calls the Assembly of Divines an Assembly of *Dry-vines;* —will have little else but quarrelling henceforth.—This is the Brother of Freeborn John; one of his two Brothers. Not Robert, who already is or soon becomes a Colonel in the New Model, and does not 'want employment.' This is Henry Lilburn: appointed, probably in consequence

* Sloane Mss. 1519, fol. 71 :—Signature alone is Oliver's.

[15] Wood, iii. 353.

of this application, Governor of Tynemouth Castle: revolting to the Royalists, his own Soldiers slew him there, in 1648. These Lilburns were from Durham County.

LETTER XL.

'DELINQUENTS,' conquered Royalists, are now getting themselves fined, according to rigorous proportions, by a Parliament Committee, which sits, and will sit long, at Goldsmiths' Hall, making that locality very memorable to Royalist gentlemen.[16]

The Staffordshire Committee have sent a Deputation up to Town. They bring a Petition; very anxious to have 2,000*l.* out of their Staffordshire Delinquents from Goldsmiths' Hall, or even 4,000*l.*,—to pay-off their forces, and send them to Ireland; which lie heavy on the County at present.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, 'General of the Parliament's Army:' These.

SIR, 'London,' 6th Oct. 1646.

I would be loath to trouble you with anything; but indeed the Staffordshire Gentlemen came to me this day, and with more than ordinary importunity did press me to give their desires furtherance to you. Their Letter will show what they entreat of you. Truly, Sir, it may not be amiss to give them what ease may well be afforded, and the sooner the better, especially at this time.[17]

I have no more at present, but to let you know the business of your Army is like to come on tomorrow. You shall have account of that business so soon as I am able to give it. I humbly take leave, and rest,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[16] The proceedings of it, all now in very superior order, still lie in the State-Paper Office.

[17] 'and the sooner,' &c.: these words are inserted above the line, by way of *caret* and afterthought.

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 72:—Oliver's own hand.—Note, his Signature seems generally to be *Oliver* Cromwell, not *O.* Cromwell; to which practice we conform throughout, though there are exceptions to it.

The Commons cannot grant the prayer of this Petition;[18] Staffordshire will have to rest as it is for some time. 'The business of your Army' did come on 'tomorrow;' and assessments for a new six-months were duly voted for it, and other proper arrangements made.[19]

LETTER XLI.

Colonel Ireton, now Commissary-General Ireton, was wedded, as we saw, to Bridget Cromwell on the 15th of June last. A man 'able with his pen and his sword;' a distinguished man. Once B.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, and Student of the Middle Temple; then a gentleman trooper in my Lord General Essex's Life-guard; now Colonel of Horse, soon Member of Parliament; rapidly rising. A Nottinghamshire man; has known the Lieutenant-General ever since the Eastern-Association times. Cornbury House, not now conspicuous on the maps, is discoverable in Oxfordshire, disguised as *Blandford Lodge*,—not too far from the Devizes, at which latter Town Fairfax and Ireton have just been, disbanding Massey's Brigade. The following Letter will require no commentary.

For my beloved Daughter Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, General's Quarters: These.

Dear Daughter, London, 25th Oct. 1646.

I write not to thy Husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed[20] at this time, having some other considerations.

Your Friends at Ely are well: your Sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind; bewailing it: she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less[21] in desire,—less than pressing after

[18] 7th December 1646, *Commons Journals*, v. 3.

[19] 7th October 1646, *Commons Journals*, iv. 687.

[20] not in the mood at this time, having other matters in view.

[21] *less* is an adjective; to *go*, in such case, signifies to *become*, as 'go mad,' &c.

full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not Husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he[22] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy Husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations.

I am
Thy dear Father,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Bridget Ireton is now Twenty-two. Her Sister Claypole (Elizabeth Cromwell) is five years younger. They were both wedded last Spring. 'Your Friends at Ely' will indicate that the Cromwell Family was still resident in that City;[23] though, I think, they not long afterwards removed to London. Their first residence here was King-street, Westminster;[24] Oliver for the present lodges in Drury Lane: fashionable quarters both, in those times.

General Fairfax had been in Town only three days before, attending poor Essex's Funeral: a mournful pageant, consisting of 'both the 'Houses, Fairfax and all the Civil and Military Officers then in Town, 'the Forces of the City, a very great number of coaches and multitudes 'of people;' with Mr. Vines to preach;—regardless of expense, 5,000*l.* being allowed for it.[25]

[22] thy Husband.

* 'A Copy of Oliver Cromwell's Letter to his Daughter Ireton, exactly taken from the Original.' Harleian MSS. no. 6988, fol. 224 (not mentioned in Harleian Catalogue).—In another Copy sent me, which exactly corresponds, is this Note: 'Memo: The above Lett^r of Oliver Cromwell Jno Caswell 'Merch^t of London had from his Mother Linington, who had it from old Mrs. 'Warner, who liv'd with Oliver Cromwell's Daughter.——And was Copied 'from the Original Letter, which is in the hands of John Warner Esqr of 'Swanzey, by Chas Norris, 25th Mar: 1749.'

[23] See also Appendix, No. 8, last Letter there (*Note to Third Edition*).

[24] *Cromwelliana*, p. 60.

[25] Rushworth, vi. 239; Whitlocke, p. 230.

LETTER XLII.

THE intricate Scotch negotiations have at last ended. The paying of the Scots their first instalment, and getting them to march away in peace, and leave the King to our disposal, is the great affair that has occupied Parliament ever since his Majesty refused the Propositions. Not till Monday the 21st December could it be got 'perfected,' or 'almost perfected.' After a busy day spent in the Commons House on that affair,[26] Oliver writes the following Letter to Fairfax. The 'Major-General' is Skippon. Fairfax, 'since he left Town,' is most likely about Nottingham, the head-quarters of his Army, which had been drawing rather Northward, ever since the King appeared among the Scots. Fairfax came to Town 12th November, with great Splendour of reception; left it again '18th December.'

On the morrow after that, 19th December 1646, the Londoners presented their Petition, not without tumult; complaining of heavy expenses and other great grievances from the Army; and craving that the same might be, so soon as possible, disbanded, and a good Peace with his Majesty made.[27] The first note of a very loud controversy which arose between the City and the Army, between the Presbyterians and the Independents, on that matter. Indeed, the humour of the City seems to be getting high; impatient for 'a just peace,' now that the King is reduced. On Saturday 6th December, it was ordered that the Lord Mayor be apprised of tumultuous assemblages which there are, 'to the disturbance of the peace;' and be desired to quench them,—if he can.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies: These.

SIR, 'London,' 21st Dec. 1646.

Having this opportunity by the Major-General to present a few lines unto you, I take the boldness to let you know how our affairs go on since you left Town.

We have had a very long Petition from the City: how it strikes at the Army, and what other aims it has, you will see by the contents of it; as also what is the prevailing temper at this present, and what is to be expected from men. But this is our comfort, God is in Heaven, and He doth what pleaseth Him; His and only His counsel shall stand, whatsoever the designs of men, and the fury of the people be.

[26] *Commons Journals*, v. 22-3.

[27] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 290 (cited by Godwin, ii. 269).

We have now, I believe, almost[28] perfected all our business for Scotland. I believe Commissioners will speedily be sent down to see agreements performed: it's intended that Major-General Skippon have authority and instructions from your Excellency to command the Northern Forces, as occasion shall be, and that he have a Commission of Martial Law. Truly I hope that the having the Major-General to command[29] this Party will appear to be a good thing, every day more and more.

Here has been a design to steal away the Duke of York from my Lord of Northumberland: one of his own servants, whom he preferred to wait on the Duke, is guilty of it; the Duke himself confessed so. I believe you will suddenly hear more of it.

I have no more to trouble you 'with;' but praying for you, rest,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Skippon, as is well known, carried up the cash, 200,000*l.*, to Newcastle successfully, in a proper number of wagons; got it all counted there, 'bags of 100*l.*, chests of 1,000*l.*' (5th-16th January 1646-7); after which the Scots marched peaceably away.

The little Duke of York, entertained in a pet-captive fashion at St. James's, did not get away at this time; but managed it by and by, with help of a certain diligent intriguer and turncoat called Colonel Bamfield;[30] of whom we may hear farther.

On Thursday 11th February 1646-7, on the road between Mansfield and Nottingham,—road between Newcastle and Holmby House,—'Sir 'Thomas Fairfax went and met the King; who stopped his horse: Sir 'Thomas alighted, and kissed the King's hand; and afterwards mounted, 'and discoursed with the King as they passed towards Nottingham.'[31] The King had left Newcastle on the 3d of the month; got to Holmby, or Holdenby, on the 13th;—and 'there,' says the poor *Iter Carolinum*, 'during pleasure.'

[28] 'almost' is inserted with a *caret*.

[29] At this point, the bottom of the page being reached, Oliver takes to the broad margin, and writes the remainder there lengthwise, continuing till there is barely room for his signature, on the outmost verge of the sheet; which, as we remarked already, is a common practice with him in writing Letters:—he is always loath to turn the page;—having *no blotting-paper* at that epoch; having only sand to dry his ink with, and a natural indisposition to pause till he finish! * Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 78, p. 147. [30] Clarendon, iii. 188.

[31] Whitlocke, p. 242; *Iter Carolinum* (in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 274): Whitlocke's date as usual is inexact.

LETTERS XLIII, XLIV.

Before reading these two following Letters, read this Extract from a work still in Manuscript, and not very sure of ever getting printed:

'The Presbyterian "Platform" of Church Government, as recommended by the Assembly of Divines or "Dry-Vines," has at length, after unspeakable debatings, passings and repassings through both Houses, and soul's-travail not a little, about "ruling-elders," "power of the keys," and suchlike,—been got *finally* passed, though not without some melancholy shades of Erastianism, or "the Voluntary Principle," as the new phrase runs. The Presbyterian Platform is passed by Law: and London and other places, busy "electing their ruling-elders," are just about ready to set it actually on foot. And no wit is hoped there will be some "uniformity" as to that high matter.

'Uniformity of free-growing healthy forest-trees is good; uniformity of clipt Dutch-dragons is not so good! The question, Which of the two? is by no means settled,—though the Assembly of Divines, and majorities of both Houses, would fain think it so. The general English mind, which, loving good order in all things, loves regularity even at a high price, could be content with this Presbyterian scheme, which we call the Dutch-dragon one; but a deeper portion of the English mind inclines decisively to growing in the forest-tree way,—and indeed will shoot out into very singular excrescences, Quakerisms and what not, in the coming years. Nay already we have Anabaptists, Brownists, Sectaries and Schismatics springing up very rife: already there is a Paul Best, brought before the House of Commons for Socinianism; nay we hear of another distracted individual who seemed to maintain, in confidential argument, that "God was mere Reason."[1] There is like to be need of garden-shears, at this rate! The devout House of Commons, viewing these things with a horror inconceivable in our loose days, knows not well what to do. London City cries, "Apply the shears!"—the Army answers, "Apply them *gently;* cut off nothing that is sound!" The question of garden-shears, and how far you are to apply them, is really difficult;—the settling of *it* will lead to very unexpected results. London City knows with pain, that there are "many persons in the Army who have never yet taken the Covenant;" the Army begins to consider it unlikely that certain of them will ever take it!'—

[1] Whitlocke.

These things premised, we have only to remark farther, that the House of Commons meanwhile, struck with devout horror, has, with the world generally, spent Wednesday the 10th of March 1646-7, as a Day of Fasting and Humiliation for Blasphemies and Heresies.[2] Cromwell's Letter, somewhat remarkable for the grieved mind it indicates, was written next day. Fairfax with the Army is at Saffron Walden in Essex; there is an Order this day[3] that he is to quarter where he sees best. There are many Officers about Town; soliciting payments, attending private businesses: their tendency to Schism, to Anabaptistry and Heresy, or at least to undue tolerance for all that, is well known. This Fast-day, it would seem, is regarded as a kind of covert rebuke to them. Fast-day was Wednesday; this is Thursday evening:

LETTER XLIII.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army, 'at Saffron Walden:' These.

SIR, 'London, 11th March 1646.'

Your Letters about your head-quarters, directed to the Houses,[4] came seasonably, and were to very good purpose. There want not, in all places, men who have so much malice against the Army as besots them: the late Petition, which suggested a dangerous design upon the Parliament in 'your' coming to those quarters[5] doth sufficiently evidence the same: but they got nothing by it, for the Houses did assoil the Army from all suspicion, and have left you to quarter where you please.[6]

Never were the spirits of men more embittered than now. Surely the Devil hath but a short time. Sir, it's good the heart be fixed against all this. The naked simplicity of Christ, with that wisdom He is pleased to give, and patience, will overcome all this. That God would keep your heart as He has done hitherto, is the prayer of

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 243. [3] *Commons Journals*, v. 110.

[4] Ibid. v. 110, 11th March 1646 (Letter is dated Saffron Walden, 9th March).

[5] Saffron Walden, in the Eastern Association: '*Not* to quarter in the Eastern Association,' had the Lords, through Manchester their Speaker, lately written (*Commons Journals*, infra); but without effect.

[6] *Commons Journals*, v. 110, 11th March 1646.

'P.S.'[7] I desire my most humble service may be presented to my Lady.—Adjutant Allen desires Colonel Baxter, sometime Governor of Reading, may be remembered. I humbly desire Colonel Overton may not be out of your remembrance. He is a deserving man, and presents his humble services to you.——Upon the Fast-day, divers soldiers were raised (as I heard), both horse and foot, near 200 in Covent Garden, To prevent us soldiers from cutting the Presbyterians' throats! These are fine tricks to mock God with.*

This flagrant insult to 'us soldiers,' in Covent Garden and doubtless elsewhere, as if the zealous Presbyterian Preacher were not safe from violence in bewailing Schism,—is very significant. The Lieutenant-General himself might have seen as well as 'heard' it,—for he lived hard by, in Drury Lane I think; but was of course at his own Church, bewailing Schism too, though not in so strait-laced a manner.—

Oliver's Sister Anna, Mrs. Sewster, of Wistow, Huntingdonshire, had died in these months, 1st November 1646.[8] Among her little girls is one, Robina, for whom there is a distinguished Scotch Husband in store; far off as yet, an 'Ensign in the French Army' as yet, William Lockhart by name; of whom we may hear more.

This Letter lies contiguous to Letter XXXIV. in the Sloane Volume: Letter XXXIV. is sealed conspicuously with red wax; this Letter, as is fit, with black. The Cromwell crest, 'lion with ring on his fore-gamb,' —the same big seal,—is on both.

LETTER XLIV.

Commons Journals, 17th March 1646: '*Ordered*, That the Com-'mittee of the Army do write unto the General, and acquaint him that 'this House takes notice of his care in ordering that none of the Forces 'under his Command should quarter nearer than Five-and-twenty Miles 'of this City: That notwithstanding his care and directions therein, the 'House is informed that some of his Forces are quartered much nearer 'than that; and To desire him to take course that his former Orders, 'touching the quartering of his Forces no nearer than Twenty-five Miles, 'may be observed.'

[7] Written across on the margin, according to custom.
* Sloane Mss. 1519, fol. 62.
[8] See antea, p. 18; and Noble, i. 89

To his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

SIR, 'London,' 19th March 1646.

This enclosed Order I received; but, I suppose, Letters from the Committee of the Army to the effect of this are come to your hands before this time. I think it were very good that the distance of Twenty-five Miles be very strictly observed; and they are to blame that have exceeded the distance, contrary to your former appointment. This Letter I received this evening from Sir William Massam,[9] a Member of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you; his House being much within that distance of Twenty-five Miles of London. I have sent the Officers down, as many as I could well light of.

Not having more at present, I rest,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The troubles of the Parliament and Army are just beginning. The order for quartering beyond twenty-five miles from London, and many other 'orders,' were sadly violated in the course of this season. 'Sir W. Massam's House,' 'Otes in Essex,' is a place known to us since the beginning of these *Letters*.

The Officers ought really to go down to their quarters in the Eastern Counties; Oliver has sent them off, as many of them as he 'could well light of.'

The Presbyterian System is now fast getting into action: on the 20th May 1647, the Synod of London, with due Prolocutor or Moderator, met in St. Paul's.[10] In Lancashire too the System is fairly on foot; but I think in other English Counties it was somewhat lazy to move, and never came rightly into action, owing to impediments.—Poor old Laud is condemned of treason, and beheaded, years ago; the Scots, after Marston Fight, pressing heavy on him; Prynne too being very ungrateful. That 'performance' of the Service to the Hyperborean populations in so exquisite a way has cost the Artist dear! He died very gently; his last scene much the best, for himself and for us. The two Hothams also, and other traitors, have died.

[9] Masham.

[10] Rushworth, vi. 489; Whitlocke (p. 249) dates wrong.

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 74.

ARMY MANIFESTO.

Our next entirely authentic Letter is at six-months distance: a hiatus not unfrequent in this Series; but here most especially to be regretted; such a crisis in the affairs of Oliver and of England transacting itself in the interim. The Quarrel between City and Army, which we here see begun; the split of the Parliament into two clearly hostile Parties of Presbyterians and Independents, represented by City and Army; the deadly wrestle of these two Parties, with victory to the latter, and the former flung on its back, and its 'Eleven Members' sent beyond Seas: all this transacts itself in the interim, without autograph note or indisputably authentic utterance of Oliver's to elucidate it for us. We part with him labouring to get the Officers sent down to Saffron Walden; sorrowful on the Spring Fast-day in Covent Garden: we find him again at Putney in Autumn; the insulted Party now dominant, and he the most important man in it. One Paper which I find among the many published on that occasion, and judge pretty confidently, by internal evidence, to be of his writing, is here introduced; and there is no other that I know of.

How this Quarrel between City and Army, no agreement with the King being for the present possible, went on waxing; developing itself more and more visibly into a Quarrel between Presbyterianism and Independency; attracting to the respective sides of it the two great Parties in Parliament and in England generally: all this the reader must endeavour to imagine for himself,—very dimly, as matters yet stand. In books, in Narratives old or new, he will find little satisfaction in regard to it. The old Narratives, written all by baffled enemies of Cromwell,[1] are full of mere blind rage, distraction and darkness; the new Narratives, believing only in 'Macchiavelism,' &c. disfigure the matter still more. Common History, old and new, represents Cromwell as having underhand,—in a most skilful and indeed prophetic manner, — fomented or originated all this commotion of the elements; steered his way through it by 'hypocrisy,' by 'master-strokes of duplicity,' and suchlike. As is the habit hitherto of History.

'The fact is,' says a Manuscript already cited from, 'poor History, 'contemporaneous and subsequent, has treated this matter in a very sad 'way. Mistakes, misdates; exaggerations, unveracities, distractions; all

[1] Holles's *Memoirs;* Waller's *Vindication of his Character;* Clement Walker's *History of Independency;* &c. &c.

'manner of misseeings and misnotings in regard to it, abound. How 'many grave historical statements still circulate in the world, accredited 'by Bishop Burnet and the like, which on examination you will find 'melt away into after-dinner rumours,—gathered from ancient red-nosed 'Presbyterian gentlemen, Harbottle Grimston and Company, sitting over 'claret under a Blessed Restoration, and talking to the loosely recipient 'Bishop in a very loose way! Statements generally with some grain of 'harmless truth, misinterpreted by those red-nosed honourable persons; 'frothed-up into huge bulk by the loquacious Bishop above mentioned, 'and so set floating on Time's Stream. Not very lovely to us, they, nor 'the red-noses they proceeded from! I do not cite them here; I have 'examined most of them; found not one of them fairly believable;— 'wondered to see how already in one generation, earnest Puritanism being 'hung on the gallows or thrown out in St. Margaret's Churchyard, the 'whole History of it had grown *mythical*, and men were ready to swallow 'all manner of nonsense concerning it. Ask for dates, ask for proofs: 'Who saw it, heard it; when was it, where? A misdate, of itself, will 'do much. So accurate a man as Mr. Godwin, generally very accurate in 'such matters, makes "a master-stroke of duplicity" merely by mistake 'of dating:[2] the thing when Oliver did say it, was a credible truth, and 'no master-stroke or stroke of any kind!

'"Master-strokes of duplicity;" "false protestations;" "fomenting of 'the Army discontents:" alas, alas! It was not Cromwell that raised 'these discontents; not he, but the elemental Powers! Neither was it, 'I think, "by master-strokes of duplicity" that Cromwell steered himself 'victoriously across such a devouring chaos; no, but by *continuances* of 'noble manful *simplicity*, I rather think,—by meaning one thing before 'God, and meaning the same before men, not as a weak but as a strong 'man does. By conscientious resolution; by sagacity, and silent wariness 'and promptitude; by religious valour and veracity,—which, however it 'may fare with *foxes*, are really, after all, the grand source of clearness 'for a *man* in this world!'——We here close our Manuscript.

Modern readers ought to believe that there was a real impulse of heavenly Faith at work in this Controversy; that on both sides, more especially on the Army's side, here lay the central element of all; modifying all other elements and passions;—that this Controversy was, in several respects, very different from the common wrestling of Greek with Greek for what are called 'Political objects'!—Modern readers, mindful of the French Revolution, will perhaps compare these Presbyterians and Independents to the Gironde and the Mountain. And there is an analogy; yet with differences. With a great difference in the situations; with the difference, too, between Englishmen and Frenchmen, which is always

[2] Godwin, ii. 300,—citing Walker, p. 31 (should be p. 33).

considerable; and then with the difference between believers in Jesus Christ and believers in Jean Jacques, which is still more considerable!

A few dates, and chief summits of events, are all that can be indicated here, to make our 'Manifesto' legible.

From the beginnings of this year 1647 and earlier, there had often been question as to what should be done with the Army. The expense of such an Army, between twenty and thirty thousand men, was great; the need of it, Royalism being now subdued, seemed small; besides, it was known that there were many in it who 'had never taken the Covenant,' and were never likely to take it. This latter point, at a time when Heresy seemed rising like a hydra,[3] and the Spiritualism of England was developing itself in really strange ways, became very important too,—became gradually most of all important, and the soul of the whole Controversy.

Early in March, after much debating, it had been got settled that there should be Twelve-thousand men employed in Ireland,[4] which was now in sad need of soldiers. The rest were, in some good way, to be disbanded. The 'way,' however, and whether it might really be a good way, gave rise to considerations.—Without entering into a sea of troubles, we may state here in general that the things this Army demanded were strictly their just right: Arrears of pay, 'three-and-forty weeks' of hard-earned pay; indemnity for acts done in War; and clear discharge according to contract, not service in Ireland except under known Commanders and conditions,—'our old Commanders,' for example. It is also apparent that the Presbyterian party in Parliament, the leaders of whom were, several of them, Colonels of the *Old* Model, did not love this victorious Army; that indeed they disliked and grew to hate it, useful as it had been to them. Denzil Holles, Sir William Waller, Harley, Stapleton, these men, all strong for Presbyterianism, were old unsuccessful Colonels or Generals under Essex; and for very obvious reasons looked askance on this Army, and wished to be, so soon as possible, rid of it. The first rumour of a demur or desire on the part of the Army, rumour of some Petition to Fairfax by his Officers as to the 'way' of their disbanding, was by these Old-Military Parliament-men very angrily repressed; nay, in a moment of fervour, they proceeded to decree that whoever had, or might have, a hand in promoting such Petition in the Army was an 'Enemy to the State, and a Disturber of the Public Peace,'—and sent forth the same in a 'Declaration of the 30th of March,' which became very celebrated afterwards. This unlucky 'Declaration,' Waller says, was due to Holles, who smuggled it one evening through a thin House. "Enemies to the State, Disturbers of the Peace:" it was a severe and

[3] See Edwards's *Gangræna* (London, 1646) for many furious details of it.

[4] 6th March, *Commons Journals*, v. 107.

too proud rebuke; felt to be unjust, and looked upon as 'a blot of ignominy;' not to be forgotten, nor easily forgiven, by the parties it was addressed to. So stood matters at the end of March.

At the end of April they stand somewhat thus. Two Parliament Deputations, Sir William Waller at the head of them, have been at Saffron Walden, producing no agreement:[5] five dignitaries of the Army, 'Lieutenant-General Hammond, Colonel Hammond, Lieutenant-Colonel Pride,' and two others, have been summoned to the bar;[6] some subalterns given into custody; Ireton himself 'ordered to be examined;'—and no 'satisfaction to the just desires of the Army;' on the contrary, the 'blot of ignominy' fixed deeper on it than before. We can conceive a universal sorrow and anger, and all manner of dim schemes and consultations going on at Saffron Walden and the other Army-quarters, in those days. Here is a scene from Whitlocke, worth looking at, which takes place in the Honourable House itself; date 30th April 1647:[7]

'Debate upon the Petition and Vindication of the Army. Major-'General Skippon, in the House, produced a Letter presented to him the 'day before by some Troopers, in behalf of Eight Regiments of the Army 'of Horse. Wherein they expressed some reasons, Why they could not 'engage in the service of Ireland under the present Conduct,' under the proposed Commandership, by Skippon and Massey; 'and complained, 'Of the many scandals and false suggestions which were of late raised 'against the Army and their proceedings; That they were taken as 'enemies; That they saw designs upon them, and upon many of the 'Godly Party in the Kingdom; That they could not engage for Ireland 'till they were satisfied in their expectations, and their just desires 'granted.—Three Troopers, Edward Sexby, William Allen, Thomas 'Sheppard, who brought this Letter, were examined in the House, 'touching the drawing and subscribing of it; and, Whether their Officers 'were engaged in it or not? They affirmed, That it was drawn up at a 'Rendezvous of several of those Eight Regiments; and afterwards at 'several meetings by Agents or Agitators, for each Regiment; and that 'few of their Officers knew or took notice of it.

'Those Troopers being demanded, Whether they had not been 'Cavaliers?—it was attested by Skippon, that they had constantly 'served the Parliament, and some of them from the beginning of the 'War. Being asked concerning the meaning of some expressions in the 'Petition,' especially concerning "certain men aiming at a *Sovereignty*," —'they answered, That the Letter being a joint act of those Regiments,

[5] Waller, pp. 42-85. [6] *Commons Journals*, v. 129 (29th March 1647).

[7] Whitlocke, p. 249; *Commons Journals*, in die; and a fuller account in Rushworth, vi. 474. The 'Letter,' immediately referred to, is in Cary's *Memorials* (Selections from the Tanner MSS.; London, 1842), i. 201.

'they could not give a punctual answer, being only Agents; but if they 'might have the queries in writing, they would send or carry them to 'those Regiments, and return their own and their answers.—They were 'ordered to attend the House upon summons.'

Three sturdy fellows, fit for management of business; let the reader note them. They are 'Agents' to the Army: a class of functionaries called likewise 'Adjutators' and misspelt 'Agitators;' elected by the common men of the Army, to keep the ranks in unison with the Officers in the present crisis of their affairs. This is their first distinct appearance in the eye of History; in which, during these months, they play a great part. Evidently the settlement with the Army will be a harder task than was supposed.

During these same months some languid negotiation with the King is going on; Scots Commissioners come up to help in treating with him; but as he will not hear of Covenant or Presbytery, there can no result follow. It was an ugly aggravation of the blot of ignominy which the Army smarts under,—the report raised against it, That some of the Leaders had said, "If the King would come to *them*, they would put the crown on his head again."—Cromwell, from his place in Parliament, earnestly watches these occurrences; waits what the great 'birth of Providence' in them may be;—'carries himself with much wariness;' is more and more looked up to by the Independent Party, for his interest with the Soldiers. One day, noticing the 'high carriages' of Holles and Company, he whispers Edmund Ludlow who sat by him, "These men will never leave till the Army pull them out by the ears!"[8] Holles and Company, who at present rule in Parliament, pass a New Militia Ordinance for London; put the Armed Force of London into hands more strictly Presbyterian.[9] There have been two London Petitions against the Army, and two London Petitions covertly in favour of it; the Managers of the latter, we observe, have been put in prison.

May 8th. A new and more promising Deputation, Cromwell at the head of it. 'Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, Skippon,' proceed again to Saffron Walden; investigate the claims and grievances of the Army:[10] engage, as they had authority to do, that real justice shall be done them; and in a fortnight return with what seems an agreement and settlement; for which Lieutenant-General Cromwell receives the thanks of the House.[11] The House votes what *it* conceives to be justice, 'eight weeks of pay' in ready-money, bonds for the rest,—and so forth. Congratulations hereupon; a Committee of Lords and Commons are ordered to go down to Saffron Walden, to *see* the Army disbanded.

[8] Ludlow, i. 189; see Whitlocke, p. 252.

[9] 4th May 1647, *Commons Journals*, v. 160:—'Thirty-one Persons,' their names given.

[10] Letters from them, in Appendix, No. 10.

[11] May 21st, *Commons Journals*, v. 181.

May 28th. On arriving at Saffron Walden, they find that their notions of what is justice, and the Army's notions, differ widely. "Eight weeks of pay," say the Army; "we want nearer eight times eight!" Disturbances in several of the quarters:—at Oxford the men seize the disbanding-money as *part* of payment, and will not disband till they get the whole. A meeting of Adjutators, by authority of Fairfax, convenes at Bury St. Edmund's,—a regular Parliament of soldiers, 'each common man paying fourpence to meet the expense:' it is agreed that the Army's quarters shall be 'contracted,' brought closer together; that on Friday next, 4th of June, there shall be a Rendezvous, or General Assembly of all the Soldiers, there to decide on what they will do.[12]

June 4th and 5th. The Newmarket Rendezvous, 'on Kentford Heath,' a little east of Newmarket, is held; a kind of Covenant is entered into, and other important things are done:—but elsewhere in the interim a thing still more important had been done. On Wednesday June 2d, Cornet Joyce,—once a London tailor, they say, evidently a very handy active man,—he and Five-hundred common troopers, a volunteer Party, not expressly commanded by anybody, but doing what they know the whole Army wishes to be done, sally out of Oxford, where things are still somewhat disturbed; proceed to Holmby House; and, after two days of talking, bring 'the King's Person' off with them. To the horror and despair of the Parliament Commissioners in attendance there; but clearly to the satisfaction of his Majesty,—who hopes, in this new shuffle-and deal, some good card will turn-up for him; hopes, with some ground, 'the Presbyterians and Independents *may* now be got to extirpate one 'another.' His Majesty rides willingly; the Parliament Commissioners accompany, wringing their hands:—to Hinchinbrook, that same Friday night; where Colonel Montague receives them with all hospitality, entertains them for two days. Colonel Whalley with a strong party, deputed by Fairfax, had met his Majesty; offered to deliver him from Joyce, back to Holmby and the Parliament; but his Majesty positively declined.—Captain Titus, *quasi* Tighthose, very well known afterwards, arrives at St. Stephen's with the news; has 50*l.* voted him 'to buy a horse,' for his great service; and fills all men with terror and amazement. The Honourable Houses agree to 'sit on the Lord's day;' have Stephen Marshall to pray for them; never were in such a plight before. The Controversy, at this point, has risen from Economical into Political: Army Parliament in the Eastern Counties against Civil Parliament in Westminster; and, 'How the Nation shall be settled' between them; whether its growth shall be in the forest-tree fashion, or in the clipt Dutch-dragon fashion?—

Monday June 7th. All Officers in the House are ordered forthwith to

[12] Rushworth, pp. 496-510.

go down to their regiments. Cromwell, without order, not without danger of detention, say some, has already gone: this same day, 'General Fairfax, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, and the chief men of the Army,' have an interview with the King, 'at Childerley House, between Huntingdon and Cambridge:' his Majesty will not go back to Holmby; much prefers 'the air' of these parts, the air of Newmarket for instance; and will continue with the Army.[13] Parliament Commissioners, with new Votes of Parliament, are coming down; the Army must have a new Rendezvous, to meet them. New Rendezvous at Royston, more properly on Triploe Heath near Cambridge, is appointed for Thursday; and in the interim a 'Day of Fasting and Humiliation' is held by all the soldiers,—a real Day of Prayer (very inconceivable in these days), For God's enlightenment as to what should now be done.

Here is Whitlocke's account of the celebrated Rendezvous itself,—somewhat abridged from Rushworth, and dim enough; wherein, however, by good eyes a strange old Historical Scene may be discerned. The new Votes of Parliament do not appear still to meet 'the just desires' of the Army; meanwhile let all things be done decently and in order.

'The General had ordered a Rendezvous at Royston;' properly on Triploe Heath, as we said; on Thursday 10th June 1647: the Force assembled was about Twenty-one thousand men, the remarkablest Army that ever wore steel in this world. 'The General and Commissioners 'rode to each Regiment. They first acquainted the General's Regiment 'with the Votes of the Parliament; and Skippon,' one of the Commis-'sioners, spake to them to persuade a compliance. An Officer of the 'Regiment made answer, That the Regiment did desire that their answer 'might be returned *after* perusal of the Votes by some select Officers and 'Agitators, whom the Regiment had chosen; and said, This was the 'motion of the Regiment.

'He desired the General and Commissioners to give him leave to ask 'the whole Regiment if this *was* their answer. Leave being given, they 'cried "All." Then he put the question, If any man were of a contrary 'opinion he should say, No;—and not one man gave his "No."—The 'Agitators, in behalf of the soldiers, pressed to have the question put at 'once, Whether the Regiment did acquiesce and were satisfied with 'the Votes?' The Agitators knew well what the answer would have been!—'But in regard the other way was more orderly, and they might 'after perusal proceed more deliberately, that question was laid aside.

'The like was done in the other Regiments; and all were very 'unanimous; and always after the Commissioners had done reading the 'Votes, and speaking to each Regiment, and had received their answer, 'all of them cried out, "Justice, Justice!"'—not a very musical sound to the Commissioners.

[13] Rushworth, vi. 549.

'A Petition was delivered in the field to the General, in the name of '"many well-affected people in Essex;" desiring, That the Army might '*not* be disbanded; in regard the Commonwealth had many enemies, who 'watched for such an occasion to destroy the good people.'[14]

Such, and still dimmer, is the jotting of dull authentic Bulstrode,—drowning in official oil, and somnolent natural pedantry and fat, one of the remarkablest scenes our History ever had: An Armed Parliament, extra-official, yet not without a kind of sacredness, and an Oliver Cromwell at the head of it; demanding with one voice, as deep as ever spake in England, "Justice, Justice!" under the vault of Heaven.

That same afternoon, the Army moved on to St. Albans, nearer to London; and from the Rendezvous itself, a joint Letter was despatched to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, which the reader is now at last to see. I judge it, pretty confidently, by evidence of style alone, to be of Cromwell's own writing. It differs totally in this respect from any other of those multitudinous Army-Papers; which were understood, says Whitlocke, to be drawn up mostly by Ireton, 'who had a subtle working brain;' or by Lambert, who also had got some tincture of Law and other learning, and did not want for brain. They are very able Papers, though now very dull ones. This is in a far different style; in Oliver's worst style; his style when he writes in haste,—and not in haste of the pen merely, for that seems always to have been a most rapid business with him; but in haste before the matter had matured itself for him, and the real kernels of it got parted from the husks. A style of composition like the structure of a block of oak-root,—as tortuous, unwedgeable, and as strong! Read attentively, this Letter can be understood, can be believed: the tone of it, the 'voice' of it, reminds us of what Sir Philip Warwick heard; the voice of a man risen justly into a kind of *chant*,—very dangerous for the City of London at present.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London: These.

Royston, 10th June 1647.

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND WORTHY FRIENDS,

Having, by our Letters and other Addresses presented by our General to the Honourable House of Commons, endeavoured to give satisfaction of the clearness of our just Demands; and 'having' also, in Papers published by us, remonstrated the grounds of our proceedings in prosecution thereof;—all of which being published in print, we are confident 'they' have

[14] Whitlocke, p. 255.

come to your hands, and received at least a charitable construction from you.

The sum of all these our Desires as Soldiers is no other than this: Satisfaction to our undoubted Claims as Soldiers; and reparation upon those who have, to the utmost, improved all opportunities and advantages, by false suggestions, misrepresentations and otherwise, for the destruction of this Army with a perpetual blot of ignominy upon it. Which 'injury' we should not value, if it singly concerned our own particular 'persons;' being ready to deny ourselves in this, as we have done in other cases, for the Kingdom's good: but under this pretence, we find, no less is involved than the overthrow of the privileges both of Parliament and People;—and that rather than they[15] shall fail in their designs, or we receive what in the eyes of all good men is 'our' just right, the Kingdom is endeavoured to be engaged in a new War. 'In a new War,' and this singly by those who, when the truth of these things shall be made to appear, will be found to be the authors of those 'said' evils that are feared;—and who have no other way to protect *themselves* from question and punishment but by putting the Kingdom into blood, under the pretence of their honour of and their love to the Parliament. As if that were dearer to them than to us; or as if they had given greater proof of their faithfulness to it than we.

But we perceive that, under these veils and pretences, they seek to interest in their design the City of London:—as if that City ought to make good their miscarriages, and should prefer a few self-seeking men before the welfare of the Public. And indeed we have found these men so active to accomplish their designs, and to have such apt instruments for their turn in that City, that we have cause to suspect they may engage many therein upon mistakes,—which are easily swallowed, in times of such prejudice against them[16] that have given (we may speak it without vanity) the most public testimony of their good affections to the Public, and to that City in particular.

'As' for the thing we insist upon as Englishmen,—and surely our being Soldiers hath not stript us of that interest, although our malicious enemies would have it so,—we desire a Settlement of the Peace of the Kingdom and of the Liberties of the Subject, according to the Votes and Declarations of Parliament, which,

[15] The Presbyterian leaders in Parliament, Holles, Stapleton, Harley, Waller, &c.

[16] Oblique for 'us.'

before we took arms, were, by the Parliament, used as arguments and inducements to invite us and divers of our dear friends out; some of whom have lost their lives in this War. Which being now, by God's blessing, finished,—we think we have as much right to demand, and desire to see, a happy Settlement, as we have to our money and 'to' the other common interests of Soldiers which we have insisted upon. We find also the ingenuous and honest People, in almost all parts of the Kingdom where we come, full of the sense of ruin and misery if the Army should be disbanded *before* the Peace of the Kingdom, and those other things before mentioned, have a full and perfect Settlement.

We have said before, and profess it now, We desire no alteration of the Civil Government. As little do we desire to interrupt, or in the least to intermeddle with, the settling of the Presbyterial Government. Nor did we seek to open a way for licentious liberty, under pretence of obtaining ease for tender consciences. We profess, as ever in these things, When once the State has made a Settlement, we have nothing to say but to submit or suffer. Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement; this being according to the true policy of all States, and even to justice itself.

These in brief are our Desires, and the things for which we stand; beyond which we shall not go. And for the obtaining of these things, we are drawing near your City;[17]—professing sincerely from our hearts, 'That' we intend not evil towards you; declaring, with all confidence and assurance, That if you appear not against us in these our just desires, to assist that wicked Party which would embroil us and the Kingdom, neither we nor our Soldiers shall give you the least offence. We come not to do any act to prejudice the being of Parliaments, or to the hurt of this 'Parliament' in order to the present Settlement of the Kingdom. We seek the good of all. And we shall wait here, or remove to a farther distance to abide there, if once we be assured that a speedy Settlement of things is in hand,—until it be accomplished. Which done, we shall be most ready, either all of us, or so many of the Army as the Parliament shall think fit,—to disband, or to go for Ireland.

And although you may suppose that a rich City may seem an enticing bait to poor hungry Soldiers to venture far to gain the

[17] That is the remarkable point!

wealth thereof,—yet, if not provoked by you, we do profess, Rather than any such evil should fall out, the soldiers shall make their way through our blood to effect it. And we can say this for most of them, for your better assurance, That they so little value their pay, in comparison of higher concernments to a Public Good, that rather than they will be unrighted in the matter of their honesty and integrity (which hath suffered by the Men they aim at and desire justice upon), or want the settlement of the Kingdom's Peace, and their 'own' and their fellow-subjects' Liberties,—they will lose all. Which may be a strong assurance to you that it's not your wealth they seek, but the things tending in common to your and their welfare. That they may attain 'these,' you shall do like Fellow-Subjects and Brethren if you solicit the Parliament for them, on their behalf.

If after all this, you, or a considerable part of you, be seduced to take up arms in opposition to, or hindrance of, these our just undertakings,—we hope we have, by this brotherly premonition, to the sincerity of which we call God to witness, freed ourselves from all that ruin which may befall that great and populous City; having thereby washed our hands thereof.

We rest,

Your affectionate Friends to serve you,

Thomas Fairfax.	Henry Ireton.
Oliver Cromwell.	Robert Lilburn.
Robert Hammond.	John Desborow.
Thomas Hammond.	Thomas Rainsborow.
Hardress Waller.	John Lambert.
Nathaniel Rich.	Thomas Harrison.*
Thomas Pride.	

This Letter was read next day in the Commons House,[18]—not without emotion. Most respectful answer went from the Guildhall, 'in three coaches with the due number of outriders.'

On June 16th, the Army, still at St. Albans, accuses of treason Eleven Members of the Commons House by name, as chief authors of all these troubles; whom the Honourable House is respectfully required to put upon their Trial, and prevent from voting in the interim. These are the famed Eleven Members; Holles, Waller, Stapleton, Massey are known to us; the whole List, for benefit of historical readers, we subjoin in

* Rushworth, vi. 554.

[18] *Commons Journals*, v. 208.

a Note.[19] They demurred; withdrew; again returned; in fine, had to 'ask leave to retire for six months,' on account of their health, we suppose. They retired swiftly in the end; to France; to deep concealment,—to the Tower otherwise.

The history of these six weeks, till they did retire and the Army had its way, we must request the reader to imagine for himself. Long able Papers, drawn by men of subtle brain and strong sincere heart: the Army retiring always to a safe distance when their Demands are agreed to; straightway advancing if otherwise,—which rapidly produces an agreement. A most remarkable Negotiation; conducted with a method, a gravity and decorous regularity beyond example in such cases. The 'shops' of London were more than once 'shut;' tremor occupying all hearts:—but no harm was done. The Parliament regularly paid the Army; the Army lay coiled round London and the Parliament, now advancing, now receding; saying in the most respectful emblematic way, "Settlement with us and the Godly People, or ——!"—The King, still with the Army, and treated like a King, endeavoured to play his game, 'in meetings at Woburn' and elsewhere; but the two Parties could not be brought to extirpate one another for his benefit.

Towards the end of July, matters seemed as good as settled: the Holles 'Declaration,' that 'blot of ignominy,' being now expunged from the Journals;[20] the Eleven being out; and now at last, the New Militia Ordinance for London (Presbyterian Ordinance brought in by Holles on the 4th of May) being revoked, and matters in that quarter set on their old footing again. The two Parties in Parliament seem pretty equal in numbers; the Presbyterian Party, shorn of its Eleven, is cowed down to the due pitch; and there is now prospect of fair treatment for all the Godly Interest, and such a Settlement with his Majesty as may be the best for that. Towards the end of July, however, London City, torn by factions, but Presbyterian by the great majority, rallies again in a very extraordinary way. Take these glimpses from contemporaneous Whitlocke; and rouse them from their fat somnolency a little.

July 26th. Many young men and Apprentices of London came to the House in a most rude and tumultuous manner; and presented some particular Desires. Desires, That the Eleven may come back; that the

[19] Denzil Holles (Member for Dorchester), Sir Philip Stapleton (Boroughbridge), Sir William Waller (Andover), Sir William Lewis (Petersfield), Sir John Clotworthy (Malden), Recorder Glynn (Westminster), Mr. Anthony Nichols (Bodmin); these Seven are old Members, from the beginning of the Parliament;—the other Four are 'recruiters,' elected since 1645: Major-General Massey (Wootton-Basset), Colonel Walter Long (Ludgershall), Colonel Edward Harley (Herefordshire), Sir John Maynard (Lostwithiel).

[20] Asterisks still in the place of it, *Commons Journals*, 29th March 1647.

Presbyterian Militia Ordinance be *not* revoked,—that the Revocation of it be revoked. Desire, in short, That there be no peace made with Sectaries, but that the London Militia may have a fair chance to fight them!—Drowsy Whitlocke continues; almost as if he were in Paris in the eighteenth century: 'The Apprentices, and many other rude boys 'and mean fellows among them, came into the House of Commons; and 'kept the Door open and their hats on; and called out as they stood, '"Vote, Vote!" and in this arrogant posture stood till the votes passed 'in that way, To repeal the Ordinance for change of the Militia, to' &c. 'In the evening about seven o'clock, some of the Common Council came 'down to the House:' but finding the Parliament and Speaker already *had* been forced, they, astute Common-Council men, ordered their Apprentices to go home again, the work they had set them upon being now finished.[21] This disastrous scene fell out on Monday 26th July 1647: the Houses, on the morrow morning, without farther sitting, adjourned till Friday next.

On Friday next,——behold, the Two Speakers, 'with the Mace,' and many Members of both Houses, have withdrawn; and the Army, lately at Bedford, is on quick march towards London! Alarming pause. 'About noon,' however, the Remainders of the Two Houses, reinforced by the Eleven who reappear for the last time, proceed to elect new Speakers, 'get the City Mace;' order, above all, that there be a vigorous enlistment of forces under General Massey, General Poyntz, and others. 'St. James's Fields' were most busy all Saturday, all Monday; shops all shut; drums beating in all quarters; a most vigorous enlistment going on. Presbyterianism will die with harness on its back. Alas, news come that the Army is at Colnebrook, advancing towards Hounslow; news come that they have rendezvoused at Hounslow, and received the Speakers and fugitive Lords and Commons with shouts. Tuesday 3d August 1647 was such a day as London and the Guildhall never saw before or since! Southwark declares that it will not fight; sends to Fairfax for Peace and a 'sweet composure;' comes to the Guildhall in great crowds petitioning for Peace;—at which sight, General Poyntz, pressing through for orders about his enlistments, loses his last drop of human patience; 'draws his sword' on the whining multitudes, 'slashes several persons, whereof some died.' The game is nearly up. Look into the old Guildhall on that old Tuesday night; the palpitation, tremulous expectation; wooden Gog and Magog themselves almost sweating cold with terror:

'General Massey sent out scouts to Brentfold: but Ten men of the 'Army beat Thirty of his; and took a flag from a Party of the City. 'The City Militia and Common Council sat late; and a great number of 'people attended at Guildhall. When a scout came in and brought news, 'That the Army made a halt; or other good intelligence,—they cry, "One

[21] Whitlocke, p. 263.

'and all!" But if the scouts reported that the Army was advancing 'nearer them, then they would cry as loud, "Treat, treat, treat!" So 'they spent most part of the night. At last they resolved to send the 'General an humble Letter, beseeching him that there might be a way of 'composure.'[22]

On Friday morning was 'a meeting at the Earl of Holland's House in Kensington' (the Holland House that yet stands), and prostrate submission by the Civic Authorities and Parliamentary Remainders; after which the Army marched 'three deep by Hyde Park' into the heart of the City, 'with boughs of laurel in their hats;'—and it was all ended. Fair treatment for all the Honest Party: and the Spiritualism of England shall not be forced to grow in the Presbyterian fashion, however it may grow. Here is another entry from somnolent Bulstrode. The Army soon changes its headquarters to Putney;[23] one of its outer posts is Hampton Court, where his Majesty, obstinate still, but somewhat despondent now of getting the two Parties to extirpate one another, is lodged.

Saturday 'September 18th. After a Sermon in Putney Church, the 'General, many great Officers, Field-Officers, inferior Officers and Adju-'tators, met in the Church; debated the Proposals of the Army' towards a Settlement of this bleeding Nation; 'altered some things in them;—'and were very full of the Sermon, which had been preached by Mr. 'Peters.'[24]

[22] Whitlocke, p. 269.

[23] 28th August, Rushworth, vii. 791.

[24] Whitlocke, p. 272.

LETTERS XLV.—LVIII.

These Fourteen Letters, touching slightly on public affairs, with one or two glimpses into private, must carry us, without commentary, in a very dim way, across to the next stage in Oliver's History and England's: the Flight of the King from Hampton Court and the Army, soon followed by the actual breaking-out of the Second Civil War.

LETTER XLV.

Williams, Archbishop of York, 'hasty hot Welsh Williams,'—whom we once saw, seven years ago, as Bishop of Lincoln, getting jostled in Palaceyard, protesting thereupon, and straightway getting lodged in the Tower,[1]—is to concern us again for one moment. A man once very radiant to men, as obscure as he has now grown: a most high-riding far-shining Solar Luminary in that epoch; obscure to no man in England for thirty years last past! A man of restless mercurial vivacity, of endless superficial dexterity and ingenuity, of next to no real wisdom;—very fit to have swift promotions and sudden eclipses in a Stuart Court; not worthy of much memory otherwise. Of his rapid rises, culminations, miraculous faculties and destinies, to us all useless, indifferent and extinct, let there be silence here,—reference to Bishop Hacket and the Futile Ingenuities.[2]

Archbishop Williams,—for he got delivered from the Tower at that time, and recovered favour, and was 'enthroned Archbishop at York' while his Majesty was raising his War-standard there,—found, after a while, that there was little good to be got of his Archbishophood; that his best weapon would be, not the crosier, but the linstock and cannon-rammer, at present: he went to his Welsh estate of Aberconway, and 'procuring a Commission from his Majesty,' fortified Conway Castle 'at his own expense,' and invited the neighbouring gentry to lodge their plate and valuables there, as in a place of security. Good;—for the

[1] Antea, p. 104.

[2] Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams* (a considerable Folio, London, 1712). Philips's *Life of Williams* (an Octavo Abridgment of that); &c.

space of a year or two. But now, some time ago in the death-throes of the late War, while North Wales was bestirring itself as in last-agony for his Majesty's behoof,—there came a certain Colonel Sir John Owen, of whom we shall hear again: he, this Owen, came before Castle Conway with large tumultuary force; demanded the same in his Majesty's name, to be governed by him Sir John Owen, as essential for his Majesty's occasions at that time. High-sniffing, indignant refusal on the part of Williams: impetuous capture and forcible possession on the part of Owen. Hot Williams, blown all to flame hereby, applied to Colonel Mitton, the Parliamentary Colonel of those parts; said to him, "Expel me this intolerable Owen; Owen out, I will hold this Castle for the Parliament and you,—his Majesty seems nearly done with fighting now." A thing difficult to explain completely to the Royalist mind: Bishop Hacket has his own ados with it; and in stupid Saunderson[3] and others it is one loud howl, "Son of the morning, how art thou fallen!"—

Explained or not, 'my Lord of York' does hold Conway Castle, on those terms, at this date; is taking a certain charge of North Wales in his busy way; and has even been corresponding with Cromwell, on the subject. They had known one another in old years: Buckden, the Bishop of Lincoln's House, is in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon; where Cromwell, it is understood, used occasionally to wait upon him; pleading for oppressed Lecturers and the like,—the Bishop having, from political or other biases, a kind of lenity for Puritans.

Cromwell is very brief with him here; courteous as to an old neighbour rather in eclipse; but evidently wishing to have no unnecessary business with the Governor of Conway. We see he could on occasion jocosely claim 'kindred' with him, as himself a 'Williams:' and that perhaps is the chief interest of this small Document, which the reader will now abundantly understand.

For the Right Honourable my Lord of York: These.

MY LORD, 'Putney,' 1st Sept. 1647.

Your Advices will be seriously considered by us. We shall endeavour, to our uttermost, so to settle the affairs of North Wales as, to the best of our understandings, does most conduce to the public good thereof and of the whole. And that without private respect, or to the satisfaction of any humour,—which has been too much practised on the occasion of our Troubles.

The Drover you mentioned will be secured, as far as we are able, in his affairs, if he come to ask it. Your Kinsman shall be very

[3] *History of Charles I.*

welcome: I shall study to serve him for Kindred's sake; among whom let not be forgotten,

My Lord,
Your cousin and servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

My Lord of York still lived some year or two in Conway Castle; saw his enemy Sir John Owen in trouble enough; but died before long,—chiefly of broken heart for the fate of his Majesty, thinks Bishop Hacket. A long farewell to him.

LETTER XLVI.

THE Marquis of Ormond, a man of distinguished integrity, patience, activity and talent, had done his utmost for the King in Ireland, so long as there remained any shadow of hope there. His last service, as we saw, was to venture secretly on a Peace with the Irish Catholics,—Papists, men of the Massacre of 1641, men of many other massacres, falsities, mad blusterings and confusions,—whom all parties considered as sanguinary Rebels, and regarded with abhorrence. Which Peace, we saw farther, Abbas O'Teague and others threatening to produce excommunication on it, the 'Council of Kilkenny' broke away from,—not in the handsomest manner. Ormond, in this Spring of 1647, finding himself reduced to 'seven barrels of gunpowder' and other extremities, without prospect of help or trustworthy bargain on the Irish side,—agreed to surrender Dublin, and what else he had left, rather to the Parliament than to the Rebels; his Majesty, from England, secretly and publicly advising that course. The Treaty was completed: 'Colonel Michael Jones,' lately Governor of Chester, arrived with some Parliamentary Regiments, with certain Parliamentary Commissioners, on the 7th of June:[4] the surrender was duly effected, and Ormond withdrew to England.

A great English force had been anticipated; but the late quarrel with the Army had rendered that impossible. Jones, with such inadequate force as he had, made head against the Rebels; gained 'a great victory' over them on the 8th of August, at a place called Dungan Hill, not far from Trim:[5] 'the most signal victory we had yet gained;' for which there was thankfulness enough.—Four days before that Sermon by Hugh Peters, followed by the military conclave in Putney Church, Cromwell had addressed this small Letter of Congratulation to Jones, whom, by the tone of it, he does not seem to have as yet personally known:

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (1789), lix. 877.

[4] Carte's *Ormond*, i. 603.

[5] Rushworth, vii. 779; Carte, ii. 5.

For the Honourable Colonel Jones, Governor of Dublin, and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces in Leinster: These.

SIR, 'Putney,' 14th Sept. 1647.

The mutual interest and agreement we have in the same Cause[6] give me occasion, as to congratulate, so 'likewise' abundantly to rejoice in God's gracious Dispensation unto you and by you. We have, both in England and Ireland, found the immediate presence and assistance of God, in guiding and succeeding our endeavours hitherto; and therefore ought, as I doubt not both you and we desire, to ascribe the glories of all to Him, and to improve all we receive from Him unto Him alone.

Though, it may be, for the present a cloud may lie over our actions to those who are not acquainted with the grounds of them; yet we doubt not but God will clear our integrity, and innocency from any other ends we aim at but His glory and the Public Good. And as you are an instrument herein, so we shall, as becometh us, upon all occasions, give you your due honour. For my own particular,—wherein I may have your commands to serve you, you shall find none more ready than he that sincerely desires to approve himself,

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Michael Jones is the name of this Colonel; there are several Colonel Joneses; difficult to distinguish. One of them, Colonel *John* Jones, Member for Merionethshire, and known too in Ireland, became afterwards the Brother-in-law of Cromwell; and ended tragically as a Regicide in 1661. Colonel Michael gained other signal successes in Ireland; welcomed Oliver into it in 1649; and died there soon after of a fever.

One of the remarkablest circumstances of this new Irish Campaign is, that Colonel Monk, George Monk, is again in it. He was taken prisoner, fresh from Ireland, at Nantwich, three years ago. After lying three years in the Tower, seeing his Majesty's affairs now desperate, he has consented to take the Covenant, embark with the Parliament; and is now doing good service in Ulster.

[6] Word uncertain to the Copyist; sense not doubtful.

* Ms. Volume of Letters in Trinity-College Library, Dublin (marked: F. 3. 18), fol. 62. Autograph; docketed by Jones himself, of whom the Volume contains other memorials.

LETTER XLVII.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax: These.

SIR, Putney, 13th Oct. 1647.

The case concerning Captain Middleton hears[7] ill; inasmuch as it is delayed, upon pretences, from coming to a trial. It is not, I humbly conceive, fit that it should stay any longer. The Soldiers complain thereof, and their witnesses have been examined. Captain Middleton, and some others for him, have made stay thereof hitherto.

I beseech your Excellency to give order it may be tried on Friday, or Saturday at farthest, if you please; and that so much may be signified to the Advocate.

Sir, I pray excuse my not-attendance upon you. I feared 'to' miss the House a day, where it's very necessary for me to be. I hope your Excellency will be at the Head-quarter tomorrow, where, if God be pleased, I shall wait upon you.

I rest,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Captain Middleton and his case have vanished completely out of the records; whether it was tried on Saturday, and how decided, will never now be known. Doubtless Fairfax 'signified' somewhat to the Advocate about it, but let us not ask what. 'The Advocate' is called 'John Mills, Esquire, Judge-Advocate;'[8] whose military Law-labours have mostly become silent now. The former Advocate was Dr. Dorislaus; of whom also a word. Dr. Dorislaus, by birth Dutch; appointed Judge-Advocate at the beginning of Essex's campaignings; known afterwards on the King's Trial; and finally, for that latter service, assassinated at the Hague, one evening, by certain highflying Royalist cut-throats, Scotch several of them. The Portraits represent him as a man of heavy, deep-wrinkled, elephantine countenance, pressed down with the labours of life and law; the good ugly man here found his quietus.

The business in the House, 'where it's necessary for me to be' without miss of a sitting, is really important, or at least critical, in these October days: Settlement of Army arrears, duties and arrangements; Tonnage and Poundage; business of the London Violence upon the Parliament (pardoned for the most part); business of Lieutenant-Colonel

[7] sounds. * Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 80. [8] Sprigge, p. 326.

John Lilburn, now growing very noisy;—above all things, final Settlement with the King, if that by any method could be possible. The Army-Parliament too still sits; 'Council of War' with its Adjutators meeting frequently at Putney.[9] In the House, and out of the House, Lieutenant-General Cromwell is busy enough.

This very day, 'Wednesday 13th October 1647,' we find him deep in debate 'On the *farther* establishment of the Presbyterial Government' (for the law is still loose, the Platform, except in London, never fairly on foot); and Teller on no fewer than three divisions. *First*, Shall the Presbyterian Government be limited to three years? Cromwell answers *Yea*, in a House of 73; is beaten by a majority of 3. *Second*, Shall there be a limit of time to it? Cromwell again answers *Yea;* beats, this time, by a majority of 14, in a House now of 74 (some individual having dropt in). *Third*, Shall the limit be seven years? Cromwell answers *Yea;* and in a House still of 74 is beaten by 8. It is finally got settled that the limit of time shall be 'to the end of the next Session of Parliament after the end of this present Session,'—a very vague Period, 'this present session' having itself already proved rather long! Note, too, this is not yet a Law; it is only a Proposal to be made to the King, if his Majesty will concur, which seems doubtful. Debating enough!—Saturday last there was a call of the House, and great quantities of absent Members; '*ægrotantes*,' fallen ill, a good many of them,—sickness being somewhat prevalent in those days of waiting upon Providence.[10]

LETTER XLVIII.

'For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.'

SIR, Putney, 22d Oct. 1647.

Hearing the Garrison of Hull is most distracted in the present government, and that the most faithful and honest Officers have no disposition to serve there any longer under the present Governor; and that it is their earnest desires, with all the trusty and faithful inhabitants of the Town, to have Colonel Overton sent to them to be your Excellency's Deputy over them,—I do humbly offer to your Excellency, Whether it might not be convenient that Colonel Overton be speedily sent down; that so that Garrison may be settled in safe hands. And that your

[9] Rushworth, vii. 849, &c. [10] *Commons Journals*, v. 329; ib. 332.

Excellency would be pleased to send for Colonel Overton, and confer with him about it. That either the Regiment 'now' in the Town may be so regulated as your Excellency may be confident that the Garrison may be secured by them; or otherwise it may be drawn out, and his own Regiment in the Army be sent down thither with him.—But I conceive, if the Regiment in Hull can be made serviceable to your Excellency, and included in the Establishment, it will be better to continue it there, than to bury a Regiment of your Army in the Garrison.

Sir, the expedient will be very necessary, in regard of the present distractions here. This I thought fit to offer to your Excellency's consideration. I shall humbly take leave to subscribe myself,

Your Excellency's
Humble 'and faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.' *

After Hotham's defection and execution, the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax, who had valiantly defended the place, was appointed Governor of Hull; which office had subsequently been conferred on the Generalissimo Sir Thomas, his Son; and was continued to him, on the readjustment of all Garrisons in the Spring of this same year.[11] Sir Thomas therefore was express Governor of Hull at this time. Who the Substitute or Deputy under him was, I do not know. Some Presbyterian man; unfit for the stringent times that had arrived, when no algebraic formula, but only direct vision of the relations of things would suffice a man.

Colonel Overton was actually appointed Governor of Hull: there is a long Letter from the Hull people about Colonel Overton's laying free billet upon them, a Complaint to Fairfax on the subject, next year.[12] He continued long in that capacity; zealously loyal to Cromwell and his cause,[13] till the Protectorship came on. His troubles afterwards, and confused destinies, may again concern us a little.

This Letter is written only three weeks before the King took his flight from Hampton Court. One spark illuminating (very faintly) that huge dark world, big with such results, in the Army's quarters about Putney, and elsewhere!

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 82:—Signature, and all after 'humble,' is torn off. The Letter is not an autograph; it has been dictated, apparently in great haste.

[11] 13th March 1646-7 (*Commons Journals*, v. 111).

[12] 4th March 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii. 1020).

[13] Sir James Turner's *Memoirs*. *Milton State-Papers* (London, 1743), pp. 10, 24, 161,—where the Editor calls him Colonel *Richard* Overton; his name was Robert: 'Richard Overton' is a 'Leveller,' unconnected with him; '*Colonel* Richard Overton' is a non-existence.

LETTER XLIX.

THE immeasurable Negotiations with the King, 'Proposals of the Army,' 'Proposals of the Adjutators of the Army,' still occupying tons of printed paper, the subject of intense debatings and considerations in Westminster, in Putney Church, and in every house and hut of England, for many months past,—suddenly contract themselves for us, like a universe of gaseous vapour, into one small point: the issue of them all is failure. The Army Council, the Army Adjutators, and serious England at large, were in earnest about one thing; the King was not in earnest, except about another thing: there could be no bargain with the King.

Cromwell and the Chief Officers have for some time past ceased frequenting his Majesty or Hampton Court; such visits being looked upon askance by a party in the Army: they have left the matter to Parliament; only Colonel Whalley, with due guard, and Parliament Commissioners, keep watch 'for the security of his Majesty.' In the Army, his Majesty's real purpose becoming now apparent, there has arisen a very terrible 'Levelling Party;' a class of men demanding punishment not only of Delinquents, and Deceptive Persons who have involved this Nation in blood, but of the 'Chief Delinquent:' minor Delinquents getting punished, how should the Chief Delinquent go free? A class of men dreadfully in earnest;—to whom a King's Cloak is no impenetrable screen; who within the King's Cloak discern that there is a Man, accountable to a God! The Chief Officers, except when officially called, keep distant: hints have fallen that his Majesty is not out of danger.—In the Commons Journals this is what we read:

'*Friday* 12*th November* 1647. A Letter from Lieutenant-General 'Cromwell, of 11th November, twelve at night, was read; signifying 'the escape of the King; who went away about 9 o'clock yesterday' evening.[14]

Cromwell, we suppose, lodging in head-quarters about Putney, had been roused on Thursday night by express That the King was gone; had hastened off to Hampton Court; and there about 'twelve at night' despatched a Letter to Speaker Lenthall. The Letter, which I have some confused recollection of having, somewhere in the Pamphletary Chaos, seen in full, refuses to disclose itself at present except as a Fragment:

[14] *Commons Journals*, v. 356.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

'SIR,' 'Hampton Court, Twelve at night, 11th Nov. 1647.'

* * * * Majesty * * withdrawn himself * * at nine o'clcck.

The manner is variously reported; and we will say little of it at present, but That his Majesty was expected at supper, when the Commissioners and Colonel Whalley missed him; upon which they entered the Room:—they found his Majesty had left his cloak behind him in the Gallery in the Private Way. He passed, by the back stairs and vault, towards the Water-side.

He left some Letters upon the table in his withdrawing room, of his own handwriting; whereof one was to the Commissioners of Parliament attending him, to be communicated to both Houses, 'and is here enclosed.'

* * *

'OLIVER CROMWELL.' *

We do not give his Majesty's Letter 'here enclosed:' it is that well-known one where he speaks, in very royal style, still every inch a King, Of the restraints and slights put upon him,—men's obedience to their King seeming much abated of late. So soon as *they* return to a just temper, "I shall instantly break through this cloud of retirement, and show myself ready to be *Pater Patriæ*,"—as I have hitherto done.

LETTER L.

THE Ports are all ordered to be shut; embargo laid on ships. Read in the Commons Journals again: '*Saturday* 13*th Nov.* Colonel Whalley 'was called in; and made a particular Relation of all the circumstances 'concerning the King's going away from Hampton Court. He did like-'wise deliver-in a Letter directed unto him from Lieutenant-General 'Cromwell, concerning some rumours and reports of some design of danger 'to the person and life of the King: The which was read. *Ordered*, 'That Colonel Whalley do put in writing the said Relation, and set his 'hand to it; and That he do leave a Copy of the said Letter from 'Lieutenant-General Cromwell.' [15]

* Rushworth, vii. 871.

[15] *Commons Journals*, v. 358.

Colonel Whalley's Relation exists; and a much fuller Relation and pair of Relations concerning this Flight and what preceded and followed it, as viewed from the Royalist side, by two parties to the business, exist:[16] none of which shall concern us here. Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to Whalley also exists; a short insignificant Note: here it is, fished from the Dust-Abysses, which refuse to disclose the other. Whalley is 'Cousin Whalley,' as we may remember; Aunt Frances's and the Squire of Kerton's Son,—a Nottinghamshire man.[17]

'*For my beloved Cousin, Colonel Whalley, at Hampton Court: These.*'

DEAR COS. WHALLEY, 'Putney, Nov. 1647.'

There are rumours abroad of some intended attempt on his Majesty's person. Therefore I pray have a care of your guards. If any such thing should be done, it would be accounted a most horrid act. * * *

Yours,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

See, among the Old Pamphlets, Letters to the like effect from Royalist Parties: also a Letter of thanks from the King to Whalley;—ending with a desire, 'to send the black-gray bitch to the Duke of Richmond,' on the part of his Majesty: Letters from &c., Letters to &c., in great quantities.[18] For us here this brief notice of one Letter shall suffice:

'*Monday* 15*th November* 1647. Letter from Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, *Cowes*, 13° *Novembris*, signifying 'that the King is come into the Isle of Wight.'[19] The King, after a night and a day of riding, saw not well whither else to go. He delivered himself to Robert Hammond;[20] came into the Isle of Wight. Robert Hammond is ordered to keep him strictly within Carisbrook Castle and the adjoining grounds, in a vigilant though altogether respectful manner.

This same 'Monday' when Hammond's Letter arrives in London is the day of the mutinous Rendezvous 'in Corkbush Field, between Hertford

[16] Berkley's *Memoirs* (printed, London, 1699); Ashburnham's *Narrative* (printed, London, 1830);—which require to be sifted, and contrasted with each other and with third parties, by whoever is still curious on this matter; each of these Narratives being properly a Pleading, intended to clear the Writer of all blame, in the first place.

[17] See antea, p. 25, note.

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 337, § 15, p. 7.

[18] *Parliamentary History*, xvi. 324-30.

[19] *Commons Journals*, in die (v. 359).

[20] Berkley's and Ashburnham's *Narratives*.

and Ware;'[21] where Cromwell and the General Officers had to front the Levelling Principle, in a most dangerous manner, and trample it out or be trampled out by it on the spot. Eleven Mutineers are ordered from the ranks; tried by Court-Martial on the Field; three of them condemned to be shot;—throw dice for their life, and one *is* shot, there and then. The name of him is Arnald; long memorable among the Levellers. A very dangerous Review service! — Head-quarters now change to Windsor.

LETTER LI.

A SMALL charitable act, for one who proved not very worthy. Friends of a young gentleman in trouble, Mr. Dudley Wyatt by name, have drawn this word from the Lieutenant-General, who on many grounds is powerful at Cambridge.

'*To Dr. Thomas Hill, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.*'

SIR, Windsor, 23d Dec. 1647.

As I am informed, this Gentleman the Bearer hereof, in the year 1641, had leave of his College to travel into Ireland for seven years; and in his absence, he (being then actually employed against the Rebels in that Kingdom) was ejected out of his College by a mistake,—the College Registry being not looked into, to inquire the cause of his non-residence.

I cannot therefore but think it a just and reasonable request, That he be readmitted to all the benefits, rights and privileges which he enjoyed before that ejection; and therefore desire you would please to effect it accordingly. Wherein you shall do a favour will be owned by

Your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[21] Rushworth, vii. 875.

* 'Muniment Room, Trinity College, Cambridge (Collection entitled *Papers 'relating to Trinity Coll.*, vol. 3): a Transcript, Original now not forthcoming, '—docketed in the hand of one Porter, Clerk to Thomas Parne, about 1724, '*L. P. Cromwell's Letter concerning Sir Dudley Wyatt.*' (Communicated by the Rev. J. Edleston, Fellow of Trinity, March 1849.)—Harl. MSS., no. 7053, f. 153 b.: printed, from the latter, in Hartshorne's *Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge* (London, 1829), p. 277. The Harl. MSS. copy adds: 'N.B. Upon this Letter Sir Dudley Wyatt was readmitted,'—but did not stay, as would appear.

Dudley Wyatt, Scholar of Trinity College, 25th April 1628; B.A., 1631; Fellow, 4th October 1633; vanishes from the Bursar's Books in 1645: no notice of him farther, or of any effect produced by the Lieutenant-General's Letter on his behalf, is found in the College records. Indeed, directly after this Letter, the young gentleman, of a roving turn at any rate, appears to have discovered that there was new war and mischief in the wind, and better hope at Court than at College for a youth of spirit. He went to France to the Queen (as we may gather); went and came; developed himself into a busy spy and intriguer;—attained to Knighthood, to be the '*Sir* Dudley Wyatt' of Clarendon's History;[22] whom, and not us, he shall henceforth concern.

LETTER LII.

Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, who has for the present become so important to England, is a young man 'of good parts and principles:' a Colonel of Foot; served formerly as Captain under Massey in Gloucester;—where, in October 1644, he had the misfortune to kill a brother Officer, one Major Gray, in sudden duel, 'for giving him the lie;' he was tried, but acquitted, the provocation being great. He has since risen to be Colonel, and become well known. Originally of Chertsey, Surrey; his Grandfather, and perhaps his Father, a Physician there. His Uncle, Thomas Hammond, is now Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance; a man whom, with this Robert, we saw busy in the Army Troubles last year. The Lieutenant-General, Thomas Hammond, persists in his democratic course; patron at this time of the Adjutator speculations; sits afterwards as a King's-Judge.

In strong contrast with whom is another Uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, a pattern-flower of loyalty, one of his Majesty's favourite Chaplains. It was Uncle Thomas that first got this young Robert a Commission in the Army: but Uncle Henry had, in late months, introduced him to his Majesty at Hampton Court, as an ingenuous youth, repentant, or at least sympathetic and not without loyalty. Which Circumstance, it is supposed, had turned the King's thoughts in that bewildered Flight of his, towards Colonel Robert and the Isle of Wight.

Colonel Robert, it would seem, had rather disliked the high course things were sometimes threatening to take, in the Putney Council of War; and had been glad to get out of it for a quiet Governorship at a distance. But it now turns out, he has got into still deeper difficulties

[22] ii. 959, iii. 22, &c.

thereby. His 'temptation' when the King announced himself as in the neighbourhood, had been great: Shall he obey the King in this crisis; conduct the King whitherward his Majesty wishes? Or be true to his trust and the Parliament? He 'grew suddenly pale;'—he decided as we saw.

The Isle of Wight, holding so important a deposit, is put under the Derby-House Committee, old 'Committee of Both Kingdoms,' some additions being made thereto, and some exclusions. Oliver is of it, and Philip Lord Wharton, among others. Lord Wharton, a conspicuous Puritan and intimate of Oliver's; of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to say somewhat.

This Committee of Derby House was, of course, in continual communication with Robert Hammond. Certain of their Letters to him had, after various fortune, come into the hands of the Honourable Mr. Yorke (Lord Hardwicke); and were lying in his house, when it and they were, in 1752, accidentally burnt. A Dr. Joseph Litherland had, by good luck, taken copies; Thomas Birch, lest fire should again intervene, printed the Collection,—a very thin Octavo, London, 1764. He has given some introductory account of Robert Hammond; copying, as we do mainly here, from Wood's *Athenæ;*[23] and has committed—as who does not?—several errors. His Annotations are sedulous but ineffectual. What of the Letters are from Oliver we extract with thanks.

'Our brethren' in the following Letter are the Scots, now all *excluded* from Derby-House Committee of Both Kingdoms. The 'Recorder' is Glyn, one of the vanished Eleven, Stapleton being another; for both of whom it has been necessary to appoint substitutes in the said Committee.

For Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight: These, for the Service of the Kingdom. Haste: Post Haste.

'London,' 3d Jan. 1647.
(My Lord Wharton's, near Ten at night.)

DEAR ROBIN,

Now, blessed be God, I can write and thou receive freely. I never in my life saw more deep sense, and less will to show it unchristianly, than in that which thou didst write to us when we were at Windsor, and thou in the midst of thy temptation,—which indeed, by what we understand of it, was a great one, and occasioned[24] the greater by the Letter the General sent thee; of which thou wast not mistaken when thou didst challenge me to be the penner.[25]

How good has God been to dispose all to mercy! And although

[23] iii. 500. [24] rendered. [25] See antea, p. 242.

it was trouble for the present, yet glory has come out of it; for which we praise the Lord with thee and for thee. And truly thy carriage has been such as occasions much honour to the name of God and to religion. Go on in the strength of the Lord; and the Lord be still with thee.

But, dear Robin, this business hath been, I trust, a mighty providence to this poor Kingdom and to us all. The House of Commons is very sensible of the King's dealings, and of our brethren's,[25] in this late transaction. You should do well, if you have anything that may discover juggling, to search it out, and let us know it. It may be of admirable use at this time; because we shall, I hope, instantly go upon business in relation to them,[26] tending to prevent danger.

The House of Commons has this day voted as follows: 1st, They will make no more Addresses to the King; 2nd, None shall apply to him without leave of the Two Houses, upon pain of being guilty of high treason; 3rd, They will receive nothing from the King, nor shall any other bring anything to them from him, nor receive anything from the King; *lastly*, the Members of both Houses who were of the Committee of Both Kingdoms are established in all that power in themselves, for England and Ireland, which they 'formerly' had to act with England and Scotland; and Sir John Evelyn of Wilts is added in the room of Mr. Recorder, and Nathaniel Fiennes in the room of Sir Philip Stapleton, and my Lord of Kent in the room of the Earl of Essex.[27] I think it good you take notice of this; the sooner the better.

Let us know how it is with you in point of strength, and what you need from us. Some of us think the King well with you, and that it concerns us to keep that Island in great security, because of the French, &c.: and if so,[28] where can the King be better? If you have more force 'sent,' you will be sure of full provision for them.

The Lord bless thee. Pray for
Thy dear friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[25] the Scots. [26] Ibid.

[27] Essex is dead; Stapleton, one of the Eleven who went to France, is dead; Recorder Glyn, another of them, is in the Tower. For the 'Votes,' see *Commons Journals*, v. 415 (3d January 1647-8).

[28] if we do secure and fortify it.

* Birch's *Hammond Letters*, p. 23. Given also in Harris, p. 497.

In these same days noisy Lilburn has accused Cromwell of meaning or having meant to make his own bargain with the King, and be Earl of Essex and a great man. Noisy John thinks all great men, especially all Lords, ought to be brought low. The Commons have him at their bar in this month.[29]

LETTER LIII.

HERE, by will of the Destinies preserving certain bits of paper and destroying others, there introduces itself a little piece of Domesticity; a small family-transaction, curiously enough peering through by its own peculiar rent, amid these great world-transactions: Marriage-treaty for Richard Cromwell, the Lieutenant-General's eldest Son.

What Richard has been doing hitherto no Biographer knows. In spite of Noble, I incline to think he too had been in the Army; in October last there are two Sons mentioned expressly as being officers there: 'One of his Sons, Captain of the General's Lifeguard; his other Son, Captain of a troop in Colonel Harrison's Regiment,'—so greedy is he of the Public Money to his own family![30] Richard is now heir-apparent; our poor Boy Oliver therefore, 'Cornet Oliver,' we know not in the least where, must have died. "It went to my heart like a dagger; indeed it did!" The phrase of the Pamphlet itself, we observe, is 'his other Son,' not '*one* of his other Sons,' as if there were now but two left. If Richard was ever in the Army, which these probabilities may dimly intimate, the Lifeguard, a place for persons of consequence, was the likeliest for him. The Captain in Harrison's Regiment will in that case be Henry.—The Cromwell family, as we laboriously guess and gather, has about this time removed to London. Richard, if ever in the Lifeguard, has now quitted it: an idle fellow, who could never relish soldiering in such an Army; he now wishes to retire to Arcadian felicity and wedded life in the country.

The 'Mr. M.' of this Letter is Richard Mayor, Esquire, of Hursley, Hants,[31] the young lady's father. Hursley, not far from Winchester, is still a manorhouse, but no representative of Richard Mayor's has now place there or elsewhere. The treaty, after difficulties, did take effect. Mayor, written also Major and Maijor, a pious prudent man, becomes better known to Oliver, to the world and to us in the sequel. Richard Norton, Member for Hants since 1645, is his neighbour; an old fellow-

[29] 19th January, *Commons Journals*, v. 437.

[30] 5th October 1647 (Royalist Newspaper, citing a Pamphlet of Lilburn's), *Cromwelliana*, p. 36.

[31] Noble, ii. 436-42.

soldier under Manchester, fellow-colonel in the Eastern Association, seemingly very familiar with Oliver, he is applied to on this delicate occasion.

For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.

DEAR NORTON, 'London,' 25th Feb. 1647.

I have sent my Son over to thee, being willing to answer Providence; and although I had an offer of a very great proposition, from a father, of his daughter, yet truly I rather incline to this in my thoughts; because, though the other be very far greater, yet I see difficulties, and not that assurance of godliness, —though indeed of fairness. I confess that which is told me concerning the estate of Mr. M. is more than I can look for, as things now stand.

If God please to bring it about, the consideration of piety in the Parents, and such hopes of the Gentlewoman in that respect, make the business to me a great mercy; concerning which I desire to wait upon God.

I am confident of thy love; and desire things may be carried with privacy. The Lord do His will: that's best;—to which submitting, I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What other Father it was that made 'the offer of a very great proposition' to Oliver, in the shape of his Daughter as Wife to Oliver's Son, must remain totally uncertain for the present; perhaps some glimpse of it may turn up by and by. There were 'difficulties' which Oliver did not entirely see through; there was not that assurance of 'godliness' in the house, though there was of 'fairness' and natural integrity; in short, Oliver will prefer Mayor, at least will try him,—and wishes it carried with privacy.

The Commons, now dealing with Delinquents, do not forget to reward good Servants, to 'conciliate the Grandees,' as splenetic Walker calls it. For above two years past, ever since the War ended, there has been talk and debate about settling 2,500*l.* a-year on Lieutenant-General Cromwell; but difficulties have arisen. First they tried Basing-House Lands, the Marquis of Winchester's, whom Cromwell had demolished; but the

* Harris, p. 501. Copy of this, and of the next Two Letters to Norton, by Birch, in Ayscough MSS. 4162, f. 56, &c.

Marquis's affairs were in disorder; it was gradually found the Marquis had for most part only a Life-rent there:—only 'Abbotston and Itchin' in that quarter could be realised. Order thereupon to settle 'Lands of Papists and Delinquents' to the requisite amount, wheresoever convenient. To settle especially what Lands the Marquis of Worcester had in that 'County of Southampton;' which was done,—though still with insufficient result.[32] Then came the Army Quarrels, and an end of such business. But now in the Commons Journals, 7th March, the very day of Oliver's next Letter, this is what we read:[33] 'An Ordinance for 'passing unto Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Lieutenant-General, certain 'Lands and Manors in the Counties of Gloucester, Monmouth and 'Glamorgan, late the Earl of Worcester's, was this day read the third 'time and, upon the question, passed; and ordered to be sent unto the 'Lords for their concurrence.' Oliver himself, as we shall find, has been dangerously sick. This is what Clement Walker, the splenetic Presbyterian, 'an elderly gentleman of low stature, in a gray suit, with a little stick in his hand,' reports upon the matter of the Grant:

'The 7th of March, an Ordinance to settle 2,500*l.* a-year of Land, out 'of the Marquis of Worcester's Estate,'—old Marquis of Worcester at Ragland, father of my Lord Glamorgan, who in his turn became Marquis of Worcester and wrote the Century of Inventions,—2,500*l.* a-year out of this old Marquis's Estate 'upon Lieutenant-General Cromwell! I 'have heard some gentlemen that know the Manor of Chepstow and the 'other Lands affirm' that in reality they are worth 5,000*l.* or even 6,000*l.* a-year;—which is far from the fact, my little elderly friend! 'You see,' continues he, 'though they have not made King Charles "a Glorious 'King,"' as they sometimes undertook, 'they have settled a Crown-'Revenue upon Oliver, and have made *him* as glorious a King as ever 'John of Leyden was!'[34]——A very splenetic old gentleman in gray;—verging towards Pride's Purge, and lodgment in the Tower, I think! He is from the West; known long since in Gloucester Siege; Member now for Wells; but terminates in the Tower, with ink, and abundant *gall* in it, to write the History of Independency there.

[32] *Commons Journals* (iv. 416), 23d January 1645-6: the Marquis of *Worcester's* Hampshire Lands. Ib. 426, a week afterwards: 'Abberston and Itchell,' meaning Abbotston and Itchin, Marquis of *Winchester's* there. See also Letter of Oliver St. John to Cromwell, in *Thurloe*, i. 75.—*Commons Journals* (v. 36) about a year afterwards, 7th January 1646-7: 'remainder of the 2,500*l.*' from Marquis of Winchester's Lands in general; which in a fortnight more is found to be impossible: whereupon 'Lands of Delinquents and Papists,' as in the Text. None of these Hampshire Lands, except Abbotston and Itchin, are named. Noble says, 'Fawley Park' in the same County; which is possible enough.

[33] v. 482.

[34] *History of Independency* (London, 1648), part i. 83 and 55.

LETTER LIV.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies, 'at Windsor:' These.

SIR, 'London,' 7th March 1647.

It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a Father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of! The best men according to the flesh, and things, are lighter than vanity. I find this only good, To love the Lord and His poor despised people, to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them:—and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being confirmed to Christ and the rest of the Body [35]) participate in the glory of a Resurrection which will answer all.[36]

Sir, I must thankfully confess your favour in your last Letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly, to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love,—which when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your Lady, to whom I wish all happiness, and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes

Your Excellency's
Most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, Mr. Rushworth will write to you about the Quartering, and the Letter lately sent; and therefore I forbear.*

[35] Christ's Body, his Church.

[36] Turns now to the margin of the sheet, lengthwise.

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 79.

FREE OFFER.

From the Committee of the Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House, Sir John Evelyn reports a certain Offer from Lieutenant-General Cromwell; which is read in the words following:

'*To the Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons for the Affairs of Ireland, sitting at Derby House: The Offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell for the Service of Ireland.*'

21° Martii 1647.

The two Houses of Parliament having lately bestowed 1,680*l.* *per annum* upon me and my heirs, out of the Earl of Worcester's Estate; the necessity of affairs requiring assistance, I do hereby offer One-thousand Pounds annually to be paid out of the rents of the said lands; that is to say, 500*l.* out of the next Michaelmas rent, and so on, by the half year, for the space of five years, if the War in Ireland shall so long continue, or that I live so long: to be employed for the service of Ireland, as the Parliament shall please to appoint; provided the said yearly rent of 1,680*l.* become not to be suspended by war or other accident.

And whereas there is an arrear of Pay due unto me whilst I was Lieutenant-General unto the Earl of Manchester, of about 1,500*l.*, audited and stated; as also a great arrear due for about Two Years being Governor of the Isle of Ely: I do hereby discharge the State from all or any claim to be made by me thereunto.

Oliver Cromwell.*

'*Ordered*, That the House doth accept the Free Offer of Lieutenant-'General Cromwell, testifying his zeal and good affection.' My splenetic little gentleman in gray, with the little stick in his hand, takes no notice of this; which modifies materially what the Chepstow Connoisseurs and their 'five or six thousand a-year' reported lately!

* *Commons Journals*, v. 513.

LETTER LV.

HERE is Norton and the Marriage again. Here are news out of Scotland that the Malignant Party, the Duke of Hamilton's Faction, are taking the lead there; and about getting-up an Army to attack us, and deliver the King from Sectaries:[37] Reverend Stephen Marshall reports the news. Let us read:

For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.

DEAR DICK, Farnham, 28th March 1648.

It had been a favour indeed to have met you here at Farnham. But I hear you are a man of great business; therefore I say no more:—if it be a favour to the House of Commons to enjoy you, what is it to me! But, in good earnest, when will you and your Brother Russel be a little honest, and attend your charge there? Surely some expect it; especially the good fellows who chose you!—

I have met with Mr. Mayor; we spent two or three hours together last night. I perceive the gentleman is very wise and honest; and indeed much to be valued. Some things of common fame[38] did a little stick: I gladly heard his doubts, and gave such answer as was next at hand,—I believe, to some satisfaction. Nevertheless I exceedingly liked the gentleman's plainness and free dealing with me. I know God has been above all ill reports, and will in His own time vindicate me; I have no cause to complain. I see nothing but that this particular business between him and me may go on. The Lord's will be done.

For news out of the North there is little; only the Malignant Party is prevailing in the Parliament of Scotland. They are earnest for a war; the Ministers[39] oppose as yet. Mr. Marshall is returned, who says so. And so do many of our Letters. Their great Committee of Danger have two Malignants for one right. It's said they have voted an Army of 40,000 in Parliament; so say some of Yesterday's Letters. But I account my news ill bestowed, because upon an idle person.

[37] Rushworth, vii. 1040, &c.

[38] Against myself:—'favour for Sectaries,' and so forth.

[39] Clergy.

I shall take speedy course in the business concerning my Tenants; for which, thanks. My service to your Lady. I am really,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Had Cromwell come out to Farnham on military business? Kent is in a ticklish state; it broke out some weeks hence in open insurrection,[40] —as did many other places, when once the 'Scotch Army of 40,000' became a certainty.

'The business concerning my Tenants' will indicate that in Hampshire, within ken of Norton, in Fawley Park, in Itchin, Abbotston, or elsewhere, 'my Tenants' are felling wood, cutting copses, or otherwise not behaving to perfection: but they shall be looked to.

For the rest, Norton really ought to attend his duties in Parliament! In earnest 'an idle fellow,' as Oliver in sport calls him. Given to Presbyterian notions; was purged out by Pride; came back; dwindled ultimately into Royalism. 'Brother Russel' means only, brother Member. He is the Frank Russel of the Letter on Marston Moor. Now Sir Francis; and sits for Cambridgeshire. A comrade of Norton's; seemingly now in his neighbourhood, possibly on a visit to him.

The attendance on the House in these months is extremely thin; the divisions range from 200 to as low as 70. Nothing going on but Delinquents' fines, and abstruse negotiations with the Isle of Wight, languid Members prefer the country till some result arrive.

LETTER LVI.

HERE is a new phasis of the Wedding-treaty; which, as seems, 'doth now a little stick.' Prudent Mr. Mayor insists on his advantages; nor is the Lieutenant-General behindhand. What 'lands' all these of Oliver's are, in Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Hampshire, no Biographer now knows. Portions of the Parliamentary Grants above alluded to; perhaps 'Purchases by Debentures,' some of them. Soldiers could seldom get their Pay in money; with their 'Debentures' they had to purchase Forfeited Lands;—a somewhat uncertain investment of an uncertain currency.

* Harris, p. 502.

[40] 24th or 25th May 1648 (Rushworth, vii. 1128).

The Mr. Robinson mentioned in this Letter is a pious Preacher at Southampton.[41] 'My two little Wenches' are Mary and Frances: Mary aged now near twelve: Frances ten.[42]

'*For my noble Friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.*'

DEAR NORTON, 'London,' 3d April 1648.

I could not in my last give you a perfect account of what passed between me and Mr. Mayor; because we were to have a conclusion of our speed that morning after I wrote my Letter to you.[43] Which we had; and having had a full view of one another's minds, we parted with this: That both would consider with our relations, and according to satisfactions given there, acquaint one another with our minds.

I cannot tell better how to do, 'in order' to give or receive satisfaction, than by you; who, as I remember, in your last, said That, if things did stick between us, you would use your endeavour towards a close.

The things insisted upon were these, as I take it: Mr. Mayor desired 400*l. per annum* of Inheritance, lying in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, to be presently settled,[44] and to be for maintenance; wherein I desired to be advised by my Wife. I offered the Land in Hampshire for present maintenance; which I dare say, with copses and ordinary fells,[45] will be, *communibus annis*, 500*l. per annum;* and besides 'this,' 500*l. per annum* in Tenants' hands holding but for one life; and about 300*l. per annum*, some for two lives, some for three lives.—But as to this, if the latter offer be not liked of, I shall be willing a farther conference be held in 'regard to' the first.

In point of jointure I shall give satisfaction. And as to the settlement of lands given me by the Parliament, satisfaction to be given in like manner, according as we discoursed. 'And' in what else was demanded of me, I am willing, so far as I remember any demand was, to give satisfaction. Only, I having been informed by Mr. Robinson that Mr. Mayor did, upon a former match, offer to settle the Manor wherein he lived, and to give 2,000*l.* in money, I did insist upon that; and do desire it may not be with difficulty. The money I shall need for my two little Wenches; and thereby I shall free my Son from being charged with them. Mr. Mayor

[41] Harris, p. 504. [42] See antea, p. 62. [43] Letter LV.
[44] on the Future Pair. [45] fellings.

parts with nothing at present but that money; except the board 'of the young Pair,' which I should not be unwilling to give them, to enjoy the comfort of their society;—which it's reason he smart for, if he will rob me altogether of them.

Truly the land to be settled,—both what the Parliament gives me, and my own,—is very little less than 3,000*l.* *per annum*, all things considered, if I be rightly informed. And a Lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, having searched all the Marquis of Worcester's writings, which were taken at Ragland and sent for by the Parliament, and this Gentleman appointed by the Committee to search the said writings,—assures me there is no scruple concerning the title. And it so fell out that this Gentleman who searched was my own Lawyer, a very godly able man, and my dear friend; which I reckon no small mercy. He is also possessed of the writings for me.[46]

I thought fit to give you this account; desiring you to make such use of it as God shall direct you: and I doubt not but you will do the part of a friend between two friends. I account myself one; and I have heard you say Mr. Mayor was entirely so to you. What the good pleasure of God is, I shall wait; there alone is rest. Present my service to your Lady, to Mr. Mayor, &c. I rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I desire you to carry this business with all privacy. I beseech you to do so, as you love me. Let me entreat you not to lose a day herein, that I may know Mr. Mayor's mind; for I think I may be at leisure for a week to attend this business, to give and take satisfaction; from which perhaps I may be shut up afterwards by employment.[47] I know thou art an idle fellow: but prithee neglect me not now; delay may be very inconvenient to me: I much rely upon you. Let me hear from you in two or three days. I confess the principal consideration as to me, is the absolute settlement 'by Mr. Mayor' of the Manor where he lives; which he would not do but conditionally, in case they have a son, and but 3,000*l.* in case they have no son. But as to this, I hope farther reason may work him to more.*

[46] holds these Ragland Documents on my behalf.

[47] Went to Wales in May.

* Harris, p. 502.

Of 'my two little Wenches,' Mary, we may repeat, became Lady Fauconberg; Frances was wedded to the Honourable Mr. Rich, then to Sir John Russell. Elizabeth and Bridget are already Mrs. Claypole and Mrs. Ireton. Elizabeth, the younger, was first married. They were all married very young; Elizabeth, at her wedding, was little turned of sixteen.

LETTER LVII.

For Colonel Robert Hammond.

DEAR ROBIN, 'London,' 6th April 1648.

Your business is done in the House: your 10*l.* by the week is made 20*l.*; 1000*l.* given you; and Order to Mr. Lisle to draw-up an Ordinance for 500*l.* *per annum* to be settled upon you and your heirs. This was done with smoothness; your friends were not wanting to you. I know thy burden; this is an addition to it: the Lord direct and sustain thee.

Intelligence came to the hands of a very considerable Person, That the King attempted to get out of his window; and that he had a cord of silk with him whereby to slip down, but his breast was so big the bar would not give him passage. This was done in one of the dark nights about a fortnight ago. A Gentleman with you led him the way, and slipped down. The Guard, that night, had some quantity of wine with them. The same party assures that there is aquafortis gone down from London, to remove that obstacle which hindered; and that the same design is to be put in execution in the next dark nights. He saith that Captain Titus, and some others about the King are not to be trusted. He is a very considerable Person of the Parliament who gave this intelligence, and desired it should be speeded to you.

The Gentleman that came out of the window was Master Firebrace; the Gentlemen doubted are Cresset, Burrowes, and Titus; the time when this attempt of escape was, the 20th of March

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Birch, p. 41. The Original in cipher.

Henry Firebrace is known to Birch, and his *Narrative* is known. 'He became Clerk of the Kitchen to Charles II.'—The old Books are full of King's Plots for escape, by aquafortis and otherwise.[48] His Majesty could make no agreement with the Parliament, and began now to smell War in the wind. His presence in this or the other locality might have been of clear advantage. But Hammond was too watchful. Titus, with or without his new horse, attends upon his Majesty; James Harrington also (afterwards author of *Oceana*); and 'the Honourable Thomas Herbert,' who has left a pleasing *Narrative* concerning that affair. These, though appointed by the Parliament, are all somewhat in favour with the King. Hammond's Uncle the Chaplain, as *too* favourable, was ordered out of the Island about Christmas last.

LETTER LVIII.

'The Gentleman I mentioned to you,' who is now travelling towards Dover with this hopeful Note in his pocket, must remain forever anonymous. Of Kenrick I have incidentally heard, at Worcester Fight or elsewhere; but of 'the Gentleman' nowhere ever. A Shadow, sunk deep, with all his business, in the Land of Shadows; yet still indisputably visible there: that is the miracle of him!

To Colonel Kenrick, 'Lieutenant of Dover Castle: These.'

SIR, 'London,' 18th April 1648.

This is the Gentleman I mentioned to you. I am persuaded you may be confident of his fidelity to you in the things you will employ him in.

I conceive he is fit for any Civil employment; having been bred towards the Law, and having besides very good parts. He hath been a Captain-Lieutenant: and therefore I hope you will put such a value on him, in 'the' Civil way, as one that hath borne such a place shall be thought by you worthy of. Whereby you will much oblige,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I expect to hear from you about your defects in the Castle, that so you may be timely supplied.*

'Defects in the Castle,' and in all Castles, were good to be amended speedily,—in such predicaments as we are now again on the eve of.

[48] Lilly's *Life;* Wood, § Hammond; &c. &c.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (1791), lxi. 520; without comment or indication of any kind.

PRAYER-MEETING.

The Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, 'to deliver the King from Sectaries,' is not a fable but a fact. Scotland is distracted by dim disastrous factions, very uncertain what it will do with the King when he *is* delivered; but in the meanwhile Hamilton has got a majority in the Scotch Parliament; and drums are beating in that country: the 'Army of Forty-thousand, certainly coming,' hangs over England like a flaming comet, England itself being all very combustible too. In few weeks hence, discontented Wales, the Presbyterian Colonels declaring now for Royalism, will be in a blaze; large sections of England, all England very ready to follow, will shortly after be in a blaze.

The small Governing Party in England, during those early months of 1648, are in a position which might fill the bravest mind with misgivings. Elements of destruction everywhere under and around them; their lot either to conquer, or ignominiously to die. A King not to be bargained with; kept in Carisbrook, the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues: that is one element. A great Royalist Party, subdued with difficulty, and ready at all moments to rise again: that is another. A great Presbyterian Party, at the head of which is London City, 'the Purse-bearer of the Cause,' highly dissatisfied at the course things had taken, and looking desperately round for new combinations and a new struggle: reckon that for a third element. Add lastly a headlong Mutineer, Republican, or Levelling Party: and consider that there is a working House of Commons which counts about Seventy, divided in pretty equal halves too,—the rest waiting what will come of it. Come of *it*, and of the Scotch Army advancing towards it!—

Cromwell, it appears, deeply sensible of all this, does in these weeks make strenuous repeated attempts towards at least a union among the friends of the Cause themselves, whose aim is one, whose peril is one. But to little effect. Ludlow, with visible satisfaction, reports how ill the Lieutenant-General sped, when he brought the Army Grandees and Parliament Grandees 'to a Dinner' at his own house 'in King Street,' and urged a cordial agreement: they would not draw together at all.[1] Parliament would not agree with Army; hardly Parliament with itself: as little, still less, would Parliament and City agree. At a Common

[1] Ludlow, i. 238.

Council in the City, prior or posterior to this Dinner, his success, as angry little Walker intimates, was the same. 'Saturday 8th April 1648,' having prepared the ground beforehand, Cromwell with another leader or two, attended a Common Council; spake, as we may fancy, of the common dangers, of the gulfs now yawning on every side: 'but the City,' chuckles my little gentleman in gray, with a very shrill kind of laughter in the throat of him, 'were now wiser than our First Parents; and rejected the Serpent and his subtleties.'[2] In fact, the City wishes well to Hamilton and his Forty-thousand Scots; the City has, for some time, needed regiments quartered in it, to keep-down open Royalist-Presbyterian insurrection. It was precisely on the morrow after this visit of Cromwell's that there arose, from small cause, huge Apprentice-riot in the City: discomfiture of Trainbands, seizure of arms, seizure of City Gates, Ludgate, Newgate, loud wide cry of "God and King Charles!" —riot not to be appeased but by 'desperate charge of cavalry,' after it had lasted forty hours.[3] Such are the aspects of affairs, near and far.

Before quitting Part Third, I will request the reader to undertake a small piece of very dull reading; in which however, if he look till it become credible and intelligible to him, a strange thing, much elucidative of the heart of this matter, will disclose itself. At Windsor, one of these days, unknown now which, there is a Meeting of Army Leaders. Adjutant-General Allen, a most authentic earnest man, whom we shall know better afterwards, reports what they did. Entirely amazing to us. These are the longest heads and the strongest hearts in England; and this is the thing they are doing; this is the way they, for their part, begin despatch of business. The reader, if he is an earnest man, may look at it with very many thoughts, for which there is no word at present.

'In the year Forty-seven, you may remember,' says Adjutant Allen, we in the Army were engaged in actions of a very high nature; leading 'us to very untrodden paths,—both in our Contests with the then Parlia-'ment, as also Conferences with the King. In which great works,— 'wanting a spirit of faith, and also the fear of the Lord, and also being 'unduly surprised with the fear of man, which always brings a snare, we, 'to make haste, as we thought, out of such perplexities, measuring our 'way by a wisdom of our own, fell into Treaties with the King and his 'Party: which proved such a snare to us, and led into such labyrinths by 'the end of that year, that the very things we thought to avoid, by the 'means we used of our own devising, were all, with many more of a far 'worse and more perplexing nature, brought back upon us. To the over-'whelming of our spirits, weakening of our hands and hearts; filling us

[2] *History of Independency*, part i. 85. [3] Rushworth, vii. 1051.

'with divisions, confusions, tumults, and every evil work; and thereby 'endangering the ruin of that blessed Cause we had, with such success, 'been prospered in till that time.

'For now the King and his Party, seeing us not answer their ends, 'began to provide for themselves, by a Treaty with the then Parliament, 'set on foot about the beginning of Forty-eight. The Parliament also 'was, at the same time, highly displeased with us for what we had done, 'both as to the King and themselves. The good people likewise, even our 'most cordial friends in the Nation, beholding our turning aside from 'that path of *simplicity* we had formerly walked in and been blessed in, 'and thereby much endeared to their hearts,—began now to fear, and 'withdraw their affections from us, in this *politic* path which we had 'stepped into, and walked in to our hurt, the year before. And as a 'farther fruit of the wages of our backsliding hearts, we were also filled 'with a spirit of great jealousy and divisions amongst ourselves; having 'left that Wisdom of the Word, which is first pure and then peaceable; 'so that we were now fit for little but to tear and rend one another, and 'thereby prepare ourselves, and the work in our hands, to be ruined by 'our common enemies. Enemies that were ready to say, as many others 'of like spirit in this day do,[4] of the like sad occasions amongst us, "Lo, 'this is the day we looked for." The King and his Party prepare 'accordingly to ruin all; by sudden Insurrections in most parts of the 'Nation: the Scot, concurring with the same designs, comes in with a 'potent Army under Duke Hamilton. We in the Army, in a low, weak, 'divided, perplexed condition in all respects, as aforesaid:—some of us 'judging it a duty to lay-down our arms, to quit our stations, and put 'ourselves into the capacities of private men,—since what we had done, 'and what was yet in our hearts to do, tending, as we judged, to the good 'of these poor Nations, was not accepted by them.

'Some also even encouraged themselves and us to such a thing, by 'urging for such a practice the example of our Lord Jesus; who, when 'he had borne an eminent testimony to the pleasure of his Father in an 'active way, sealed it at last by his sufferings; which was presented to us 'as our pattern for imitation. Others of us, however, were different-'minded; thinking something of another nature might yet be farther our 'duty;—and these therefore were, by joint advice, by a good hand of the 'Lord, led to this result; viz. To go solemnly to search-out our own 'iniquities, and humble our souls before the Lord in the sense of the 'same; which, we were persuaded, had provoked the Lord against us, to 'bring such sad perplexities upon us at that day. Out of which we saw 'no way else to extricate ourselves.

[4] 1659: Allen's Pamphlet is written as a Monition and Example to Fleetwood and the others, now in a similar peril, but with no Oliver now among them.

'Accordingly we did agree to meet at Windsor Castle about the 'beginning of Forty-eight. And there we spent one day together in 'prayer; inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation,'—let all men consider it; 'coming to no farther result that day; but that it was still 'our duty to seek. And on the morrow we met again in the morning; 'where many spake from the Word, and prayed; and the then Lieutenant-'General Cromwell,'—unintelligible to Posterity, but extremely intelligible to himself, to these men, and to the Maker of him and of them,—'did 'press very earnestly on all there present to a thorough consideration of 'our actions as an Army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians: 'to see if any iniquity could be found in them; and what it was, that if 'possible we might find it out, and so remove the cause of such sad 'rebukes as were upon us (by *reason* of our iniquities, as we judged) at 'that time. And the way more particularly the Lord led us to herein 'was this: To look back and consider what time it was when with joint 'satisfaction we could last say to the best of our judgments, The presence 'of the Lord *was* amongst us, and rebukes and judgments were not as 'then upon us. Which time the Lord led us jointly to find out and 'agree in; and having done so, to proceed, as we then judged it our duty, 'to search into all our public actions as an Army afterwards. Duly 'weighing (as the Lord helped us) each of them, with their grounds, 'rules, and ends, as near as we could. And so we concluded this second 'day, with agreeing to meet again on the morrow. Which accordingly 'we did upon the same occasion, reassuming the consideration of our 'debates the day before, and reviewing our actions again.

'By which means we were, by a gracious hand of the Lord, led to find 'out the very steps (as we were all then jointly convinced) by which we 'had departed from the Lord, and provoked Him to depart from us. 'Which we found to be those cursed carnal Conferences our own conceited 'wisdom, our fears, and want of faith had prompted us, the year before, 'to entertain with the King and his Party. And at this time, and on 'this occasion, did the then Major Goffe (as I remember was his title) 'make use of that good Word, *Proverbs* First and Twenty-third, *Turn you 'at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make 'known my words unto you.* Which, we having found out our sin, he 'urged as our duty from those words. And the Lord so accompanied by 'His Spirit, that it had a kindly effect, like a word of His, upon most of 'our hearts that were then present: which begot in us a great sense, a 'shame and loathing of ourselves for our iniquities, and a justifying of 'the Lord as righteous in His proceedings against us.

'And in this path the Lord led us, not only to see our sin, but also our 'duty; and this so unanimously set with weight upon each heart, that 'none was able hardly to speak a word to each other for bitter weeping,' —does the modern reader mark it; this weeping, and who they are that

weep? Weeping 'partly in the sense and shame of our iniquities; of 'our unbelief, base fear of men, and carnal consultations (as the fruit 'thereof) with our own wisdoms, and not with the Word of the Lord,— 'which only is a way of wisdom, strength and safety, and all besides it 'are ways of snares. And yet we were also helped, with fear and 'trembling, to rejoice in the Lord; whose faithfulness and loving-kindness, 'we were made to see, yet failed us not;—who remembered us still, even 'in our low estate, because His mercy endures for ever. Who no sooner 'brought us to His feet, acknowledging Him in that way of His (viz. 'searching for, being ashamed of, and willing to turn from, our iniquities), 'but He did direct our steps; and presently we were led and helped to a 'clear agreement amongst ourselves, not any dissenting, That it was the 'duty of our day, with the forces we had, to go out and fight against 'those potent enemies, which that year in all places appeared against us.' Courage! 'With an humble confidence, in the name of the Lord only, 'that we should destroy them. And we were also enabled then, after 'serious seeking His face, to come to a very clear and joint resolution, on 'many grounds at large there debated amongst us, That it was our duty, 'if ever the Lord brought us back again in peace, to call Charles Stuart, 'that man of blood, to an account for that blood he had shed, and mischief 'he had done to his utmost, against the Lord's Cause and People in these 'poor Nations.' Mark that also!

'And how the Lord led and prospered us in all our undertakings that 'year, in this way; cutting His work short, in righteousness; making it 'a year of mercy, equal if not transcendent to any since these Wars began; 'and making it worthy of remembrance by every gracious soul, who was 'wise to observe the Lord, and the operations of His hands,—I wish may 'never be forgotten.' Let Fleetwood, if he have the same heart, go and do likewise.[5]

Abysses, black chaotic whirlwinds:—does the reader look upon it all as Madness? Madness lies close by; as Madness does to the Highest Wisdom, in man's life always: but this is not mad! This dark element, it is the mother of the lightnings and the splendours; it is very sane, this!—

[5] *A faithful Memorial of that remarkable Meeting of many Officers of the Army in England at Windsor Castle, in the year* 1648, &c. &c. (in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 499-501).

PART IV.

SECOND CIVIL WAR.

1648.

LETTERS LIX.—LXII.

About the beginning of May 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumours of tumult far and near; portending, on all sides, that a new Civil War is at hand. The Scotch Army of Forty-thousand is certainly voted; certainly the King is still prisoner at Carisbrook: factious men have yet made no bargain with him: certainly there will and should be a new War? So reasons Presbyterian Royalism everywhere. Headlong discontented Wales in this matter took the lead.

Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament's Order when Colonel Fleming presents the same.—Poor Fleming, whom we saw some time ago soliciting promotion:[1] he here, attempting to defeat some insurrectionary party of this Poyer's 'at a Pass' (name of the Pass not given), is himself defeated, forced into a Church, and killed.[2] Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament and the world: new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty-thousand, burst into a general blaze. 'The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry.' Chepstow Castle too has been taken 'by a stratagem.' The country is all up or rising: the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went; impossible to get a horse shod,—never saw such a country![3] On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go; marches on Wednesday the 3d. Let him march swiftly!

[1] Letter XXXVII., p. 221. [2] Rushworth, vii. 1097. [3] Ibid.

Horton, one of the Parliamentary Colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humour, by a good beating at St. Fagan's: St. Fagan's Fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth, by Chepstow (11th May); takes Chepstow Town; attacks the Castle, Castle will not surrender,—he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the Castle, who, after four weeks, does it. Cromwell, by Swansea and Carmarthen, advances towards Pembroke; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more; and, for want of artillery, is like to have a tedious siege of it.[4]

LETTER LIX.

HERE is his first Letter from before the place: a rugged rapid despatch, with some graphic touches in it, and rather more of hope than the issue realised. Guns of due quality are not to be had. In the beginning of June,[5] 'Hugh Peters' went across to Milford Haven, and from the Lion, a Parliament Ship riding there, got 'two drakes, two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins,' and safely conveyed them to the Leaguer; with which new implements an instantaneous essay was made, and a 'storming' thereupon followed, but without success.—Of 'the Prince,' Prince Charles and his revolted ships, of the 'victory in Kent' and what made it needful, we shall have to speak anon.

'*To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.*'

SIR, Leaguer before Pembroke, 14th June 1648.

All that you can expect from hence is a relation of the state of this Garrison of Pembroke. Which is briefly thus: They begin to be in extreme want of provision, so as in all probability they cannot live a fortnight without being starved. But we hear that they mutinied about three days since; cried out, "Shall we be ruined for two or three men's pleasure? Better

[4] Abundant details lie scattered in Rushworth, vii.: Poyer and Pembroke Castle, in March, p. 1033; Fleming killed (1st May), p. 1097; Chepstow surprised ('beginning of May'), p. 1109,—retaken (29th May), p. 1130; St. Fagan's Fight (8th May), p. 1110; Cromwell's March, pp. 1121-8.

[5] *Cromwelliana*, p. 40.

it were we should throw them over the walls." It's certainly reported to us that within four or six days they'll cut Poyer's throat, and come all away to us. Poyer told them, Saturday last, that if relief did not come by Monday night, they should no more believe him, nay they should hang him.

We have not got our Guns and Ammunition from Wallingford as yet; but, however, we have scraped-up a few, which stand us in very good stead. Last night we got two little guns planted, which in Twenty-four hours will take away their Mills; and then, as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm him, about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. We lost a few men; but I am confident the Enemy lost more. Captain Flower, of Colonel Dean's Regiment, was wounded; and Major Grigg's Lieutenant and Ensign slain; Captain Burges lies wounded, and very sick. I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the Town; 'and' Poyer hath engaged himself to the Officers of the Town, Not to keep the *Castle* longer than the Town can hold out. Neither indeed can he; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well. They allow the men half-a-pound of beef, and as much bread a-day; but it is almost spent.

We much rejoice at what the Lord hath done for you in Kent Upon our thanksgiving[6] for that victory, which was both from Sea and Leaguer, Poyer told his men, that it was the Prince, 'Prince Charles and his revolted Ships,' coming with relief. The other night they mutinied in the Town. Last night we fired divers houses; which 'fire' runs up the Town still: it much frights them. Confident I am, we shall have it in Fourteen days, by starving. I am,

Sir,
Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Precisely in about 'Fourteen days' a new attempt was made,[7] not without some promising results, but again ineffectual. 'The Guns are not come from Bristol, for want of wind;' and against hunger and short scaling-ladders Poyer is stubborn. Three days after this Letter to Lenthall, some three weeks since the siege began, here is another, to Major Saunders.

[6] By Cannon-volleys.

* Rushworth, vii. 1159: read in the House, 20th June 1648 (*Commons Journals*, v. 608).

[7] Rushworth, vii. 1175.

LETTER LX.

Of this Major, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Saunders, now lying at Brecknock, there need little be said beyond what the Letter itself says. He is 'of Derbyshire,' it seems; sat afterwards as a King's-Judge, or at least was nominated to sit; continued true to the Cause, in a dim way, till the very Restoration; and withdrew then into total darkness.

This Letter is endorsed in Saunders's own hand, 'The Lord General's 'order for taking Sir Trevor Williams, and Mr. Morgan, Sheriff of 'Monmouthshire.' Of which two Welsh individuals, except that Williams had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces in Monmouthshire some time ago, and Morgan High Sheriff there,[8] both of whom had now revolted, we know nothing, and need know nothing. The Letter has come under cover enclosing another Letter, of an official sort, to one 'Mr. Rumsey' (a total stranger to me); and is superscribed *For Yourself.*

'*To Major Thomas Saunders, at Brecknock: These.*'

Sir, 'Before Pembroke,' 17th June 1648.

I send you this enclosed by itself, because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey as far as you think fit and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men be discouraged that I think it not fit, at present, to enter into contests; it will be good to yield a little, for public advantage: and truly that is my end; wherein I desire you to satisfy them.

I have sent, as my Letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknockshire; indeed, into that part of Glamorganshire which lieth next Monmouthshire. For this end: We have plain discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby,[9] about two miles from Usk, in the County of Monmouth, was very deep in the plot of betraying Chepstow Castle; so that we are out of doubt of his guiltiness thereof. I do hereby authorise you to seize him; as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, who was in the same plot.

But, because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by

[8] 10th January 1645-6, Williams; 17th November 1647, Morgan: *Commons Journals*, in diebus.

[9] He writes 'Langevie;' 'Munmouth' too.

far, I would have you seize him first, and the other will easily be had. To the end you may not be frustrated and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of craft and subtlety; very bold and resolute; hath a House at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong; his neighbours about him very Malignant, and much for him,—who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy; partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the business have discovered him, which indeed they have,—and also because he knows that his Servant is brought hither, and a Minister to be examined here, who are able to discover the whole plot.

If you should march directly into that Country and near him, it's odds he either fortify his House, or give you the slip: so also, if you should go to his House, and not find him there; or if you attempt to take him, and miss to effect it; or if you make any known inquiry after him,—it will be discovered.

Wherefore, 'as' to the first, you have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Caerleon, which is not above four or five miles from his House. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose House lieth in Monmouthshire; who will certainly acquaint you where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstow, to require him to assist you, if he 'Williams' should get into his House and stand upon his guard. Samuel Jones, who is Quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troop, will be very assisting to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there shall be need, Captain Burges's troop, now quartered in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you.

You perceive by all this that we are, it may be, a little too much solicitous in this business;[10]—it's our fault; and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overact business. Wherefore, without more ado, we leave it to you; and you to the guidance of God herein; and rest,

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' If you seize him, bring,—and let him be brought with a

[10] See infra, vol. v., in Appendix, No. 11.

strong guard,—to me. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstow, do you strengthen him with a strong guard to bring him.—If you seize his person, disarm his House; but let not his arms be embezzled. If you need Captain Burges's troop, it quarters between Newport and Chepstow.*

Saunders, by his manner of endorsing this Letter, seems to intimate that he took his two men; that he keeps the Letter by way of voucher. Sir Trevor Williams by and by[11] compounds as a Delinquent,—retires then into 'Langevie House' in a diminished state, and disappears from History. Of Sheriff Morgan, except that a new Sheriff is soon appointed, we have no farther notice whatever.[12]

LETTER LXI.

Since Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army and the certainty of this War in Wales excite all unruly things and persons. At Pembroke lately we heard the cannons fire, both from Leaguer and Ships, for a 'victory in Kent:' concerning which and its origins and issues, take the following indications.

May 16*th*, Came a celebrated 'Surrey Petition:' highflying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his Majesty: they quarrelled with the Parliament's Guard in Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them; 'the Miller of Wandsworth was run through with a halbert,' he and others; and the Petitioners went home in a slashed and highly indignant condition. Thereupon, *May* 24*th*, armed meeting of Kentish-men on Blackheath; armed meeting of Essex-men; several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians: Fairfax, ill of the gout, has to mount,—in extremity of haste, as a man that will quench fire among smoking flax.

June 1*st*. Fairfax, at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this Insurrection; drives it from post to post; drives it into Maidstone 'about 7 in the evening,' 'with as hard fighting as I ever saw;' tramples it out there. The centre-flame once trampled out, the other flames, or armed meetings, hover hither and thither; gather at length, in few days, all at Colchester in Essex; where Fairfax is now

* Harris, p. 495; and Forster, iv. 239.

[11] *Commons Journals.*

[12] Note to Colonel Hughes, 26th June 1648, in Appendix, No. 11.

besieging them, with a very obstinate and fierce resistance from them. This is the victory in Kent, these are the 'glorious successes God has vouchsafed you,' which Oliver alludes to in this Letter.

We are only to notice farther that Lambert is in the North; waiting, in very inadequate strength, to see the Scots arrive. Oliver in this Letter signifies that he has reinforced him with some 'horse and dragoons,' sent by 'West Chester,' which we now call Chester, where 'Colonel Dukinfield' is Governor. The Scots are indubitably coming: Sir Marmaduke Langdale (whom Oliver, we may remark, encountered in the King's left wing at *Naseby Fight*) has raised new Yorkshiremen, has seized Berwick, seized Carlisle, and joined the Scots; it is becoming an openly Royalist affair. In Lancashire a certain Sir Richard Tempest, very forward in his Royalism, goes suddenly blazing abroad 'with 1,000 horse and many knights and gentlemen,' threatening huge peril; but is, in those very hours, courageously set upon by Colonel Robert Lilburn with what little compact force there is, and at once extinguished:—an acceptable service on the part of Colonel Robert; for which let him have thanks from Parliament, and reward of 1,000*l.*[13]

Very desirable, of course, that Oliver had done with Pembroke, and were fairly joined with Lambert. But Pembroke is strong; Poyer is stubborn, hopes to surrender 'on conditions;' Oliver, equally stubborn, though sadly short of artillery and means, will have him 'at mercy of the Parliament,' so signal a rebel as him. Fairfax's Father, the Lord Ferdinando, died in March last;[14] so that the General's title is now changed:

To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

SIR, Before Pembroke, 28th June 1648.

I have some few days since despatched horse and dragoons for the North. I sent them by the way of West Chester; thinking it fit to do so in regard of this enclosed Letter which I received from Colonel Dukinfield;—requiring them to give him assistance in the way. And if it should prove that a present help would not serve the turn, then I ordered Captain Pennyfeather's troop to remain with the Governor 'Dukinfield;' and the rest immediately to march towards Leeds,—and to send to the Committee of York, or to him that commands the forces in those parts, for directions whither they should come, and how they shall be disposed of.

[13] Whitlocke, pp. 312, 313; *Commons Journals* (5th July 1648), v. 624; &c.
[14] 13th March 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii. 1030).

The number I sent are six troops: four of horse, and two of dragoons; whereof three are Colonel Scroop's,—and Captain Pennyfeather's troop, and the other two dragoons. I could not, by the judgment of the Colonels here, spare more, nor send them sooner, without manifest hazard to these parts. Here is, as I have formerly acquainted your Excellency, a very desperate Enemy; who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost extremity; being very many 'of them' gentlemen of quality, and men thoroughly resolved. They have made some notable sallies upon Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's quarter,[15] to his loss. We are forced to keep divers posts, or else they would have relief, or their horse break away. Our foot about them are Four-and-twenty hundred; we always necessitated to have some in garrisons.

The Country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections; and are ready to do it every day: so that,—what with looking to them, and disposing our horse to that end, and to get us in provisions, without which we should starve, this country being so miserably exhausted and so poor, and we no money to buy victuals,—indeed, whatever may be thought, it's a mercy we have been able to keep our men together in the midst of such necessity, the sustenance of the foot for most part being but bread and water. Our guns, through the unhappy accident at Berkley, not yet come to us;—and indeed it was a very unhappy thing they were brought thither; the wind having been always so cross, that since they were recovered from sinking, they could not 'come to us;' and this place not being to be had without fit instruments for battering, except by starving.[16] And truly I believe the Enemy's straits do increase upon them very fast, and that within a few days an end will be put to this business;—which surely might have been before, if we had received things wherewith to have done it. But it will be done in the best time.[17]

I rejoice much to hear of the blessing of God upon your Excellency's endeavours. I pray God that this Nation, and those that are over us, and your Excellency and all we that are under you, 'may discern' what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor Godly People of

[15] Reade had been intrusted with the Siege of Tenby: that had ended June 2d (*Commons Journals*, v. 588); and Reade is now assisting at Pembroke.

[16] 'Without *either* fit instruments for battering *except* by starving.' Great haste, and considerable stumbling in the grammar in this last sentence! After 'starving,' a mere comma; and so on.

[17] God's time is the best.

this Kingdom should still be made the object of wrath and anger; nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage. For these things that have lately come to pass have been the wonderful works of God; breaking the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian,—not with garments much rolled in blood, but by the terror of the Lord; who will yet save His people and confound His enemies, as on that day. The Lord multiply His grace upon you, and bless you, and keep your heart upright; and then, though you be not conformable to the men of this world nor to their wisdom, yet you shall be precious in the eyes of God, and He will be to you a horn and a shield.

My Lord, I do not know that I have had a Letter from any of your Army, of the glorious successes God has vouchsafed you. I pray pardon the complaint made. I long to 'be' with you. I take leave; and rest,

My Lord,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you that Colonel Lehunt may have a Commission to command a Troop of Horse, the greatest part whereof came from the Enemy to us; and that you would be pleased to send blank Commissions for his inferior officers,—with what speed may be.*

In Rushworth, under date March 24th, is announced that 'Sir W. 'Constable has taken care to send ordnance and ammunition from Glou-'cester, for the service before Pembroke.'[18] 'The unhappy accident at 'Berkley,' I believe, is the stranding of the 'Frigate,' or Shallop, that carried them. Guns are not to be had of due quality for battering Pembroke. In the mean time, several bodies of 'horse' are mentioned as deserting, or taking quarter and service on the Parliament side.[19] It is over these that Lehunt is to be appointed Colonel; and to Fairfax as General-in-chief 'of all the Parliament's Forces raised or to be raised,' it belongs to give him and his subordinates the due commissions.

July 5th. Young Villiers Duke of Buckingham, son of the assassinated Duke; he with his Brother Francis, with the Earl of Holland, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston-on-Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dalbier, once Cromwell's instructor, but now gone over to the other

* Sloane MSS. 1519, f. 90. [18] vii. 1036. [19] Rushworth, *Cromwelliana.*

side. Fairfax and the Army being all about Colchester in busy Siege, there seemed a good opportunity here. They rode towards Reigate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundreds strong: but a Parliament Party 'under Major Gibbons' drives them back; following close, comes to action with them between 'Nonsuch Park and Kingston,' where the poor Lord Francis, Brother of the Duke, fell mortally wounded;—drives them across the river 'into Hertfordshire;' into the lion's jaws. For Fairfax sent a Party out from Colchester; overtook them at St. Neot's; and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them.[20] Dutch Dalbier was hacked in pieces, 'so angry were the soldiers at him.' The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards; and lost his head. The Duke of Buckingham got off;—might almost as well have died with poor Brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did. Two pretty youths, as their Vandyke Portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!

July 8th. Duke Hamilton, with the actual Scotch Army, is 'at Annan' on the Western Border, ready to step across to England. Not quite Forty-thousand; yet really about half that number, tolerably effective. Langdale, with a vanguard of Three-thousand Yorkshiremen, is to be guide; Monro, with a body of horse that had long served in Ulster, is to bring-up the rear. The great Duke dates from Annan, 8th July 1648.[21] Poor old Annan;—never saw such an Army gathered, since the Scotch James went to wreck in Solway Moss, above a hundred years ago![22] Scotland is in a disastrous, distracted condition; over-ridden by a Hamilton majority in Parliament. Poor Scotland will, with exertion, deliver its 'King from the power of Sectaries;' and is dreadfully uncertain what it will do with him when delivered! Perhaps Oliver will save it the trouble.

July 11th. Oliver at last is loose from Pembroke; as the following brief Letter will witness.

LETTER LXII.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

SIR, 'Pembroke,' 11th July 1648.

The Town and Castle of Pembroke were surrendered to me this day, being the Eleventh of July; upon the Propositions which I send you here enclosed.[23] What Arms, Ammunition,

[20] Rushworth, vii. 1178, 82. [21] Ibid. vii. 1184. [22] James V. A.D. 1542.
[23] Given in Rushworth, vii. 1190.

Victual, Ordnance or other Necessaries of War are in 'the' Town I have not to certify you,—the Commissioners I sent-in to receive the same not being yet returned, nor like suddenly to be; and I was unwilling to defer the giving you an account of this mercy for a day.

The Persons Excepted are such as have formerly served you in a very good Cause; but, being now apostatised, I did rather make election of them than of those who had always been for the King;—judging their iniquity double; because they have sinned against so much light, and against so many evidences of Divine Providence going along with and prospering a just Cause, in the management of which they themselves had a share.

I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern and certain others, 'persons excepted,' have had to surrender at mercy; a great many more on terms: Pembroke happily is down;—and the Welsh War is ended.[24] Cromwell hurries northward: by Gloucester, Warwick; gets '3,000 pairs of shoes' at Leicester; leaves his prisoners at Nottingham (with Mrs. Hutchinson and her Colonel, in the Castle there); joins Lambert among the hills of Yorkshire,[25] where his presence is much needed now.

July 27th. In these tumultuous months the Fleet too, as we heard at Pembroke once,[26] has partially revolted; 'set Colonel Admiral Rainsborough ashore,' in the end of May last. The Earl of Warwick, hastily sent thither, has brought part of it to order again; other part of it has fled to Holland, to the Young Prince of Wales. The Young Prince goes hopefully on board, steers for the coast of England; emits his summons and manifesto from Yarmouth roads, on the 27th of this month. Getting nothing at Yarmouth, he appears next week in the Downs; orders London to join him, or at least to lend him 20,000*l.*[27]

It all depends on Hamilton and Cromwell now. His Majesty from Carisbrook Castle, the revolted Mariners, the London Presbyterians, the Besieged in Colchester, and all men, are waiting anxiously what they Two now will make of it when they meet.

* Copy in Tanner MSS. lxii. 159: printed correctly in *Grey* on the Third Volume of Neal's *Puritans* (Appendix, p. 129), from another source.

[24] Order, '12th July 1648' (the day after Pembroke), for demolishing the Castle of Haverfordwest: in Appendix, No. 11.

[25] At Barnard Castle, on the 27th July, 'his horse' joined (Rushworth, vii. 1211); he himself not till a fortnight after, at Wetherby farther south.

[26] Antea, p. 283.

[27] Rushworth, vii.; 29th May, p. 1131; 8th June, 11th June, pp. 1145, 1151; 27th July, pp. 1207, 1215, &c.

LETTERS LXIII.—LXVI.

PRESTON BATTLE.

THE Battle of Preston or Battle-and-Rout of Preston lasts three days; and extends over many miles of wet Lancashire country,—from 'Langridge Chapel a little on the east of Preston,' southward to Warrington Bridge, and northward also as far as you like to follow. A wide-spread, most confused transaction; the essence of which is, That Cromwell, descending the valley of the Ribble, with a much smaller but prompt and compact force, finds Hamilton flowing southward at Preston in very loose order; dashes-in upon him, cuts him in two, drives him north *and* south, into as miserable ruin as his worst enemy could wish.

There are four accounts of this Affair by eye-witnesses, still accessible: Cromwell's account in these Two Letters; a Captain Hodgson's rough brief recollections written afterwards; and on the other side, Sir Marmaduke Langdale's Letter in vindication of his conduct there; and lastly the deliberate Narrative of Sir James Turner ('*alias* Dugald Dalgetty,' say some). As the Affair was so momentous, one of the most critical in all these Wars, and as the details of it are still so accessible, we will illustrate Cromwell's own account by some excerpts from the others. Combining all which, and considering well, some image of this rude old tragedy and triumph may rise upon the reader.

Captain Hodgson, an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan, now with Lambert in the Hill Country, hovering on the left flank of Hamilton and his Scots, saw Cromwell's face at Ripon, much to the Captain's satisfaction. 'The Scots,' says he, 'marched towards Kendal; 'we towards Ripon, where Oliver met us with horse and foot. We were 'then between Eight and Nine thousand: a fine smart Army, fit for 'action. We marched up to Skipton; the Forlorn of the Enemy's horse,' Sir Marmaduke's, 'was come to Gargrave; having made havoc of the 'country,—it seems, intending never to come there again.' 'Stout 'Henry Cromwell,' he gave them a check at Gargrave;[1]—and better still is coming.

[1] Hodgson's *Memoirs* (with Slingsby's *Memoirs*, Edinburgh, 1808; a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by the Editor), pp. 114-15.

Here, however, let us introduce Sir James Turner, a stout pedant and soldier-of-fortune, original *Dugald Dalgetty* of the Novels, who is now marching with the Scots, and happily has a turn for taking Notes. The reader will then have a certain ubiquity, and approach Preston on both sides. Of the Scotch Officers, we may remark, Middleton and the Earl of Calendar have already fought in England for the Parliament: Baillie, once beaten by Montrose, has been in many wars, foreign and domestic; he is lefthand cousin to the Reverend Mr. Robert, who heard the Apprentices in Palace-yard bellowing "Justice on Strafford!" long since, in a loud and hideous manner. Neither of the Lesleys is here, on this occasion; they abide at home with the oppressed minority. The Duke, it will be seen, marches in extremely loose order; vanguard and rearguard very far apart,—and a Cromwell attending him on flank!

'At Hornby,' says the learned Sir James alias Dugald, 'a day's march 'beyond Kendal, it was advised, Whether we should march to Lancashire, 'Cheshire, and the Western Counties; or if we should go into Yorkshire, 'and so put ourselves in the straight road to London, with a resolution to 'fight all who would oppose us? Calendar was indifferent; Middleton was 'for Yorkshire; Baillie for Lancashire. When my opinion was asked, I was 'for Yorkshire; and for this reason only, That I understood Lancashire 'was a close country, full of ditches and hedges; which was a great 'advantage the English would have over our raw and undisciplined 'musketeers; the Parliament's army consisting of disciplined and well-'trained soldiers, and excellent firemen; while on the other hand, York-'shire was a more open country and full of heaths, where we might both 'make use of our horse, and come sooner to push of pike' with our foot. 'My Lord Duke was for Lancashire way; and it seems he had hopes that 'some forces would join with him in his march that way. I have indeed 'heard him say, that he thought Manchester his own if he came near it. 'Whatever the matter was, I never saw him tenacious in anything during 'the time of his command but in that. We chose to go that way, which 'led us to our ruin.

'Our march was much retarded by most rainy and tempestuous weather, 'the elements fighting against us; and by staying for country horses to 'carry our little ammunition. The vanguard is constantly given to Sir 'Marmaduke, upon condition that he should constantly furnish guides; 'pioneers for clearing the ways; and, which was more than both these, 'have good and certain intelligence of all the Enemy's motions. But 'whether it was by our fault or his neglect, want of intelligence helped 'to ruin us; for,'—in fact we were marching in extremely loose order; left hand not aware what the right was doing; van and rear some twenty or thirty miles apart;—far too loose for men that had a Cromwell on their flank!

On the night of Wednesday 16th August 1648, my Lord Duke has

got to Preston with the main body of his foot; his horse lying very wide,—ahead of him at Wigan, arear of him, one knows not where, he himself hardly knows where. Sir Marmaduke guards him on the left, 'on Preston Moor, about Langridge Chapel,' some four miles up the Ribble,—and knows not, in the least, what storm is coming. For Cromwell, this same night, has got across the hills to Clitheroe and farther; this same Wednesday night he lies 'at Stonyhurst,' where now the College of Stonyhurst is,—'a Papist's house, one Sherburn's;' and tomorrow morning there will be news of Cromwell.

'That night,' says Hodgson, 'we pitched our camp at *Stanyares* Hall, 'a Papist's house, one Sherburn's; and the next morning a Forlorn 'of horse and foot was drawn out. And at Langridge Chapel our horse' came upon Sir Marmaduke; 'drawn up very formidably. One Major 'Poundall' (Pownel, you pudding-head!) 'and myself commanded the 'Forlorn of foot. And here being drawn up by the Moorside (a mere 'scantling of us, as yet, not half the number we should have been), the 'General' Cromwell 'comes to us, orders us To march. We not having 'half of our men come up, desired a little patience; he gives out the 'word, "March!"'—not having any patience, he, at this moment! And so the Battle of Preston, the first day of it, is begun. Here is the General's own Report of the business at night. Poor Langdale did not know at first, and poor Hamilton did not know all day, that it was Cromwell who was now upon them.[2] Sir Marmaduke complains bitterly that he was not supported; that they did not even send him powder,—marched away the body of their force as if this matter had been nothing; 'merely some flying party, Ashton and the Lancashire Presbyterians.' Cromwell writes in haste, late at night.

LETTER LXIII.

For the Honourable Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester.

(I desire the Commander of the Forces there to open this Letter, if it come not to their hands.)

GENTLEMEN, 'Preston,' 17th Aug. 1648.

It hath pleased God, this day, to show His great power by making the Army successful against the common Enemy.

We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots quarters.

[2] Sir Marmaduke's Letter.

We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the Enemy; and by that time our Forlorn had engaged the Enemy, we were about four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole Army: and the Enemy being drawn out on a Moor betwixt us and the Town, the Armies on both sides engaged; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin: and in this service your countrymen have not the least[3] share.

We cannot be particular, having not time to take account of the slain and prisoners; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality; and many slain; and the Army so dissipated 'as I say.' The principal part whereof, with Duke Hamilton, is on south side Ribble and Darwen Bridge, and we lying with the greatest part of the Army close to them; nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the Enemy's Army but the night. It shall be our care that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the Bridge,[4] to go Northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

We understand Colonel-General Ashton's are at Whalley; we have seven troops of horse or dragoons that we believe lie at Clitheroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly to march to Whalley, to join to those companies; that so we may endeavour the ruin of this Enemy. You perceive by this Letter how things stand. By this means the Enemy is broken: and most of their Horse having gone Northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the very heel of them; and the Enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four-thousand arms, so that the greatest part of the Foot are naked;—therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your County; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of that Enemy, which way soever they go; and if[5] you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.

We thought fit to speed this to you; to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interest

[3] means 'the not least.'

[4] There is such a ford, rideable if tide and rain permit.

[5] 'that' in the Original.—The punctuation and grammar of these sentences might have been improved; but their breathless impetuosity, directness, sincere singleness of purpose, intent on the despatch of business only, would have been obscured in the process.

as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for this unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Commons Journals, Monday 21° *Augusti* 1648: 'The Copy of a 'Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, from Preston, of 17° *Augusti* '1648, to the Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester, enclosed 'in a Letter from a Member of this House from Manchester, of 19° '*Augusti* 1648, were this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the 'Committee at Derby House to send away a copy of Lieutenant-General 'Cromwell's Letter to the General' Fairfax, 'and to the Lord Admiral' Warwick, to encourage them in their part of the work.—The enclosing 'Letter from the Member of this House at Manchester,' short and insignificant, about 'dispensations,' 'providences,' &c. is also given in the old Pamphlets, and in this Chetham Book now before us. He signs himself 'W. L.;' probably William Langton, the new Member for Preston.

LETTER LXIV.

CROMWELL, on this Thursday Night, does not yet know all the havoc he has made. Listen to stout Sir James from the other side; and pity poor men embarked in a hollow Cause, with a Duke of Hamilton for General!

'Beside Preston in Lancashire,' says the stout Knight, 'Cromwell falls 'on Sir Marmaduke's flank. The English' of Sir Marmaduke 'imagined 'it was one Colonel Ashton, a powerful Presbyterian, who had got 'together 3,000 men to oppose us, because we came out of Scotland with-'out the General Assembly's permission. Mark the quarrel. While Sir 'Marmaduke disputes the matter, Baillie, by the Duke's order, marches 'to Ribble Bridge, and passes it with all the foot except two brigades.' Never dreaming that Cromwell is upon us! 'This was two miles from 'Preston. By my Lord Duke's command, I had sent some ammunition 'and commanded-men to Sir Marmaduke's assistance: but to no purpose; 'for Cromwell prevailed; so that our English first retired, and then fled.

* *Lancashire during the Civil War* (a Collection of Tracts republished by the Chetham Society, Manchester, 1844), p. 257. The Letter is in many old Pamphlets of the time. Langdale's Letter is also given in this Chetham Book, p. 267.

'It must be remembered that, the night before this sad encounter, Earl 'Calendar and Middleton were gone to Wigan, eight miles from thence, 'with a considerable party of the cavalry. Calendar was come back, and 'was with the Duke,' while the action took place; 'and so was I: but 'upon the rout of Sir Marmaduke's people, Calendar got away to Ribble, 'where he arrived safely by a miracle, as I think; for the Enemy was 'between the Bridge and us, and had killed or taken most part of our 'two brigades of foot,' which was all that Baillie had left here.

'The Duke with his guard of horse, Sir Marmaduke with many officers, 'among others myself, got into Preston Town; with intention to pass a 'ford below it, though at that time not rideable. At the entry of the 'Town, the enemy pursued us hard. The Duke faced about, and put 'two troops of them to a retreat; but so soon as we turned from them, 'they again turned upon us. The Duke facing the second time, charged 'them, which succeeded well. Being pursued the third time, my Lord 'Duke cried To charge once more for King Charles! One trooper 'refusing, he beat him with his sword. At that charge we put the 'enemy so far behind us, that he could not so soon overtake us again. 'Then Sir Marmaduke and I entreated the Duke to hasten to his Army: '—and truly here he showed as much personal valour as any man could 'be capable of. We swam the Ribble River; and so got to the place 'where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, 'on the top of a Hill, among very fencible enclosures.

'After Calendar came to the infantry, he had sent 600 musketeers to 'defend Ribble Bridge. Very unadvisedly; for the way Cromwell had 'to it was a descent from a hill that commanded all the champaign; 'which was about an English quarter of a mile in length between the 'Bridge and that Hill where *our* foot were lodged. So that our 'musketeers, having no shelter, were forced to receive all the musket-'shot of Cromwell's infantry, which was secure within thick hedges; 'and after the loss of many men, were forced to run back to our foot. 'Here Claud Hamilton, the Duke's Lieutenant-Colonel, had his arm 'broke with a musket-bullet.

'The Bridge of Ribble being lost, the Duke called all the Colonels 'together on horseback to advise what was next to be done. We had 'no choice but one of two: Either stay, and maintain our ground till 'Middleton (who was sent for) came back with his cavalry; Or else 'march away that night, and find him out. Calendar would needs speak 'first; whereas by the custom of war he should have told his opinion 'last,—and it was, To march away that night so soon as it was dark. 'This was seconded by all the rest, except by Lieutenant-General Baillie 'and myself. But all the arguments we used,—as, the impossibility 'of a safe retreat from an enemy so powerful of horse; in so very foul 'weather, and extremely deep ways; our soldiers exceedingly wet, weary

'and hungry; the inevitable loss of all our ammunition,—could not move 'my Lord Duke by his authority to contradict the shameful resolution 'taken by the major part of his officers.

'After that drumless march was resolved upon, and but few horse 'appointed to stay in rear of the foot, I inquired, What should become 'of our unfortunate Ammunition, since forward with us we could not get 'it? It was not thought fit to blow it up that night, lest thereby the 'Enemy should know of our retreat, or rather flight. I was of that 'opinion too; but for another reason: for we could not have blown 'it up then without a visible mischief to ourselves, being so near it. It 'was ordered it should be done, three hours after our departure, by a 'train: but that being neglected, Cromwell got it all.

'Next morning we appeared at Wigan Moor; half our number less than 'we were;—most of the faint and weary soldiers having lagged behind; 'whom we never saw again. Lieutenant-General Middleton had missed 'us,' such excellent order was in this Army; 'for he came by *another* 'way to Ribble Bridge. It was to be wished he had still stayed with us! 'He, not finding us there, followed our track: but was himself hotly 'pursued by Cromwell's horse; with whom he skirmished the whole way 'till he came within a mile of us. He lost some men, and several were 'hurt, among others Colonel Urrey[6] got a dangerous shot on the left side 'of his head; whereof, though he was afterwards taken prisoner, he 'recovered. In this retreat of Middleton's, which he managed well, 'Cromwell lost one of the gallantest officers he had, Major Thornhaugh; 'who was run into the breast with a lance, whereof he died.

'After Lieutenant-General Middleton's coming, we began to think of 'fighting in that Moor: but that was found impossible,—in regard it 'was nothing large, and was environed with enclosures which commanded 'it, and these we could not maintain long, for want of that ammunition 'we had left behind us. And therefore we marched forward with intention 'to gain Warrington, ten miles from the Moor we were in; and there we 'conceived we might face about, having the command of a Town, a 'River, and a Bridge. Yet I conceive there were but few of us could 'have foreseen we might be beaten *before* we were masters of any of 'them.

'It was towards evening and in the latter end of August,' Friday 18th of the month, 'when our horse began to march. Some regiments of them 'were left with the rear of the foot: Middleton stayed with these; my 'Lord Duke and Calendar were before.—As I marched with the last 'brigade of foot through the Town of Wigan, I was alarmed, That our 'horse behind me were beaten, and running several ways, and that the 'enemy was in my rear. I faced-about with that brigade; and in the 'Market-place serried the pikes together, shoulder to shoulder, to entertain

[6] Sir John Hurry, the famous Turncoat, of whom afterwards.

'any that might charge: and sent orders to the rest of the brigades before, 'To continue their march, and follow Lieutenant-General Baillie who was 'before them. It was then night, but the moon shone bright. A regiment 'of horse of our own appeared first, riding very disorderly. I got them 'to stop, till I commanded my pikes to open, and give way for them to 'ride or run away, since they would not stay. But now my pikemen, 'being demented (as I think we were all), would not hear me: and two 'of them ran full tilt at me,'—poor Dalgetty! 'One of their pikes, 'which was intended for my belly, I griped with my left hand; the other 'ran me nearly two inches into the inner side of my right thigh; all of 'them crying, of me and those horse, "They are Cromwell's men!" 'This was an unseasonable wound; for it made me, after that night, 'unserviceable. This made me forget all rules of modesty, prudence and 'discretion,'—my choler being up, and my blood flowing! 'I rode to 'the horse, and desired them to charge through these foot. They fearing 'the hazard of the pikes, stood: I then made a cry come from behind them, 'That the enemy was upon them. This encouraged them to charge my 'foot so fiercely, that the pikemen threw down their pikes, and got into 'houses. All the horse galloped away, and as I was told afterwards, rode 'not through but *over* our whole foot, treading them down;—and in this 'confusion Colonel Lockhart,'—let the reader note that Colonel,—'was 'trod down from his horse, with great danger of his life.

'Though the Enemy was near, yet I beat drums to gather my men 'together. Shortly after came Middleton with some horse. I told him 'what a disaster I had met with, and what a greater I expected. He 'told me he would ride before, and make the horse halt. I marched, 'however, all that night till it was fair day; and then Baillie, who had 'rested a little, entreated me to go into some house and repose on a chair; 'for I had slept none in two nights, and eaten as little. I alighted; but 'the constant alarms of the Enemy's approach made me resolve to ride 'forward to Warrington, which was but a mile; and indeed I may say 'I slept all that way, notwithstanding my wound.'

While the wounded Dalgetty rides forward, let us borrow another glimpse from a different source;[7] of bitter struggle still going on a little to the rear of him. 'At a place called Redbank,' near Winwick Church, two miles from Warrington, 'the Scots made a stand with a body of 'pikes, and lined the hedges with muskets; who so rudely entertained the 'pursuing Enemy, that they were compelled to stop until the coming-up 'of Colonel Pride's regiment of foot, who, after a sharp dispute, put those 'same brave fellows to the run. They were commanded by a little spark 'in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, 'and was killed on the spot.' Does anyone know this little spark in the blue bonnet? No one. His very mother has long ceased to weep for

[7] Heath's *Chronicle*, p. 323.

him now. Let him have burial, and a passing sigh from us!—Dugald Turner continues:

'I expected to have found either the Duke or Calendar, or both of 'them, at Warrington: but I did not; and indeed I have often been 'told that Calendar carried away the Duke with him, much against his 'mind. Here did the Lieutenant-General of the foot meet with an 'Order, whereby he is required "To make as good conditions for himself 'and those under him as he could; for the horse would not come back 'to him, being resolved to preserve themselves for a better time." Baillie 'was surprised with this: and looking upon that action which he was 'ordered to do, as full of dishonour, he lost much of that patience of 'which naturally he was master; and beseeched any that would to shoot 'him through the head,'—poor Baillie! 'At length having something 'composed himself, and being much solicited by the officers that were 'by him, he wrote to Cromwell.—I then told him, That so long as there 'was a resolution to fight, I would not go a foot from him; but now that 'they were to deliver themselves prisoners, I would preserve my liberty 'as long as I could: and so took my leave of him, carrying my wounded 'thigh away with me. I met immediately with Middleton; who sadly 'condoled the irrecoverable losses of the last two days. Within two 'hours after, Baillie and all the officers and soldiers that were left of the 'foot were Cromwell's prisoners. I got my wound dressed that morning 'by my own surgeon; and took from him those things I thought necessary 'for me; not knowing when I might see him again;—as indeed I never 'saw him after.'[8]

This was now the Saturday morning when Turner rode away, 'carrying his wounded thigh with him;' and got up to Hamilton and the vanguard of horse; who rode, aimless or as good as aimless henceforth, till he and they were captured at Uttoxeter, or in the neighbourhood. Monro with the *rear*-guard of horse, 'always a day's march behind,' hearing now what had befallen, instantly drew bridle; paused uncertain; then, in a marauding manner, rode back towards their own country.

Of which disastrous doings let us now read Cromwell's victorious account, drawn-up with more deliberation on the morrow after. 'This Gentleman,' who brings up the Letter, is Major Berry; 'once a Clerk in the Shropshire Iron-works;' now a very rising man. 'He had lived with me,' says Richard Baxter, 'as guest in my own house;' he has now high destinies before him,—which at last sink lower than ever.[9]

[8] *Memoirs of his own Life and Times*, by Sir James Turner (Edinburgh, 1829), pp. 63-7.

[9] Baxter's *Life*, pp. 57, 97, 58, 72.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

SIR, 'Warrington,' 20th Aug. 1648.

I have sent up this Gentleman to give you an account of the great and good hand of God towards you, in the late victory obtained against the Enemy in these parts.

After the conjunction of that Party which I brought with me out of Wales with the Northern Forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby,—hearing that the Enemy was advanced with their Army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of this instant August, to Otley (having cast-off our Train, and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of marching therewith through Craven, and to the end we might with more expedition attend the Enemy's motion): and on the 14th to Skipton; the 15th to Gisburne; the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble;[10] where we held a council of war. At which we had in consideration, Whether we should march to Whalley that night, and so on, to interpose between the Enemy and his farther progress into Lancashire and so southward,—which we had some advertisement the Enemy intended, and 'we are' since confirmed that they intended for London itself: Or whether to march immediately over the said Bridge, there being no other betwixt that and Preston, and there engage the Enemy,—who we did believe would stand his ground, because we had information that the Irish Forces under Monro lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of Twelve-hundred horse and Fifteen-hundred foot, were on their march towards Lancashire to join them.

It was thought that to engage the Enemy to fight was our business; and the reason aforesaid giving us hopes that our marching on the North side of Ribble would effect it, it was resolved we should march over the Bridge; which accordingly we did; and that night quartered the whole Army in the field by Stonyhurst

[10] Over Hodder rather, which is the chief tributary of the Ribble in those upland parts, and little inferior to the main stream in size. Ribble from the Northeast, Hodder from the North, then a few miles farther, Calder from the South: after which Ribble pursues its old direction; draining an extensive hill-tract by means of frequent inconsiderable brooks, and receiving no notable stream on either side till, far down, the Darwen from the East and South falls in near Preston, and the united waters, now a respectable River, rush swiftly into the Irish Sea.

Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the Enemy was drawing together thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a Forlorn of about two-hundred horse and four-hundred foot, the horse commanded by Major Smithson, the foot by Major Pownel. Our Forlorn of horse marched, within a mile 'to' where the Enemy was drawn up,—in the enclosed grounds by Preston, on that side next us; and there, upon a Moor, about half a mile distant from the Enemy's Army, met with their Scouts and Outguard; and did behave themselves with that valour and courage as made their Guards (which consisted both of horse and foot) to quit their ground; and took divers prisoners; holding this dispute with them until our Forlorn of foot came up for their justification; and by these we had opportunity to bring-up our whole Army.

So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could; and therefore, advancing with our Forlorn, and putting the rest of our Army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all enclosure and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a Lane, very deep and ill, up to the Enemy's Army, and leading to the Town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that Lane; and on either side of them advanced the 'Main'-battle,—which were Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's, Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's on the right; Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left; and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twistleton's regiments of horse on the right; and one regiment in reserve for the Lane; and the remaining horse on the left:—so that, at last, we came to a Hedge-dispute; the greatest of the impression from the Enemy being upon our left wing, and upon the 'Main'-battle on both sides the Lane, and upon our horse in the Lane: in all which places the Enemy were forced from their ground, after four-hours dispute;—until we came to the Town; into which four troops of my own regiment first entered; and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the Enemy in the Town, and cleared the streets.

There came no band of your foot to fight that day but did it with incredible valour and resolution; among which Colonel

Bright's, my Lord General's, Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's and Colonel Ashton's had the greatest work; they often coming to push of pike and to close firing, and always making the Enemy to recoil. And indeed I must needs say, God was as much seen in the valour of the officers and soldiers of these before-mentioned as in any action that hath been performed; the Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the Enemy shogging [11] down towards the Bridge; and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight. Which we not knowing, and lest we should be outwinged, 'we' placed those two regiments to enlarge our right wing; this was the cause they had not at that time so great a share in that action.

At the last the Enemy was put into disorder; many men slain, many prisoners taken; the Duke, with most of the Scots horse and foot, retreated over the Bridge; where,—after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, part of my Lord General's, and them, being often at push of pike,—they were beaten from the Bridge; and our horse and foot, following them, killed many and took divers prisoners; and we possessed the Bridge over Darwen 'also,' and a few houses there; the Enemy being driven up within musket-shot of us where we lay that night,[12]—we not being able to attempt farther upon the Enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the Enemy and we lie most part of that night. Upon entering the Town, many of the Enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster; in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles, and had execution of them, and took about five-hundred horse and many prisoners. We possessed in this Fight very much of the Enemy's ammunition; I believe they lost four or five thousand arms. The number of slain we judge to be about a thousand; the prisoners we took were about four-thousand.

In the night the Duke was drawing-off his Army towards Wigan; we were so wearied with the dispute that we did not so well attend the Enemy's going off as might have been; by

[11] *Shog* is from the same root as *shock;* 'shogging,' a word of Oliver's, in such cases signifies moving by pulses, intermittently. Ribble Bridge lay on the Scotch right; Dean and Pride, therefore, who fought on the English right, got gradually less and less to do.

[12] The Darwen between us and them.

means whereof the Enemy was gotten at least three miles with his rear before ours got to them. I ordered Colonel Thornhaugh to command two or three regiments of horse to follow the Enemy, if it were possible to make him stand till we could bring up the Army. The Enemy marched away seven or eight thousand foot and about four-thousand horse; we followed him with about three-thousand foot and two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons; and, in this prosecution, that worthy gentleman, Colonel Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body and thigh and head by the Enemy's lancers.[13] And give me leave to say, he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any; and one who often heretofore lost blood in your quarrel, and now his last. He hath left some behind him to inherit a Father's honour; and a sad Widow;—both now the interest of the Commonwealth.

Our horse still prosecuted the Enemy; killing and taking divers all the way. At last the Enemy drew-up within three miles of Wigan; and by that time our Army was come up, they drew-off again, and recovered Wigan before we could attempt anything upon them. We lay that night in the field close by the Enemy; being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in all my life, the day being very wet. We had some skirmishing, that night, with the Enemy, near the Town; where we took General Van Druske and a Colonel, and killed some principal Officers, and took about a hundred prisoners; where I also received a Letter from Duke Hamilton, for civil usage towards his kinsman Colonel Hamilton,[14] whom he left wounded there. We took also Colonel Hurry and Lieutenant-Colonel Innes, sometimes in your service. The next morning the Enemy marched towards Warrington, and we at the heels of them. The Town of Wigan, a

[13] 'Run through with a lancier in Chorley, he wanting his arms,' says Hodgson. For 'arms' read 'armour,' corslet, &c. This is the Colonel Thornhaugh so often mentioned, praised and mourned for, by Mrs. Hutchinson.

[14] Claud Hamilton; see Turner, supra. Who 'Van Druske' is, none knows. 'Colonel Hurry' is the ever-changing Sir John Hurry, sometimes called Urry and Hurrey, who whisks like a most rapid actor of all work, ever on a new side, ever charging in the van, through this Civil-War Drama. The notablest feat he ever did was leading Prince Rupert on that marauding party, from Oxford to High Wycombe, on the return from which Hampden met his death (Clarendon, ii. 351). Hurry had been on the Parliament-side before. He was taken, at last, when Montrose was taken; and hanged out of the way. Of Innes ('Ennis') I know nothing at present,

great and poor Town, and very Malignant, were plundered almost to their skins by them.

We could not engage the Enemy until we came within three miles of Warrington; and there the Enemy made a stand, at a place near Winwick. We held them in some dispute till our Army came up; they maintaining the Pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges,—which forced us to give ground; but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing; where we killed about a thousand of them, and took, as we believe, about two-thousand prisoners; and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town; where they possessed the Bridge, which had a strong barricado and a work upon it, formerly made very defensive. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from General Baillie, desiring some capitulation. To which I yielded. Considering the strength of the Pass, and that I could not go over the River 'Mersey' within ten miles of Warrington with the Army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, to me; I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done: and the Commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition; which will be, as they tell me, about Four-thousand complete arms; and as many prisoners: and thus you have their infantry totally ruined. What Colonels and Officers are with General Baillie, I have not yet received the list.

The Duke is marching with his remaining Horse, which are about three-thousand, towards Nantwich; where the Gentlemen of the County have taken about five-hundred of them; of which they sent me word this day. The country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, except they have my hand-'writing;' telling them, They are Scots. They bring in and kill divers of them, as they light upon them. Most of the Nobility of Scotland are with the Duke. If I had a thousand horse that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them: but truly we are so harassed and haggled-out in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk 'at' an easy pace after them. —I have sent post to my Lord Grey, to Sir Henry Cholmely and Sir Edward Rhodes, to gather all together, with speed, for their prosecution; as likewise to acquaint the Governor of Stafford therewith.

I hear Monro is about Cumberland with the horse that ran away,[15] and his 'own' Irish horse and foot, which are a considerable body. I have left Colonel Ashton's three regiments of foot, with seven troops of horse (six of Lancashire and one of Cumberland), at Preston; and ordered Colonel Scroop with five troops of horse and two troops of dragoons, 'and' with two regiments of foot (Colonel Lascelles's and Colonel Wastell's), to embody with them; and have ordered them to put their prisoners to the sword if the Scots shall presume to advance upon them, because they cannot bring them off with security.[16]

Thus you have a Narrative of the particulars of the success which God hath given you: which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business; but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God in it; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man. Only give me leave to add one word, showing the disparity of forces on both sides; that so you may see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots Army could not be less than twelve-thousand effective foot, well armed, and five-thousand horse; Langdale not less than two-thousand five-hundred foot, and fifteen-hundred horse: in all Twenty-one Thousand;—and truly very few of their foot but were as well armed if not better than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two-thousand five-hundred horse and dragoons of your old Army; about four-thousand foot of your old Army; also about sixteen-hundred Lancashire foot, and about five-hundred Lancashire horse: in all, about Eight-thousand Six-hundred. You see by computation about two-thousand of the Enemy slain; betwixt eight and nine thousand prisoners; besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the Country daily bring in or destroy. Where Langdale and his broken forces are, I know not; but they are exceedingly shattered.

Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God; and wherever anything in this world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull it down; for this is the day wherein He alone will be exalted. It is

[15] Northward from Preston on the evening of the 17th, the Battle-day.

[16] It is to be hoped the Scots under Monro will not presume to advance, for the prisoners here in Preston are about four-thousand! These are not Baillie's Warrington men 'who surrendered on quarter for life:' these are 'at discretion.'

not fit for me to give advice, nor to say a word what use you should make of this;—more than to pray you, and all that acknowledge God, That they would exalt Him,—and not hate His people, who are as the apple of His eye, and for whom even Kings shall be reproved; and that you would take courage to do the work of the Lord, in fulfilling the end of your Magistracy, in seeking the peace and welfare of this Land,—that all that will live peaceably may have countenance from you, and they that are incapable and will not leave troubling the Land may speedily be destroyed out of the Land. And if you take courage in this, God will bless you; and good men will stand by you; and God will have glory, and the Land will have happiness by you in despite of all your enemies. Which shall be the prayer of,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Postscript. We have not, in all this, lost a considerable Officer but Colonel Thornhaugh; and not many soldiers, considering the service: but many are wounded, and our horse much wearied. I humbly crave that some course may be taken to dispose of the Prisoners. The trouble, and extreme charge of the Country where they lie, is more than the danger of their escape. I think they would not go home if they might, without a convoy; they are so fearful of the Country, from whom they have deserved so ill. Ten men will keep a thousand from running away.*

Commons Journals, Wednesday 23d August 1648: '*Ordered*, That the 'sum of Two-hundred Pounds be bestowed upon Major Berry, and the 'sum of One-hundred Pounds upon Edward Sexby, who brought the 'very good news of the very great Success obtained, by the great mercy 'of God, against the whole Scots Army in Lancashire, and That the said 'respective sums shall be'—in short, paid directly. Of Major Berry, Richard Baxter's friend, we have already heard. Captain Edward Sexby, here known to us as Captain for the first time,—did we not once see him in another character? One of Three Troopers with a Letter, in the Honourable House, in the time of the Army Troubles?[17] He will again turn up, little to his advantage, by and by. A Day of universal Thanksgiving for this 'wonderful great Success' is likewise ordered; and a printed schedule of items to be thankful for is despatched, 'to the number of 10,000,' into all places.[18]

* Chetham-Society Book, ut supra, pp. 259-267.

[17] See antea p. 238; and Ludlow, i. 189. [18] *Commons Journals*, v. 685.

LETTER LXV.

LET the following hasty Letter, of the same date with that more deliberate one to Lenthall, followed by another as hasty, terminate the Preston Business. Letters of hot Haste, of Hue-and-Cry; two remaining out of many such, written 'to all the Countries,' in that posture of affairs;—the fruit of which we shall soon see. Colonels 'Cholmely, White, Hatcher, Rhodes,' Country Colonels of more or less celebrity, need not detain us at present.

For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.

'GENTLEMEN,' Warrington, 20th Aug. 1648.

We have quite tired our horses in pursuit of the Enemy: we have killed, taken and disabled all their Foot; and left them only some Horse, with whom the Duke is fled into Delamere Forest, having neither Foot nor Dragooners. They have taken Five-hundred of them,—I mean the Country Forces 'have,' as they send me word this day.

They[19] are so tired, and in such confusion, that if my Horse could but trot after them, I could take them all. But we are so weary, we can scarce be able to do more than walk after them. I beseech you therefore, let Sir Henry Cholmely, Sir Edward Rhodes, Colonel Hatcher, and Colonel White, and all the Countries about you, be sent to, to rise with you and follow them. For they are the miserablest party that ever was: I durst engage myself, with Five-hundred fresh Horse, and Five-hundred nimble Foot, to destroy them all. My Horse are miserably beaten out;—and I have Ten-thousand of them Prisoners.

We have killed we know not what; but a very great number; having done execution upon them above thirty miles together,—besides what we killed in the Two great Fights, the one at Preston, the other at Warrington 'or Winwick Pass.' The Enemy was Twenty-four-thousand horse and foot; whereof Eighteen-thousand foot and Six-thousand horse: and our number about Six-thousand foot and Three-thousand horse at the utmost.

[19] The Scots.

This is a glorious Day:—God help England to answer His mercies!—I have no more; but beseech you in all your parts to gather into bodies, and pursue. I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' The greatest part, by far, of the Nobility of Scotland are with Duke Hamilton.*

LETTER LXVI.

'*For the Honourable the Committee at York: These.*'

GENTLEMEN, Wigan, 23d Aug. 1648.

I have intelligence even now come to my hands, That Duke Hamilton with a wearied Body of Horse is drawing towards Pontefract; where probably he may lodge himself, and rest his Horse;—as not daring to continue in those Countries whence we have driven him; the Country-people rising in such numbers, and stopping his passage at every bridge.

Major-General Lambert, with a very considerable force, pursues him at the heels. I desire you that you would get together what force you can, to put a stop to any farther designs they may have; and so be ready to join with Major-General Lambert, if there shall be need. I am marching Northward with the greatest part of the Army; where I shall be glad to hear from you. I rest,

Your very affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I could wish you would draw-out whatever force you have; either to be in his rear or to impede his march. For I am persuaded, if he, or the greatest part of those that are with him be taken, it would make an end of the Business of Scotland.†

* Copy in the possession of W. Beaumont, Esq. Warrington.

† Newspaper, *Packets of Letters from Scotland and the North*, no. 24 (London, printed by Robert Ibbitson in Smithfield, 29th August 1648).——See, in Appendix, No. 12, Letter of same date to Derby-House Committee, requesting supplies (*Note of* 1857).

This Letter, carelessly printed in the old Newspaper, is without address; but we learn that it 'came to my hands this present afternoon,' 'at York,' 26th August 1648;—whither also truer rumours, truer news, as to Hamilton and his affairs, are on the road.

On Friday 25th, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, the poor Duke of Hamilton, begirt with enemies, distracted with mutinies and internal discords, surrenders and ceases; 'very ill, and unable to march.' 'My 'Lord Duke and Calendar,' says Dalgetty, 'fell out and were at very 'high words at supper, where I was,' the night before; 'each blaming 'the other for the misfortune and miscarriage of our affairs:' a sad employment! Dalgetty himself went prisoner to Hull; lay long with Colonel Robert Overton, an acquaintance of ours there. 'As we rode 'from Uttoxeter, we made a stand at the Duke's window; and he look-'ing out with some kind words, we took our eternal farewell of him,'—never saw him more. He died on the scaffold for this business; being Earl of Cambridge, and an *English* Peer as well as Scotch:—the unhappiest of men; one of those 'singularly able men' who, with all their 'ability,' have never succeeded in any enterprise whatever!—

Colchester Siege, one of the most desperate defences, being now plainly without object, terminates on Monday next.[20] Surrender, 'on quarter' for the inferior parties, 'at discretion' for the superior. Two of the latter, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, gallant Officers both, are sentenced and shot on the place. 'By Ireton's instigation,' say some: yes, or without any special instigation; merely by the nature of the case! They who, contrary to Law and Treaty, have again involved this Nation in blood, do they deserve nothing?—Two more, Goring and Lord Capel, stood trial at Westminster; of whom Lord Capel lost his head. He was 'the first man that rose to complain of Grievances' in November 1640; being then Mr. Capel, and Member for Hertfordshire.

The Prince with his Fleet in the Downs, too, so soon as these Lancashire tidings reached him, made off for Holland; 'entered the Hague in thirty coaches,' and gave-up his military pursuits. The Second Civil War, its back once broken here at Preston, rapidly dies everywhere; is already as good as dead.

In Scotland itself there is no farther resistance. The oppressed Kirk Party rise rather, and almost thank the conquerors. 'Sir George Monro,' says Turner, 'following constantly a whole day's march to the rear of us,' finding himself, by this unhappy Battle, cut asunder from my Lord Duke, and brought into contact with Cromwell instead,—'marched straight back to Scotland and joined with Earl Lanark's forces,' my

[20] 28th August, Rushworth, vii. 1242.

Lord Duke's brother. '*Straight* back,' as we shall find, is not the word for this march.

'But so soon as the news of our Defeat came to Scotland,' continues Turner, 'Argyle and the Kirk Party rose in arms; every mother's son; and this was called the "*Whiggamore* Raid:"' 1648,—first appearance of the Whig Party on the page of History, I think! 'David Lesley was 'at their head, and old Leven,' the Fieldmarshal of 1639, 'in the Castle 'of Edinburgh; who *cannonaded* the Royal' Hamilton 'troops whenever 'they came in view of him!'[21]

Cromwell proceeds northward, goes at last to Edinburgh itself, to compose this strange state of matters.

[21] Turner, ubi supra; Guthry's *Memoirs* (Glasgow, 1748), p. 285.

LETTERS LXVII.—LXXIX.

Monro with the rearward of Hamilton's beaten Army did not march '*straight* back' to Scotland, as Turner told us, but very obliquely back; lingering for several weeks on the South side of the Border; collecting remnants of English, Scotch, and even Irish Malignants, not without hopes of raising a new Army from them,—cruelly spoiling those Northern Counties in the interim. Cromwell, waiting first till Lambert with the forces sent in pursuit of Hamilton can rejoin the main Army, moves Northward, to deal with these broken parties, and with broken Scotland generally. The following Thirteen Letters bring him as far as Edinburgh: whither let us now attend him with such lights as they yield.

LETTER LXVII.

Oliver St. John, a private friend, and always officially an important man, always on the Committee of Both Kingdoms, Derby-House Committee, or whatever the governing Authority might be,—finds here a private Note for himself; one part of which is very strange to us. Does the reader look with any intelligence into that poor old prophetic, symbolic Deathbed-scene at Preston? Any intelligence of Prophecy and Symbol in general; of the symbolic Man-child *Mahershalal-hashbaz* at Jerusalem, or the handful of Cut Grass at Preston;—of the opening Portals of Eternity, and what last departing gleams there are in the Soul of the pure and just?—Mahershalal-hashbaz ('Hasten-to-the-spoil,' so-called), and the bundle of Cut Grass are grown somewhat strange to us! Read; and having sneered duly,—consider:

For my worthy Friend Oliver St. John, Esquire, Solicitor-General: These, at Lincoln's Inn.

Dear Sir, Knaresborough, 1st Sept. '1648.'

I can say nothing; but surely the Lord our God is a great and glorious God. He only is worthy to be feared and

trusted, and His appearances particularly to be waited for. He will not fail His People. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!—

Remember my love to my dear brother H. Vane: I pray he make not too little, nor I too much, of outward dispensations:—God preserve us all, that we, in simplicity of our spirits, may patiently attend upon them. Let us all be not careful what men will make of these actings. They, will they, nill they, shall fulfil the good pleasure of God; and we—shall serve our generations. Our rest we expect elsewhere: that will be durable. Care we not for tomorrow, nor for anything. This Scripture has been of great stay to me: read *Isaiah* Eighth, 10, 11, 14;—read all the Chapter.[1]

I am informed from good hands, that a poor godly man died in Preston, the day before the Fight; and being sick, near the hour of his death, he desired the woman that cooked to him, To fetch him a handful of Grass. She did so; and when he received it, he asked Whether it would wither or not, now it was cut? The woman said, "Yea." He replied, "So should this Army of the Scots do, and come to nothing, so soon as ours did but appear," or words to this effect; and so immediately died.——

My service to Mr. W. P., Sir J. E., and the rest of our good friends. I hope I do often remember you.

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to Frank Russel and Sir Gilbert Pickering.*

'Sir J. E.,' when he received this salutation, was palpable enough; but has now melted away to the Outline of a Shadow! I guess him to be Sir John Evelyn of Wilts; and, with greater confidence, 'Mr. W. P.'

[1] Yes, the indignant symbolic 'Chapter,' about Mahershalal-hashbaz, and the vain desires of the wicked, is all worth reading; here are the Three Verses referred to, more especially: 'Take counsel together,' ye unjust, 'and it shall 'come to naught; speak the word, and it shall not stand. For God is with 'us.—Sanctify the Lord of Hosts; and let Him be your fear, and let Him be 'your dread. And He shall be for a sanctuary:—but for a stone of stumbling 'and for a rock of offence to both the Houses of Israel; for a gin and for a 'snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem! And many among them shall stumble 'and fall, and be broken, and be snared, and be taken.' This last verse, we find, is often in the thoughts of Oliver.

* Ayscough MSS. 4107, f. 94; a Copy by Birch.

to be William Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston's Son, a man of superior faculty, of various destiny and business, 'called in the Family traditions, *Wise William;*' Ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston (Great-grandfather of that *Lady Mary*, whom as *Wortley Montagu* all readers still know); and much a friend of Oliver, as we shall transiently see.

LETTER LXVIII.

ANOTHER private Letter: to my Lord Wharton; to congratulate him on some 'particular mercy,' seemingly the birth of an heir, and to pour out his sense of these great general mercies This Philip Lord Wharton is also of the Committee of Derby House, the Executive in those months; it is probable[2] Cromwell had been sending despatches to them, and had hastily enclosed these private Letters in the Packet.

Philip Lord Wharton seems to have been a zealous Puritan, much concerned with Preachers, Chaplains &c. in his domestic establishment; and full of Parliamentary and Politico-religious business in public. He had a regiment of his own raising at Edgehill Fight; but it was one of those that ran away; whereupon the unhappy Colonel took refuge 'in a sawpit,'—says Royalism confidently, crowing over it without end.[3] A quarrel between him and Sir Henry Mildmay, Member for Malden, about Sir Henry's saying, "He Wharton had made his peace at Oxford" in November 1643, is noted in the Commons Journals, iii. 300. It was to him, about the time of this Cromwell Letter, that one Osborne, a distracted King's flunky, had written, accusing Major Rolf, a soldier under Hammond, of attempting to poison Charles in the Isle of Wight.[4]—This Philip's patrimonial estate, *Wharton*, still a Manor-house of somebody, lies among the Hills on the southwest side of Westmoreland; near the sources of the Eden, the Swale rising on the other watershed not far off. He seems, however, to have dwelt at Upper Winchington, Bucks, 'a seat near Great Wycombe.' He lived to be a Privy Councillor to William of Orange.[5] He died in 1696. Take this other anecdote, once a very famous one:

'James Stewart of Blantyre, in Scotland, son of a Treasurer Stewart, 'and himself a great favourite of King James, was a gallant youth; came

[2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 6, 5th September.
[3] Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 177, and in all manner of Pamphlets elsewhere.
[4] Wood, iii. 501; Pamphlets; *Commons Journals*, &c.
[5] Wood, iv. 407, 542; *Fasti*, i. 335; Nicolas's *Synopsis of the Peerage*.

'up to London with great hopes: but a discord falling out between him 'and the young Lord Wharton, they went out to single combat each 'against the other; and at the first thrust each of them killed the other, 'and they fell dead in one another's arms on the place.'[6] The 'place' was Islington fields; the date 8th November 1609. The tragedy gave rise to much ballad-singing and other rumour.[7] Our Philip is that slain Wharton's Nephew.

This Letter has been preserved by Thurloe; four blank spaces ornamented with due asterisks occur in it,—Editor Birch does not inform us whether from tearing-off the Seal, or why. In these blank spaces the conjectural sense, which I distinguish here as usual by commas, is occasionally somewhat questionable.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton: These.

My Lord, 'Knaresborough,' 2d Sept. 1648.

You know how untoward I am at this business of writing; yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercy here, which surely was much more than 'the sense of it' the House expresseth.[8] I trust 'to have, through' the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we! Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints,—despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints;—yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs; and must be fed. We have daily bread,[9] and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There's enough in our Father's house, and He dispenseth it.[10] I think, through these outward mercies, as we call them, Faith, Patience, Love, Hope are exercised and perfected,—yea Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know

[6] Scotstarvet's *Staggering State* (Edinb. 1754, a very curious little Book), p. 32.

[7] *Bibliotheca Topographica*, no. xlix.

[8] The House calls it 'a wonderful great mercy and success,' this Preston victory (*Commons Journals*, v. 680);—and then passes on to other matters, not quite adequately conscious that its life had been saved hereby! What fire was blazing, and how high, in Wales, and then in Lancashire, is known only in perfection to those that trampled it out.

[9] Spiritual food, encouragement of merciful Providence, from day to day.

[10] There follows here in the Birch edition: 'As our eyes' [seven stars] 'behinde, then wee can' [seven stars] 'we for him:' words totally unintelligible; and not worth guessing at, the original not being here, but only Birch's questionable reading of it.

not well how to distinguish: the difference is only in the subject, 'not in the object;' to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian;—but I dispute not.

My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, "He is God's to dispose of, and guide for;" and there you will leave him.

My love to the dear little Lady, better 'to me' than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all Friends high and low; if you will, to my Lord and Lady Mulgrave and Will Hill. I am truly,

Your faithful friend and humblest servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

During these very days, perhaps it was exactly two days after, 'on Monday last,' if that mean 4th September,[11]—Monro, lying about Appleby, has a party of horse 'sent into the Bishopric;' firing 'divers houses' thereabouts, and not forgetting to plunder 'the Lord Wharton's tenants' by the road: Cromwell penetrating towards Berwick, yet still at a good distance, scatters this and other predatory parties rapidly enough to Appleby,—as it were by the very wind of him; like a coming mastiff smelt in the gale by vermin. They are swifter than he, and get to Scotland, by their dexterity and quick scent, unscathed. 'Across to Kelso,' about September 8th.[12]

Mulgrave in those years is a young Edmund Sheffield, of whom, except that he came afterwards to sit in the Council of State, and died a few days before the Protector, History knows not much.—'Will Hill' is perhaps William Hill, a Puritan Merchant in London, ruined out of 'a large estate' by lending for the public service; who, this Summer, and still in this very month, is dunning the Lords and Commons, the Lords with rather more effect, to try if they cannot give him some kind of payment, or shadow of an attempt at payment,—he having long lain in jail for want of his money. A zealous religious, and now destitute and insolvent man; known to Oliver;—and suggests himself along with the Mulgraves by the contrast of 'Friends high and low.' Poor Hill did, after infinite struggling, get some kind of snack at the Bishops' Lands by and by.[13]

* Thurloe, i. 99.

[11] *Cromwelliana*, p. 45.

[12] Rushworth, vii. 1250, 3, 9, 60.

[13] *Commons Journals*, vi. 29, 243.

The 'young Baron' now born is father, I suppose,—he or his brother is father,[14]—of the far-famed high-gifted half-delirious Duke of Wharton.

On the 8th of September, Cromwell is at Durham,[15] scaring the Monro fraternity before him; and publishes the following

DECLARATION.

WHEREAS the Scottish Army, under the command of James Duke of Hamilton, which lately invaded this Nation of England, is, by the blessing of God upon the Parliament's Forces, defeated and overthrown; and some thousands of their soldiers and officers are now prisoners in our hands; so that by reason of their great number, and want of sufficient guards and watches to keep them so carefully as need requires (the Army being employed upon other duty and service of the Kingdom), divers may escape away; and many, both since and upon the pursuit, do lie in private places in the country:

I thought it very just and necessary to give notice to all, and accordingly do declare, That if any Scottishmen, officers or soldiers, lately members of the said Scottish Army, and taken or escaped in or since the late Fight and pursuit, shall be found straggling in the countries, or running away from the places assigned them to remain in till the pleasure of the Parliament, or of his Excellency the Lord General be known,—It will be accounted a very good and acceptable service to the Country and Kingdom of England, for any person or persons to take and apprehend all such Scottishmen; and to carry them to any Officer having the charge of such prisoners; or, in defect of such Officer, to the Committee or Governor of the next Garrison for the Parliament within the County where they shall be so taken; there to be secured and kept in prison, as shall be found most convenient.

And the said Committee, Officer, or Governor respectively, are desired to secure such of the said prisoners as shall be so apprehended and brought unto them, accordingly. And if any of the said Scottish officers or soldiers shall make any resistance, and

[14] He, Thomas, the one now born; subsequently Marquis, and a man otherwise of distinction; who 'died 12th April 1715, in the 67th year of his age:' Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain* (April 1715, London), p. 305. (*Note to Third Edition:* communicated by Mr. T. Watts of the British Museum.)

[15] *Commons Journals*, vii. 1260.

refuse to be taken or render themselves, all such persons well-affected to the service of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, may and are desired to fall upon, fight with, and slay such refusers: but if the said prisoners shall continue and remain within the places and guards assigned for the keeping of them, That then no violence, wrong, nor injury be offered to them by any means.

Provided also, and special care is to be taken, That no Scottish-man residing within this Kingdom, and not having been a member of the said Army, and also, That none such of the said Scottish prisoners as shall have liberty given them, and sufficient passes to go to any place appointed, may be interrupted or troubled hereby.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Durham,' 8th September 1648.

LETTER LXIX.

FAIRFAX is still at Colchester, arranging the 'ransoms,' and confused wrecks of the Siege there; Cromwell has now reached Berwick,[16] at least his outposts have,—all the Monroes now fairly across the Tweed. 'Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell,' I conclude, was mortally wounded at Preston Battle; and here has the poor Widow been, soliciting and lamenting.

For his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of all the Parliament's Armies: These.

MY LORD, 'Alnwick,' 11th Sept. 1648.

Since we lost Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, his Wife came to me near Northallerton, much lamenting her loss, and the sad condition she and her children were left in.

He was an honest worthy man. He spent himself in your and the Kingdom's service. He being a great Trader in London, deserted it to serve the Kingdom. He lost much moneys to the State; and I believe few outdid him. He had a great arrear due to him. He left a Wife and three small children but meanly provided for. Upon his death-bed, he commended this desire to me, That I should befriend his to the Parliament or to your Excellency. His

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 46).

[16] Rushworth, vii. 125.

Wife will attend you for Letters to the Parliament; which I beseech you to take into a tender consideration.

I beseech you to pardon this boldness to,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the 19th June 1649, 'Widow Cowell' is ordered to be paid her Husband's Arrears by the Committee at Haberdashers' Hall.[17] One hopes she received payment, poor woman! 'Upon his deathbed her Husband commended this desire to *me*.'

In the very hours while this Letter is a-writing, 'Monday 11th September 1648,' Monro, now joined with the Earl of Lanark, presents himself at Edinburgh: but the Whiggamore Raid, all the force of the West Country, 6,000 strong, is already there; 'draws out on the crags be-east the Town,' old Leven in the Castle ready to fire withal; and will not let him enter. Lanark and Monro, after sad survey of the inaccessible armed crags, bend westward, keeping well out of the range of Leven's guns,—to Stirling; meet Argyle and the Whiggamores, make some Treaty or Armistice, and admit *them* to be the real 'Committee of Estates,' the Hamilton Faction having ended.[18] Here are Three Letters, Two of one date, directly on the back of these occurrences.

LETTER LXX.

For the Governor of Berwick: These.

SIR, Alnwick, 15th Sept. 1648.

Being come thus near, I thought fit to demand the Town of Berwick to be delivered into my hands, to the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, to whom of right it belongeth.

I need not use any arguments to convince you of the justice hereof. The witness that God hath borne against your Army, in their Invasion of those who desired to sit in peace by you, doth at once manifest His dislike of the injury done to a Nation that meant you no harm, but hath been all along desirous to keep amity and brotherly affection and agreement with you.

If you deny me in this, we must make a second appeal to God, putting ourselves upon Him, in endeavouring to obtain our rights,

* Lansdowne MSS. 1236, fol. 85.

[17] *Commons Journals*, vi. 237.

[18] Guthry, pp. 288-97.

and let Him be judge between us. And if our aim be anything beyond what we profess, He will requite it. If farther trouble ensue upon your denial, we trust He will make our innocency to appear.

I expect your answer to this summons, this day, and rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Ludovic Lesley, the Scotch Governor of Berwick, returns 'a dilatory answer,' not necessary for us to read. Here is a more important message:

LETTER LXXI.

For the Right Honourable the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected Lords, Gentlemen, Ministers and People now in arms in the Kingdom of Scotland: Present.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, 'Near Berwick,' 16th September 1648.

Being (in prosecution of the common Enemy) advanced, with the Army under my command, to the borders of Scotland, I thought fit, to prevent any misapprehension or prejudice that might be raised thereupon, to send your Lordships these Gentlemen, Colonel Bright, Scoutmaster-General Rowe, and Mr. Stapylton, to acquaint you with the reasons thereof: concerning which I desire your Lordships to give them credence.

I remain, my Lords,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Bright and Scoutmaster Rowe are persons that often occur, though somewhat undistinguishably, in the Old Pamphlets. Bright, in the end of this month, was sent over, 'from Berwick' apparently, to take possession of Carlisle, now ready to surrender to us.[19] 'Scoutmaster' is the Chief of the Corps of 'Guides,' as soldiers now call them. As to Stapylton or Stapleton, we have to remark that, besides Sir Philip Stapleton, the noted Member for Boroughbridge, and one of the Eleven, who is now banished and dead, there is a Bryan Stapleton now Member

* Lords Journals (in *Parliamentary History*, xvii. 485).

† Thurloe, i. 100.

[19] *Cromwelliani*, p. 48.

for Aldborough; he in January last[20] was Commissioner to Scotland: but this present Stapleton is still another. Apparently, one Robert Stapylton; a favourite Chaplain of Cromwell's; an Army-Preacher, a man of weight and eminence in that character. From his following in the rear of the Colonel and the Scoutmaster, instead of taking precedence in the Lieutenant-General's Letter, as an M.P. would have done, we may infer that this Reverend Robert Stapylton is the Cromwell Messenger,—sent to speak a word to the Clergy in particular.

Scoutmaster Rowe, William Rowe, appears with an enlarged sphere of influence, presiding over the Cromwell spy-world in a very diligent, expert and almost respectable manner, some years afterwards, in the *Milton State-Papers*. His counsel might be useful with Argyle; his experienced eye, at any rate, might take a glance of the Scottish Country, with advantage to an invading General.

Of the Reverend Mr. Stapylton's proceedings on this occasion we have no notice: but he will occur afterwards in these Letters; and two years hence, on Cromwell's second visit to those Northern parts, we find this recorded: 'Last Lord's Day,' 29th September 1650, 'Mr. Stapylton 'preached in the High Church' of Edinburgh, while we were mining the Castle!—'forenoon and afternoon, before his Excellency with his 'Officers; where was a great concourse of people; many Scots expressing 'much affection at the doctrine, in their usual way of groans.'[21] In their usual way of groans, while Mr. Stapylton held forth: consider that!—Mr. Robert, 'at 10 o'clock at night on the 3d September' next year, writes, 'from the other side of Severn,' a copious despatch concerning the Battle of Worcester,[22] and then disappears from History.

The following Letter, of the same date, was brought by the same Messengers for the Committee of Estates.

LETTER LXXII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, 'Near Berwick,' 16th Sept. 1648.

Being upon my approach to the borders of the Kingdom of Scotland, I thought fit to acquaint you of the reason thereof.

It is well known how injuriously the Kingdom of England was

[20] *Commons Journals*, v. 442; Whitlocke, p. 290.

[21] *Cromwelliana*, p. 92. [22] Ibid. p. 113.

lately invaded by the Army under Duke Hamilton; contrary to the Covenant and 'to' our leagues of amity, and against all the engagements of love and brotherhood between the two Nations. And notwithstanding the pretence of your late Declaration,[23] published to take with the people of this Kingdom, the Commons of England in Parliament Assembled declared the said Army so entering, Enemies to the Kingdom; and those of England who should adhere to them, Traitors. And having [24] received command to march with a considerable part of their Army, to oppose so great a violation of faith and justice,—what a witness God, being appealed to,[25] hath borne, upon the engagement of the two Armies, against the unrighteousness of man, not only yourselves, but this Kingdom, yea and a great part of the known world will, I trust, acknowledge. How dangerous a thing is it to wage an unjust war; much more, to appeal to God the Righteous Judge therein! We trust He will persuade you better by this manifest token of His displeasure; lest His hand be stretched out yet more against you, and your poor People also, if they will be deceived.

That which I am to demand of you is, The restitution of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle into my hands, for the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England. If you deny me herein, I must make our appeal to God; and call upon Him for assistance, in what way He shall direct us;—wherein we are, and shall be, so far from seeking the harm of the well-affected people of the Kingdom of Scotland, that we profess as before the Lord, That (what difference an Army, necessitated in a hostile way to recover the ancient rights and inheritance of the Kingdom under which they serve, can make [26]) we shall use our endeavours to the utmost that the trouble may fall upon the contrivers and authors of this breach, and not upon the poor innocent people, who have been led and compelled into this action, as many poor souls now prisoners to us confess.

We thought ourselves bound in duty thus to expostulate with you, and thus to profess; to the end we may bear our integrity

[23] To be found in Rushworth; read it not!

[24] The grammar requires 'I having,' but the physiognomy of the sentence requires nothing.

[25] on Preston Moor.

[26] Means: 'so far as an Army, necessitated to vindicate its country by War, can make a discrimination.' The 'ancient rights and inheritance' are the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth.

out before the world, and may have comfort in God, whatever the event be.

Desiring your answer, I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The troubles of Scotland are coming thick. The 'Engagers,' those that 'engaged' with Hamilton, are to be condemned; then, before long, come 'Resolutioners' and 'Protesters;' and in the wreck of the Hamilton-Argyle discussions, and general cunctations,—all men desiring to say Yes *and* No instead of Yes *or* No,—Royalism and Presbyterianism alike are disastrously sinking.

The Lordships here addressed as 'Committee of Estates' can make no answer, for they do not now exist as *Committee of Estates;*—Argyle and Company are now assuming that character: the shifting of the dresses, which occasions some complexity in those old Letters, is just going on. From Argyle and Company, however, who see in Cromwell their one sure stay, there are already on the road conciliatory congratulatory messages, by Lairds and Majors, 'from Falkirk,' where the Whiggamore Raid and Lanark are making their Armistice or Treaty. Whereupon follows, with suitably vague Superscription, for Argyle and Company:

LETTER LXXIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland:

To be communicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Burgesses now in arms,[27] *who dissented in Parliament from the late Engagement against the Kingdom of England.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Cheswick,[28] 18th Sept. 1648.

We received yours from Falkirk of the 15th September instant. We have had also a sight of your Instructions given to the Laird of Greenhead and Major Strahan; as also other two Papers concerning the Treaty between your Lordships and the

* Thurloe, i. 100.

[27] 'The Whiggamore Raid,' as Turner calls it, now making a Treaty with Lanark, Monro, and the other Assignees of the bankrupt Hamilton concern. Expressly addressed, in the next Letter, as 'Committee of Estates,' *they* now.

[28] Cheswick, still a Manorhouse 'of the Family of Strangeways,' lies three or four miles south of Berwick, on the great road to Newcastle and London.

Enemy; wherein your care of the interest of the Kingdom of England, for the delivery of the Towns[29] unjustly taken from them, and 'your' desire to preserve the unity of both Nations, appears. By which also we understand the posture you are in to oppose the Enemies of the welfare and the peace of both Kingdoms; for which we bless God for His goodness to you; and rejoice to see the power of the Kingdom of Scotland in a hopeful way to be invested in the hands of those who, we trust, are taught of God to seek His honour, and the comfort of His people.

And give us leave to say, as before the Lord, who knows the secrets of all hearts, That, as we think one especial end of Providence in permitting the enemies of God and Goodness in both Kingdoms to rise to that height, and exercise such tyranny over His people, was to show the necessity of Unity amongst those of both Nations, so we hope and pray that the late glorious dispensation, in giving so happy success against your and our Enemies in our victories, may be the foundation of Union of the People of God in love and amity. Unto that end we shall, God assisting, to the utmost of our power endeavour to perform what may be behind on our part: and when we shall, through any wilfulness, fail therein, let this profession rise up in judgment against us, as having been made in hypocrisy,—a severe avenger of which God hath lately appeared, in His most righteous witnessing against the Army under Duke Hamilton, invading us under specious pretences of piety and justice. We may humbly say, we rejoice with more trembling[30] than to dare to do such a wicked thing.

Upon our advance to Alnwick, we thought fit to send a good body of our horse to the borders of Scotland, and thereby a summons to the Garrison of Berwick;[31] to which having received a dilatory answer, I desired a safe-convoy for Colonel Bright and the Scoutmaster-General of this Army to go to the Committee of Estates in Scotland; who, I hope, will have the opportunity to be with your Lordships before this come to your hands,—and, according as they are instructed, will let your Lordships in some measure, as well as we could in so much ignorance of your condition, know our affections to you. And understanding things more fully by yours, we now thought fit to make you this 'present' return.

[29] Berwick and Carlisle, which by agreement in 1646-7 were not to be garrisoned except by consent of *both* Kingdoms.

[30] 'Join trembling with your mirth' (Second Psalm). [31] Letter LXX.

The command we received, upon the defeat of Duke Hamilton, was, To prosecute this business until the Enemy were put out of a condition or hope of growing into a new Army, and the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle were reduced. Four regiments of our horse and some dragoons, who had followed the Enemy into the south parts,[32] being now come up; and this country not able to bear us, the cattle and old corn thereof having been wasted by Monro and the forces with him; the Governor of Berwick also daily victualling his Garrison from Scotland side; and the Enemy yet in so considerable a posture as by these Gentlemen and your Papers we understand, — still prosecuting their former design, having gotten the advantage of Stirling Bridge, and so much of Scotland at their backs to enable them thereunto; and your Lordships' condition not being such, at present, as may compel them to submit to the honest and necessary things you have proposed to them for the good of both the Kingdoms: we have thought fit, out of the sense of duty to the commands laid upon us by those who have sent us, and to the end we might be in a posture more ready to give you assistance, and not be wanting to what we have made so large professions of,—to advance into Scotland with the Army.[33] And we trust, by the blessing of God, the common Enemy will thereby the sooner be brought to a submission to you: and we thereby shall do what becomes us in order to the obtaining of our Garrisons; engaging ourselves that, so soon as we shall know from you that the Enemy will yield to the things you have proposed to them, and we have our Garrisons delivered to us, we shall forthwith depart out of your Kingdom and in the meantime be 'even' more tender towards the Kingdom of Scotland, in the point of charge, than if we were in our own Kingdom.

If we shall receive from you any desire of a more speedy advance, we shall readily yield compliance therewith;—desiring also to hear from you how affairs stand. This being the result of a Council of War, I present it to you as the expression of their affections and of my own; who am,

My Lords,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[32] Uttoxeter and thereabouts.

[33] Neither does the sentence end even here! It is dreadfully bad composition; yet contains a vigorous clear sense in it. * Thurloe, i. 101.

Cheswick, where Oliver now has his head-quarter, lies, as we said, some three or four miles south of Berwick, on the English side of Tweed. Part of his forces crossed the River, I find, next day; a stray regiment had without order gone across the day before.—The 'Laird of Greenhead,' Sir Andrew Ker, is known in the old Scotch Books; still better, Major Strahan, who makes a figure on his own footing by and by. The Anti-Hamilton or Whiggamore Party are all inclined to Cromwell; inclined, and yet averse: wishing to say "Yes *and* No:" if that were possible!—

The answer to this Letter immediately follows in *Thurloe;* but it is not worth giving. The intricate longwindedness of mere Loudons, Argyles and the like, on such subjects, at this time of day is not tolerable to either gods or men. "We, Loudon, Argyle and Company, are very sensible how righteously 'God who judgeth the Earth' has dealt with Hamilton and his followers; an intolerable, unconscionable race of men, tending towards mere ruin of religion, and 'grievously oppressive' to us. We hope all things from you, respectable Lieutenant-General. We have sent influential persons to order the giving-up of Berwick and Carlisle instantly; and hope these Garrisons will obey them. We rest,—Humbly devoted,—Argyle, Loudon and Company."

Influential Persons: 'Friday last, the 22d September, the Marquis of 'Argyle, the Lord Elcho, Sir John Scot and others came as Commis-'sioners from the Honest Party in Scotland to the Laird of Mordington's 'House at Mordington, to the Lieutenant-General's quarters, two miles 'within Scotland. That night the Marquis of Argyle sent a trumpet to 'Berwick,' [34]—Berwick made delays, needed to send to the Earl of Lanark first. Lanark, it is to be hoped, will consent. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-General opens his parallels, diligently prepares to besiege, if necessary. Among these influential Persons, a quick reader notices 'Sir John Scot,'—and rejoices to recognise him, in that dim transient way, for the 'Director of the Chancery,' and Laird of *Scotstarvet* in Fife, himself in rather a *staggering state* [35] at present, worthy old gentleman!

[34] Rushworth, vii. 1282.

[35] *Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen* is the strange Title of his strange little Book: not a Satire at all, but a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in brief compass, not without a rude Laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the Writer withal.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the Kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the Enemy who lately invaded the Kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle:

These are to declare, That if any Officer or Soldier under my command shall take or demand any money; or shall violently take any horses, goods or victual, without order; or shall abuse the people in any sort,—he shall be tried by a Council of War: and the said person so offending shall be punished, according to the Articles of War made for the government of the Army in the Kingdom of England, which punishment is death.

Each Colonel, or other chief Officer in every regiment, is to transcribe a copy of this; and to cause the same to be delivered to each Captain in his regiment: and every said Captain of each respective troop and company is to publish the same to his troop or company; and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto.

Given under my hand, this 20th September 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER LXXIV.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, at Edinburgh: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Norham, 21st Sept. 1648.

We perceive that there was, upon our advance to the Borders, the last Lord's Day,[36] a very disorderly carriage by some horse; who, without order, did steal over the Tweed, and plundered some places in the Kingdom of Scotland: and since

* Newspapers in *Cromwelliana*, p. 46.

[36] 21st Sept. 1648 is Thursday; last Sunday is 17th.

that, some stragglers have been alike faulty; to the wrong of the inhabitants, and to our very great grief of heart.

I have been as diligent as I can to find out the men that have done the wrong, and I am still in the discovery thereof; and I trust there shall be nothing wanting on my part that may testify how much we abhor such things: and to the best of my information I cannot find the least guilt of the fact[37] to lie upon the regiments of this Army, but upon some of the Northern horse, who have not been under our discipline and government, until just that we came into these parts.

I have commanded those forces away back again into England; and I hope the exemplarity of justice will testify for us our great detestation of the fact.[38] For the remaining regiments, which are of our old forces, we may engage for them their officers will keep them from doing any such things: and we are confident that, saving victual, they shall not take anything from the inhabitants; and in that also they shall be so far from being their own carvers, as that they shall submit to have provisions ordered and proportioned by the consent, and with the direction, of the Committees and Gentlemen of the Country, and not otherwise, if they[39] please to be assisting to us therein.

I thought fit, for the preventing of misunderstanding, to give your Lordships this account; and rest,

My Lords,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Upon our entrance into Scotland, a regiment lately raised in the 'Bishopric of Durham, under Colonel Wren, behaved themselves rudely; 'which as soon as the Lieutenant-General of this Army' Cromwell 'had 'notice of, he caused it to rendezvous on Tweed banks; and the Scottish 'people having challenged several horses taken from them by that 'Regiment, the Lieutenant-General caused the said horses to be restored 'back, and the plunderers to be cashiered. A Lieutenant that countenanced 'such deeds was delivered into the Marshal's hands; and the Colonel 'himself, conniving at them, and not doing justice upon the offenders 'when complaints were brought in to him, was taken from the head of 'his Regiment, and suspended from executing his place, until he had

[37] 'fait.' [38] 'fait.' [39] these Committees.

* Thurloe, i. 103 (From the Public Records of Scotland, in the Laigh Parliament House at Edinburgh).

'answered at a Council of War for his negligence in the performance 'of his duty. This notable and impartial piece of justice did take 'very much with the people; and the Regiment is ordered back into 'Northumberland,'[40]—as we see.

The answer of 'Loudon *Cancellarius*' to this Letter from Norham is given in the old Newspapers.[41] The date is Edinburgh, 28th of September 1648. Loudon of course is very thankful for such tenderness and kind civilities; thankful especially that the Honourable Lieutenant-General has come so near, and by the dread of him forced the Malignants at Stirling Bridge to come to terms, and leave the Well-affected at peace. A very great blessing to us 'the near distance of your forces at this time,'—though once (*you ken varry weel*, and Whitlocke kens,) we considered you an incendiary, and I, O Honourable Lieutenant-General, would so fain have had you extinguished,—not knowing what I did!

Norham lies on the South shore of the Tweed, some seven miles above Berwick:

'Day set on Norham's castled steep.'[42]

Cromwell went across to Mordington, and met the 'Influential Persons,' on the morrow. As the following Letter, taking a comprehensive survey of the matter, will abundantly manifest.

LETTER LXXV.

'To the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.'

SIR, Berwick, 2d Oct. 1648.

I have formerly represented to the Committee at Derby House,[43] how far I have prosecuted your business in relation to the Commands I did receive from them. To wit: That I have sent a party of horse with a Summons to Berwick; and a Letter to the Committee of Estates, which I supposed did consist of the Earl of Lanark and his participants; and a Letter of kindness and affection to the Marquis of Argyle, and the Well-affected Party in arms at 'or about' Edinburgh, with credence to Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe, Scoutmaster of the Army, To let them know upon what grounds and with what intentions we came into

[40] Perfect Diurnal, October 2d to 9th (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 47).

[41] *Cromwelliana*, p. 47. [42] Scott's *Marmion*.

[43] Long Letter, dated 20th September, recapitulating what is already known to us here. Appendix, No. 13.

their Kingdom: And how that, in the mean time, the Marquis of Argyle and the rest at Edinburgh had sent Sir Andrew Ker, Laird of Greenhead, and Major Strahan to me, with a Letter, and papers of Instructions, expressing their good affection to the Kingdom of England, and disclaiming the late Engagement;—together with my Answer to the said Letters and papers. Duplicates of all which I sent to the Committee at Derby House, and therefore forbear to trouble you with the things themselves.—I think now fit to give you an account, what farther progress has been made in your business.

The two 'Scotch' Armies being drawn up, the one under Lanark and Monro at Stirling, and the other under the Earl of Leven and Lieutenant-General Lesley betwixt that and Edinburgh; the heads of these two Armies being upon treaties concerning their own affairs; and I having given, as I hoped, sufficient satisfaction concerning the justice of your cause, and the clearness of my intentions in entering that Kingdom,—'I' did, upon Thursday 21st September, and two days before, the Tweed being fordable, march over Tweed at Norham into Scotland, with four regiments of horse and some dragoons, and six regiments of foot; and there quartered; my head-quarters being at the Lord Mordington's House.

Where hearing that the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Elcho, and some others, were coming to me from the Committee of Estates assembled at Edinburgh,—I went, on Friday 22d September, some part of the way to wait upon his Lordship. Who, when he was come to his quarters, delivered me a Letter, of which the enclosed is a copy,[44] signed by the Lord Chancellor, by warrant of the Committee of Estates. And after some time spent in giving and receiving mutual satisfaction concerning each other's integrity and clearness, —wherein I must be bold to testify, for that noble Lord the Marquis, the Lord Elcho, and the other Gentlemen with him, that I have found nothing in them 'other' than what becomes Christians and men of honour,—the next day it was resolved, that the command of the Committee of Estates to the Governor of Berwick, for rendering the Town, should be sent to him, by the Lord Elcho and Colonel Scot. Which accordingly was done. But he, pretending that he had not received the command of that place from those hands that now demanded it of him, desired liberty to send to the Earl of Lanark; engaging himself *then* to give his positive answer, and intimating it should be satisfactory.

[44] Conceivable by us here.

Whilst these things were in transacting, I ordered Major-General Lambert to march towards Edinburgh, with six regiments of horse and a regiment of dragoons. Who accordingly did so; and quartered in East Lothian, within six miles of Edinburgh; the foot lying in his rear at Copperspath and thereabouts.[45]

Upon Friday 29th September, came an Order from the Earl of Lanark, and divers Lords of his Party, requiring the Governor of Berwick to march out of the Town; which accordingly he did, on Saturday the last of September;—at which time I entered; and have placed a Garrison there for your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English 'who were with him;' but we, having the advantage upon him, would not hear of it: so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Haselrig; who, I believe, will give you a good account of them; and who hath already turned out the Malignant Mayor, and put an honest man in his room.

I have also received an Order for Carlisle; and have sent Colonel Bright, with horse and foot to receive it; Sir Andrew Ker and Colonel Scot being gone with him to require observance of the Order; there having been a Treaty and an agreement betwixt the two parties in Scotland, To disband all forces, except fifteen-hundred horse and foot under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept to *see* all remaining forces disbanded.

Having some other things to desire from the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh for your service, I am myself going thitherward this day; and so soon as I shall be able to give you a farther account thereof, I shall do it. In the mean time, I make it my desire that the Garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, which shall be attended also by a regiment of horse) may be provided for; and that Sir Arthur Haselrig may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle; and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this Garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good of this poor Kingdom, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[45] What follows now is published as a fragment in the Newspapers.

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 18); Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 48).

LETTER LXXVI.

Follows here a small Note; enclosing a duplicate of the above Letter, for Fairfax; written chiefly to enforce the request as to Haselrig and Berwick,—'Hasleridge' and 'Barwick,' as Oliver here spells. Haselrig is Governor of Newcastle; a man of chief authority in those Northern regions.—Fairfax, who has been surveying, regulating, and extensively dining in Townhalls, through the Eastern Counties, is now at St. Albans,[46]—the Army's head-quarters for some time to come.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, at St. Albans: These.

May it please your Excellency, Berwick, 2d Oct. 1648.

I received your late Commissions, with your directions how they shall be disposed; which I hope I shall pursue to your satisfaction.

I having sent an account to the House of Commons, am bold (being straitened in time) to present you with a Duplicate thereof, which I trust will give you satisfaction. I hope there is a very good understanding between the Honest Party of Scotland and us here; better than some would have.—Sir, I beg of your Excellency to write to Sir A. Haselrig to take care of Berwick; he having at Newcastle all things necessary for the Garrison 'here,' which is left destitute of all, and may be lost if this be not 'done.' I beg of your Lordship a Commission to be speeded to him. I have no more at present; but rest,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

Oliver Cromwell.*

In these weeks, once more, there is an intensely interesting Treaty going on in the Isle of Wight; Treaty of Forty days with the King; solemn Parliamentary Commissioners on one hand, Majesty with due Assistants on the other, very solemnly debating and negotiating day after day, for forty days and longer, in the Town of Newport there.[47] The last hope of Presbyterian Royalism in this world. Not yet the last hope

[46] Since 16th September, Rushworth, vii. 1271.

* Sloane Mss. 1519, f. 92.

[47] Warwick, pp. 321-9; Rushworth, vii. &c. &c. Began 18th September; was lengthened out by successive permissions to the 18th, 25th, and even 27th of November.

of his Majesty; who still, after all the sanguinary ruin of this year, feels himself a tower of strength; inexpugnable in his divine right, which no sane man can question; settlement of the Nation impossible without him. Happily, at any rate, it is the last of the Treaties with Charles Stuart,—for History begins to be weary of them. Treaty which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Which indeed could come only to nothing; his Majesty not having the smallest design to abide by it; his Majesty eagerly consulting about 'escape' all the while,—escape to Ormond who is now in Ireland again, escape somewhither, anywhither;—and considering the Treaty mainly as a piece of Dramaturgy, which must be handsomely done in the interim, and leave a good impression on the Public.[48] Such is the Treaty of Forty Days; a mere torpor on the page of History; which the reader shall conceive for himself *ad libitum*. The Army, from head-quarters at St. Albans, regards him and it with a sternly watchful eye; not participating in the hopes of Presbyterian Royalism at all;—and there begin to be Army Councils held again.

As for Cromwell, he is gone forward to Edinburgh; reaches Seaton, the Earl of Winton's House, which is the head-quarters of the horse, a few miles east of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. Next day, Wednesday 4th October 1648, come certain Dignitaries of the Argyle or Whiggamore Party, and escort him honourably into Edinburgh; 'to the Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate' (so, in good Edinburgh Scotch, do the old Pamphlets spell it); 'where a strong guard,' an English Guard, 'is appointed to keep constant watch at the Gate;' and all manner of Earls and persons of Whiggamore quality come to visit the Lieutenant-General; and even certain Clergy come, who have a leaning that way.[49] —The Earl of Moray's House, Moray House, still stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh, well known to the inhabitants there. A solid spacious mansion, which, when all bright and new two-hundred years ago, must have been a very adequate lodging. There are remains of noble gardens; one of the noble state-rooms, when I last saw it, was an extensive Paper Warehouse. There is no doubt but the Lieutenant-General did lodge here; Guthry seeming to contradict this old Pamphlet, turns out to confirm it.[50]

The Lieutenant-General has received certain Votes of Parliament,[51]

[48] His own Letters (in Wagstaff's *Vindication of the Royal Martyr*, in Carte's *Ormond*, &c.); see Godwin, ii. 608-23.

[49] True Account of the great Expressions of Love from the Noblemen &c. of Scotland unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers; In a Letter to a Friend (London, 1648; King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 26, dated with the pen 23d October): Abridged in Rushworth, vii. 1295.

[50] Guthry's *Memoirs*, p. 297. For a description of the place, see *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 21st January 1837.

[51] *Commons Journals*, 28th September 1648.

sanctioning what he has done in reference to these Scotch Parties, and encouraging and authorising him to do more. Of which circumstance, in the following official Document, he fails not to avail himself, on the morrow after his arrival.

LETTER LXXVII.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Edinburgh, 5th Oct. 1648.

I shall ever be ready to bear witness of your Lordships' forwardness to do right to the Kingdom of England, in restoring the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle; and having received so good a pledge of your resolutions to maintain amity and a good understanding between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, it makes me not to doubt but that your Lordships will farther grant what in justice and reason may be demanded.

I can assure your Lordships, That the Kingdom of England did foresee that wicked design of the Malignants in Scotland to break all engagements of faith and honesty between the Nations, and to take from the Kingdom of England the Towns of Berwick and Carlisle. And although they could have prevented the loss of those considerable Towns, without breach of the Treaty, by laying forces near unto them; yet such was the tenderness of the Parliament of England not to give the least suspicion of a breach with the Kingdom of Scotland, that they did forbear to do anything therein. And it is not unknown to your Lordships, when the Malignants had gotten the power of your Kingdom, how they protected and employed our English Malignants, though demanded by our Parliament; and possessed themselves of those Towns;—and with what violence and unheard-of cruelties they raised an Army, and began a War, and invaded the Kingdom of England; and endeavoured, to the uttermost of their power, to engage both Kingdoms in a perpetual Quarrel, and what blood they have spilt in our Kingdom, and what great loss and prejudice was brought upon our Nation, even to the endangering the total ruin thereof.

And although God did, by a most mighty and strong hand,

and that in a wonderful manner, destroy their designs; yet it is apparent that the same ill-affected spirit still remains; and that divers Persons of great quality and power, who were either the Contrivers, Actors, or Abettors of the late unjust War made upon the Kingdom of England, are now in Scotland; who undoubtedly do watch for all advantages and opportunities to raise dissensions and divisions between the Nations.

Now forasmuch as I am commanded, To prosecute the remaining part of the Army that invaded the Kingdom of England, wheresoever it should go, to prevent the like miseries: And considering that divers of that Army are retired into Scotland, and that some of the heads of those Malignants were raising new forces in Scotland to carry on the same design; and that they will certainly be ready to do the like upon all occasions of advantage: And forasmuch as the Kingdom of England hath lately received so great damage by the failing of the Kingdom of Scotland in not suppressing Malignants and Incendiaries as they ought to have done; and in suffering Persons to be put in places of great trust in the Kingdom, who by their interest in the Parliament and the Countries, brought the Kingdom of Scotland so far as they could, by an unjust Engagement, to invade and make War upon their Brethren of England:

'Therefore,' my Lords, I hold myself obliged, in prosecution of my Duty and Instructions, to demand, That your Lordships will give assurance in the name of the Kingdom of Scotland, that you will not admit or suffer any that have been active in, or consenting to, the said Engagement against England, or have lately been in arms at Stirling or elsewhere in the maintenance of that Engagement, to be employed in any public Place or Trust whatsoever. And this is the least security I can demand. I have received an Order from both Houses of the Parliament of England,[52] which I hold fit to communicate to your Lordships; whereby you will understand the readiness of the Kingdom of England to assist you who were dissenters from that Invasion; and I doubt not but your Lordships will be as ready to give such farther satisfaction as they in their wisdoms shall find cause to desire.

Your Lordships' most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[52] Votes of September 28th; *Commons Journals*, vi. 37: 'received the day we entered Edinburgh' (Rushworth, ubi supra).

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19: Printed by order of Parliament.

This was presented on Thursday to the Dignitaries sitting in the Laigh Parliament-House in the City of Edinburgh. During which same day came 'the Lord Provost to pay his respects' at Moray House; came 'old Sir William Dick,' an old Provost nearly ruined by his well-affected Loans of Money in these Wars, 'and made an oration in name of the rest;'—came many persons, and quality carriages, making Moray House a busy place that day; 'of which I hope a good fruit will appear.'

Loudon Cancellarius and Company, from the Laigh Parliament-House, respond with the amplest assent next day:[53] and on the morrow, Saturday, all business being adjusted, and Lambert left with two horse-regiments to protect the Laigh Parliament-House from Lanarks and Malignants,—'when we were about to come away, several coaches were 'sent to bring up the Lieutenant-General, the Earl of Leven' Governor of the Castle and Scotch Commander-in-chief, 'with Sir Arthur Haselrig 'and the rest of the Officers, to Edinburgh Castle; where was provided 'a very sumptuous banquet,' old Leven doing the honours, 'my Lord 'Marquis of Argyle and divers other Lords being present to grace the 'entertainment. At our departure, many pieces of ordnance and a volley 'of small shot was given us from the Castle; and some Lords convoying 'us out of the City, we there parted.' The Lord Provost had defrayed us, all the while, in the handsomest manner. We proceeded to Dalhousie, the Seat of the Ramsays, near Dalkeith: on the road towards Carlisle and home,—by Selkirk and Hawick, I conclude. Here we stay till Monday morning, and leave orders, and write Letters.

LETTER LXXVIII.

A PRIVATE Note in behalf of 'this Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery,' now hastening up to Town; with whom we shall make some farther acquaintance, in another quarter, by and by. Doubtless the request was complied with.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

SIR, Dalhousie, 8th Oct. 1648.

Upon the desire of divers Noblemen and others of the Kingdom of Scotland, I am bold to become a suitor to you on the behalf of this Gentleman, the Bearer, Colonel Robert Montgomery;

[53] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19.

son-in-law[54] to the Earl of Eglinton. Whose faithfulness to you in the late troubles may render him worthy of a far greater favour than I shall, at this time, desire for him: for I can assure you, that there is not a Gentleman of that Kingdom that appeared more active against the late Invaders of England than himself.

Sir, it is desired that you would please to grant him an Order for Two-thousand of the common Prisoners that were of Duke Hamilton's Army. You will have very good security that they shall not for the future trouble you: he will ease you of the charge of keeping them, as speedily as any other way you can dispose of them; besides their being in a friend's hands, so as there need be no fear of their being ever employed against you.

Sir, what favour you shall please to afford the Gentleman will very much oblige many of your friends of the Scottish Nation; and particularly

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER LXXIX.

THE next, of Monday, is on public business; deliberately looking before and after.

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons: These.

SIR, Dalhousie, 9th Oct. 1648.

In my last, wherein I gave you an account of my despatch of Colonel Bright to Carlisle, after the rendition of Berwick, I acquainted you with my intentions to go to the head-quarters of my horse at the Earl of Winton's, within six miles of Edinburgh; that from thence I might represent to the Committee of Estates what I had farther to desire in your behalf.

The next day after I came thither, I received an invitation from the Committee of Estates to come to Edinburgh; they sending to

[54] Mistake of the Lieutenant-General's for 'son;'—'youngest son,' say the Peerage Books.

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 32.)

me the Lord Kirkcudbright and Major-General Holborn for that purpose; with whom I went the same day, being Wednesday 4th of this instant October. We fell into consideration, What was fit farther to insist upon. And being sensible that the late Agreement between the Committee of Estates and the Earls of Crawford, Glencairn, and Lanark, did not sufficiently answer my instructions, which were, To disenable them from being in power to raise new troubles to England:—therefore I held it my duty, Not to be satisfied with the mere disbanding of them; but considering their power and interest, I thought it necessary to demand concerning them and all their abettors, according to the contents of the Paper[55] here enclosed.

Wherein,—having received that very day your Votes for giving farther assistance 'to the Well-affected in Scotland,' I did in the close thereof acquaint them with the same; reserving such farther satisfaction to be given by the Kingdom of Scotland, as the Parliament of England should in their wisdom see cause to desire. The Committee of Estates 'had' sent the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Warriston, and two Gentlemen more to me, To receive what I had to offer unto them;—which upon Thursday I delivered. Upon Friday I received by the said persons this enclosed Answer,[56] which is the Original itself.

Having proceeded thus far as a Soldier, and I trust, by the blessing of God, not to your disservice; and having laid the business before you, I pray God direct you to do farther as may be for His glory, the good of the Nation wherewith you are intrusted, and the comfort and encouragement of the Saints of God in both Kingdoms and all the World over. I do think the affairs of Scotland are in a thriving posture, as to the interest of honest men: and 'Scotland is' like to be a better neighbour to you now than when the great pretenders to the Covenant and Religion and Treaties,—I mean Duke Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale, Traquair, Carnegy, and their confederates,—had the power in their hands. I dare 'be bold to' say that that Party, with their pretences, had not only, through the treachery of some in England (who have cause to blush), endangered the whole State and Kingdom of England; but also 'had' brought Scotland into such a condition, as that no honest man who had the fear of God, or a conscience of Religion, 'and' the *just* ends of the Covenant and Treaties, could have a being in that Kingdom. But God, who

[55] Letter LXXVII. [56] Already referred to; antea, p. 335.

is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when His Name and Religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance of such profanity,—even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent, who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of His Name, and the destruction of His People; so as they may never presume to do the like again! And I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time.

All the Enemy's Forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that Party's sitting in Parliament.[57] Good Elections are 'already' made in divers places; of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked Engagement: and they are now raising a force of about 4,000 Horse and Foot;—which until they can complete, they have desired me to leave them two Regiments of Horse and two Troops of Dragoons. Which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late Votes so to do; and have left Major-General Lambert to command them.

I have received, and so have the Officers with me, many honours and civilities from the Committee of Estates, the City of Edinburgh, and Ministers; with a noble entertainment;—which we may not own as done to us, but as 'done to' your servants. I am now marching towards Carlisle; and I shall give you such farther accounts of your affairs as there shall be occasion.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Cromwell, at Carlisle on the 14th, has received delivery of the Castle there, for which good news let the Messenger have 100*l.*[58] Leaving all in tolerable order in those regions, the Lieutenant-General hastens into Yorkshire to Pontefract or Pomfret Castle;[59] a strong place which had been surprised in the beginning of the year, and is stubbornly defended; —surrender being a very serious matter now; the War itself being contrary to Law and Treaty, and as good as Treason, think some.

[57] The Scotch Parliament, which is now getting itself elected.

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 392, § 19; see *Commons Journals*, vi. 54.

[58] *Commons Journals*, 20th October 1648.

[59] Appendix, No. 14.

LETTERS LXXX.—LXXXVI.

The Governor of Pontefract Castle is one Morris, once the Earl of Strafford's servant; a desperate man: this is the Lieutenant-General's summons to him.

LETTER LXXX.

For the Governor of Pontefract Castle.

Sir, 'Pontefract,' 9th Nov. 1648.

Being come hither for the reduction of this place, I thought fit to summon you to deliver your Garrison to me, for the use of the Parliament. Those gentlemen and soldiers with you may have better terms than if you should hold it to extremity. I expect your answer this day, and rest,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Governor Morris stiffly refuses; holds-out yet a good while,—and at last loses his head at York assizes by the business.[1] Royalism is getting desperate; has taken to highway robbery; is assassinating, and extensively attempting to assassinate.[2] Two weeks ago, Sunday 29th October, a Party sallied from this very Castle of Pontefract; rode into Doncaster in disguise, and there, about five in the afternoon, getting into Colonel Rainsborough's lodging, stabbed him dead:—murder, or a very questionable kind of homicide!

* Newspapers (*Cromwelliana*, p. 48); Rushworth, vii. 1325.

[1] *State Trials.* [2] Rushworth, vii. 1279 &c., 1315.

LETTER LXXXI.

As to Pontefract and Governor Morris, here are some pertinent suggestions, 'propositions,' the old Pamphlet calls them, sent 'in a Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers;' which are 'read in the House,' and straightway acted upon, to a certain extent:—had they been acted upon in full, that business might have ended sooner.

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House: These present.

Knottingley, near Pontefract, 15th Nov. 1648.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

So soon as I came into these parts, I met with an earnest desire from the Committee of this County to take upon me the charge here, for the reducing of the Garrison of Pontefract. I received also commands from my Lord General to the same effect. —I have had sight of a Letter to the House of Commons; wherein things are so represented, as if the Siege were at such a pass that the prize were already gained. In consideration whereof, I thought fit to let you know what the true state of this Garrison is; as also the condition of the country, that so you may not think demands for such things as would be necessary unreasonable.

My Lords, the Castle hath been victualled with Two-hundred and twenty or forty fat cattle, within these three weeks; and they have also gotten in, as I am credibly informed, salt enough for them and more. So that I apprehend they are victualled for a twelve-month. The men within are resolved to endure to the utmost extremity; expecting no mercy, as indeed they deserve none. The place is very well known to be one of the strongest inland Garrisons in the Kingdom; well watered; situated upon a rock in every part of it, and therefore difficult to mine. The walls very thick and high, with strong towers; and if battered, very difficult of access, by reason of the depth and steepness of the graft. The County is exceedingly impoverished; not able to bear free-quarter; nor well able to furnish provisions, if we had moneys. The work is like to be long, if materials be not furnished answerable. I therefore think it my duty to represent unto you as followeth: viz.—

That moneys be provided for Three complete regiments of Foot, and Two of Horse;—'and indeed' that money be provided for all contingencies which are in view, too many to enumerate. That Five-hundred Barrels of powder, 'and' Six good Battering-guns, with Three-hundred shot to each Gun, be speedily sent down to Hull:—we desire none may be sent less than demi-cannons. We desire also some match and bullet. And if it may be, we should be glad that two or three of the biggest Mortar-pieces with shells may likewise be sent.

And although the desires of such proportions may seem costly, yet I hope you will judge it good thrift; especially if you consider that this place hath cost the Kingdom some hundred-thousands of pounds already. And for aught I know, it may cost you one more, if it be trifled withal; besides the dishonour of it, and what other danger may be emergent, by its being in such hands. It's true, here are some two or three great guns in Hull, and hereabouts; but they are unserviceable: and your Garrisons in Yorkshire are very much unsupplied at this time.

I have not as yet drawn any of our Foot to this place; only I make use of Colonel Fairfax's and Colonel Malevrier's Foot regiments; and keep the rest of the guards with the Horse;—purposing to bring-on some of our Foot tomorrow. The rest,—these parts being not well able to bear them,—are a little dispersed in Lincoln and Nottingham Shires, for some refreshment; which after so much duty they need, and a little expect.

And indeed I would not satisfy myself nor my duty to you and them, To put the poor men, at this season of the year, to lie in the field: before we be furnished with shoes, stockings and clothes, for them to cover their nakedness,—which we hear are in preparation, and would[3] be speeded:—and until we have deal-boards to make them courts-of-guard, and tools to cast-up works to secure them.

These things I have humbly represented to you; and waiting for your resolution and command, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Due *Orders* of the House in consequence, dated Saturday 18th

[3] Old for 'should.'

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 394, § 24.

November, can be read in the same old Pamphlet;[4]—most prompt *Orders*, giving if not 'Five-hundred Barrels of powder,' yet 'Two-hundred-and-fifty;' a middle term, or compliance halfway, which perhaps is as much as one could expect! Pontefract did not surrender till the end of March next.[5]

Meanwhile, the Royal Treaty in Newport comes to no good issue, and the Forty Days are now done; the Parliament by small and smaller instalments prolongs it, still hoping beyond hope for a good issue. The Army, sternly watchful of it from St. Albans, is presenting a Remonstrance, That a good issue lies not in it; that a good issue must be sought elsewhere than in *it*. By bringing Delinquents to justice; and the CHIEF DELINQUENT, who has again involved this Nation in blood! To which doctrine, various petitioning Counties and Parties, and a definite minority in Parliament and England generally, testify their stern adherence, at all risks and hazards whatsoever.

LETTER LXXXII.

JENNER Member for Cricklade, and Ashe Member for Westbury; these two, sitting I think in the Delinquents' Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall, —seem inclined for a milder course. Wherein the Lieutenant-General does by no means agree with the said Jenner and Ashe; having had a somewhat closer experience of the matter than they!

'Colonel Owen' is a Welsh Delinquent; I find he is a Sir John Owen, —the same Sir John who seized my Lord Archbishop's Castle of Conway, in that violent manner long since.[6] A violent man, now got into trouble enough; of whom there arises life-and-death question by and by. 'The Governor of Nottingham' is Colonel Hutchinson, whom we know. Sir Marmaduke Langdale we also know,—and 'presume you have heard what is become of him?' Sir Marmaduke, it was rigorously voted on the 6th of this month, is one of the 'Seven that shall be excepted from pardon;' whom the King himself, if he bargain with us, shall never forgive.[7] He escaped afterwards from Nottingham Castle, by industry of his own.

[4] See also *Commons Journals*, vi. 81.

[5] '22d March' (*Commons Journals*, vi. 174).

[6] Antea, p. 250.

[7] *Commons Journals*, vi. 70.

To the Honourable my honoured Friends Robert Jenner and John Ashe, Esquires, 'at London:' These.

Knottingley, near Pontefract,
GENTLEMEN, 20th Nov. 1648.

I received an Order from the Governor of Nottingham, directed to him from you, To bring up Colonel Owen, or take bail for his coming up to make his composition, he having made an humble Petition to the Parliament for the same.

If I be not mistaken, the House of Commons did vote all those 'persons' Traitors that did adhere to, or bring in, the Scots in their late Invading of this Kingdom under Duke Hamilton. And not without very clear justice; this being a more prodigious Treason than any that had been perfected before; because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another; this to vassalise us to a foreign Nation. And their fault who have appeared in this Summer's business is certainly double to theirs who were in the first, because it is the repetition of the same offence against all the witnesses that God has borne,[8] by making and abetting a Second War.

And if this be their justice,[9] and upon so good grounds, I wonder how it comes to pass that so eminent actors should so easily be received to compound. You will pardon me if I tell you how contrary this is to some of your judgments at the rendition of Oxford: though we had the Town in consideration,[10] and 'our' blood saved to boot; yet Two Years perhaps was thought too little to expiate their offence.[11] But now, when you have such men in your hands, and it will cost you nothing to do justice; now after all this trouble

[8] From Naseby downwards, God, in the battle-whirlwind, seemed to speak and witness very audibly.

[9] House of Commons's.

[10] Town as some recompense.

[11] Sentence unintelligible to the careless reader, so hasty is it, and overcrowded with meaning in the original. 'Give me leave to tell you that, if it 'were contrary to some of your judgments, that at the rendition of Oxford, 'though we had the Town in consideration, and blood saved to boot; yet Two 'Years perhaps,' &c.—Oxford was surrendered 20th-24th June 1646 (antea, p. 214); the Malignants found there were to have a composition, not exceeding Two-Years revenue for estates of inheritance (Rushworth, vi. 280-5),—which the victorious Presbyterian Party, belike Jenner and Ashe among the rest, had exclaimed against as too lenient a procedure. Very different now, when the new Malignants, though a *doubly* criminal set, are bone of their own bone!

and the hazard of a Second War,—for a little more money[12] all offences shall be pardoned!

This Gentleman was taken with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in their flight together:—I presume you have heard what is become of *him*. Let me remember you, that out of the 'same' Garrison was fetched not long since (I believe while we were in heat of action) Colonel Humphrey Mathews, than whom this Cause we have fought for has not had a more dangerous enemy;—and he not guilty only of being an enemy, but he apostatised from your Cause and Quarrel; having been a Colonel, if not more, under you, and 'then' the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all! And how near you were brought to ruin thereby, all men that know anything can tell;[13] and this man was taken away by composition, by what order I know not.

Gentlemen, though my sense does appear more severe than perhaps you would have it, yet give me leave to tell you I find a sense among the Officers concerning such things as 'the treatment of' those men, to amazement;—which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap, as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more reverenced.

I have directed the Governor to acquaint the Lord-General herewith; and rest,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

Here is a sour morsel for Jenner and Ashe; different from what they were expecting! It is to be hoped they will digest this piece of admonition, and come forth on the morrow two sadder and two wiser men. For Colonel Owen, at all events, there is clearly no outlook, at present, but sitting reflective in the strong-room of Nottingham Castle, whither his bad Genius has led him. May escape beheading on this occasion; but very narrowly. He 'was taken with Sir Marmaduke in their flight together:' one of the confused Welshmen discomfited in June and July last, who had fled to join Hamilton, and be worse discomfited a second time. The House some days ago had voted that 'Sir John Owen,' our 'Colonel Owen,' should get off with 'banishment;' likewise that Lord Capel, the Earl of Holland, and other capital Delinquents should be 'banished;' and even that James Earl of Cambridge (James Duke of

[12] Goldsmiths' Hall has a true feeling for Money; a dimmer one for Justice, it seems!

[13] Witness Chepstow, St. Fagan's, Pembroke:—'this man' is Mathews.

* Sloane MSS. 1519, fol. 94.

Hamilton) should be '*fined* 100,000*l.*' Such votes are not unlikely to produce 'a sense amongst the Officers,' who had to grapple with these men, as with devouring dragons lately, life to life. Such votes—will need to be rescinded.[14] Such, and some others! For indeed the Presbyterian Party has rallied in the House during the late high blaze of Royalism; and got a Treaty set on foot as we saw, and even got the Eleven brought back again.—

Jenner and Ashe are old stagers, having entered Parliament at the beginning. They are frequently seen in public business; assiduous subalterns. Ashe sat afterwards in Oliver's Parliaments.[15] Of this Ashe I will remember another thing: once, some years ago, when the House was about thanking some Monthly-fast Preacher, Ashe said pertinently, "What is the use of thanking a Preacher who spoke so low that nobody could hear him?"[16]

Colonel Humphrey Mathews, we are glad to discover,[17] was one of the persons taken in Pembroke Castle by Oliver himself in July last: brought along with him, on the march towards Preston, and left, as the other Welsh Prisoners were, at Nottingham;—out of which most just durance some pragmatical official, Ashe, Jenner, or another, 'by what order I know not,' has seen good to deliver him; him, 'the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all.' Such is red-tape even in a Heroic Puritanic Age! No wonder 'the Officers have a sense of it,' amounting even 'to amazement.' Our blood that we have shed in the Quarrel, this you shall account as nothing, since you so please; but these 'manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just,'—are they not witnessings of God; are they mere sports of chance? Ye wretched infidel red-tape mortals, what will or can become of you? By and by, if this course hold, it will appear that 'you are no Parliament;' that you are a nameless unbelieving rabble, with the mere title of Parliament, who must go about your business elsewhither, with soldiers' pikes in your rearward!—

This Lieutenant-General is not without temper, says Mr. Maidston: 'temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; yet the flame of it kept down 'for most part, or soon allayed;—and naturally compassionate towards 'objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure. Though God had 'made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was 'due to God Himself, yet did he exceed in tenderness towards sufferers,'[18] —yes, and in rigour against infidel quacks and godless detestable persons which is the opposite phasis of that, he was by no means wanting!

[14] Passed, 10th November 1648 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 3); repealed, 13th December (with a Declaration; *Somers Tracts*, v. 167).

[15] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 3.

[16] D'Ewes MSS. p. 414.

[17] *Cromwelliana*, pp. 41, 42.

[18] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop (Thurloe, i. 766).

LETTER LXXXIII.

'All the Regiments here have petitioned my Lord General against the 'Treaty' at Newport, 'and for Justice and a Settlement of the Kingdom. 'They desired the Lieutenant-General to recommend their Petition; which 'he hath done in the Letter following;'—which is of the same date, and goes in the same bag with that to Jenner and Ashe, just given.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, 'at St. Albans: These.'

My Lord, Knottingley, 20th Nov. 1648.

I find in the Officers of the Regiments a very great sense of the sufferings of this poor Kingdom; and in them all a very great zeal to have impartial Justice done upon Offenders. And I must confess, I do in all, from my heart, concur with them; and I verily think and am persuaded they are things which God puts into our hearts.

I shall not need to offer anything to your Excellency: I know, God teaches you; and that He hath manifested His presence so to you as that you will give glory to Him in the eyes of all the world. I held it my duty, having received these Petitions and Letters, and being 'so' desired by the framers thereof,—to present them to you. The good Lord work His will upon your heart, enabling you to it; and the presence of Almighty God go along with you! Thus prays,

My Lord,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

This same day, Monday 20th November 1648, the Army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a Deputation, presents its humble unanimous 'Remonstrance' to the House; craving that the same be taken 'into speedy and serious consideration.'[19] It is indeed a most serious Document; tending to the dread Unknown! Whereupon ensue 'high debates,' Whether we shall take it into consideration? Debates to be resumed this day week. The Army, before this day week, moves up to

* Rushworth, vii. 1339.

[19] *Commons Journals*, vi. 81; Remonstrance itself in Rushworth, vii. 1330.

Windsor; will see a little what consideration there is. Newport Treaty is just expiring; Presbyterian Royalism, on the brink of desperate crisis, adds still two days of life to it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

THE Army came to Windsor on Saturday the 25th; on which same day Oliver, from Knottingley, is writing a remarkable Letter, the last of the series, to Hammond in the Isle of Wight, who seems to be in much strait about 'that Person' and futile Treaty, now under his keeping there.

First, however, read this Note, of like date, on a local matter: one of many Notes which a vigilant Lieutenant-General, be where he may, has to importune the Governing Powers with. Hull Garrison and Governor Overton, like most garrisons and persons, are short of pay. Grocers' Hall, Haberdashers' Hall, or some section of the Finance Department, ought absolutely to take thought of it.

For my noble Friend Thomas St. Nicholas, Esquire: 'These, at London.'

SIR, Knottingley, 25th Nov. 1648.

I suppose it's not unknown to you how much the Country is in arrear to the Garrison of Hull;—as likewise how probable it is that the Garrison will break, unless some speedy course be taken to get them money; the soldiers at the present being ready to mutiny, as not having money to buy them bread; and without money the stubborn Townspeople will not trust them for the worth of a penny.

Sir, I must beg of you that, as you tender the good of the Country, so far as the security of that Garrison is motioned, you would give your assistance to the helping of them to their money which the Country owes them. The Governor will apply himself to you, either in person or by letter. I pray you do for him herein as in a business of very high consequence. I am the more earnest with you, as having a very deep sense how dangerous the event may be, of their being neglected in the matter of their pay. I rest upon your favour herein;—and subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Kimber's (anonymous) *Life of Cromwell* (4th edition, London, 1741), p. 92: Not given in the 1st edition; no notice whence.

Hull Garrison does not 'break:' doubtless St. Nicholas, a chief Clerk, of weight in his department, did what he could. A Kentish man this St. Nicholas, if any one could be supposed to care what he was; came to be Recorder of Canterbury, and even refractory Member for Canterbury;[20] has his seat, for the present, in the Grocers'-Hall region, among the budgets or 'bottomless bags,' as Independency Walker calls them. And now for the remarkable Letter contemporaneous with this:

LETTER LXXXV.

To Colonel Robert Hammond: These.

'Knottingley, near Pontefract,'
25th Nov. 1648.

DEAR ROBIN,

No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All 'things' must work for the best.

Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee: I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh,—and herein[21] I have some exercise.

As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them: we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.[22] We are sure, the good-will of Him who dwelt in the Bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but 'also'

[20] Whitlocke, September 1656 (2d edition, p. 642); *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 8; and *Commons Journals*, vii. 650, 730.

[21] 'and in the latter respect at least.'

[22] At Preston, &c.

by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force 'a numerical majority' &c.

To the first: Call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befall us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, *whereby in the end we shall be made perfect* (James i.).

Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, "heavy," "sad," "pleasant," "easy." Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?[23] Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this.—And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this Service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted, that God should so appear as indeed He hath done.[24] For there is no peace to *them*. No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them; but thou shalt judge for the meek of the Earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accordingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that sup-

[23] 6th September of the foregoing year.

[24] For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.

posed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others'; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

You say: "God hath appointed authorities among the nations, "to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides "in England in the Parliament. Therefore active or passive "resistance" &c.

Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. 'But' I do not therefore think the Authorities may do *anything*,[25] and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations. *First*, Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position?[26] *Secondly*, Whether in the way in hand,[27] really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for;—or if the whole fruit of the War is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this, contrary to Engagements, explicit Covenants with those[28] who ventured their lives upon those Covenants and Engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this Army be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano*.—But truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

[25] Whatsoever they like.

[26] 'The safety of the people the supreme law:' is that a true doctrine or a false one?

[27] By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King.

[28] Us soldiers.

My dear Friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swoln malice against God's people, now called "Saints," to root-out their name;—and yet they, 'these poor Saints,' getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more!—I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering [29] would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way,—especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one Officer among us but is on the increasing hand.[30] And let me say, it is after much patience,—here in the North. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies:—not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities 'all against us;'—and yet not terrified, 'we;' only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.[31]

And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture; desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration [32] is put out, at which many are shaken:—although we could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the Treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His farther pleasure.—Dear Robin, beware of men; look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy

[29] Passive obedience. [30] Come or coming over to this opinion.

[31] The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic: 'And let 'me say it is here in the North after much patience, we trust the same Lord 'who hath framed our minds in our actings, is with us in this also. And this 'contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts our hearts could wish 'to enjoy with others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, 'and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious in this world, with appear-'ance of united names, titles and authorities, and yet not terrified, only' &c.

[32] Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.

heart. Take heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into; and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and His people.

Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering 'of' difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the acting before and without faith.[33] If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*,—this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith; and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom there is no fear) "that they would destroy Nobility," '&c.' has caused some to take up corruption, and find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical Agreement, on one part?[34] Hath not this biased even some good men? I will not say, the thing they fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will themselves bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither of them good but as we are led into them of God, and neither of them to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful),—been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and to think the people of God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man,—against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest! Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?[35]

Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, Whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations

[33] Very true, my General,—then, now, and always!

[34] Hollow Treaty at Newport.

[35] I think it is 'reasoned'-in, and by bad arguments too, your Excellency! The inner heart of the men, in real contact with the inner heart of the matter, had little to do with all that:—alas, *was* there ever any such 'contact' with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men!

cannot afford,—should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men; and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou, in thy heart, that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things,—when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?[36] And I, as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit 'which believes that God doth so teach us,' and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others.

This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Hammond, the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this Letter at the Isle of Wight, whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army-Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in the Isle at present. Ewer, on the Tuesday night, a night of storm and pouring rain, besets his Majesty's lodgings in the Town of Newport (for his Majesty is still on parole there), with strange soldiers, in a strange state of readiness, the smoke of their gun-matches poisoning the air of his Majesty's apartment itself;—and on the morrow morning at eight of the clock, calls out his Majesty's coach; moves off with his Majesty in grim reticence and rigorous military order, to Hurst Castle, a small solitary stronghold on the opposite beach yonder.[37]

For, at London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed Debate, "Shall the Army Remonstrance be taken into consideration?" does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday the 30th, it comes out negative by a Majority of Ninety: "No, we will not take it into consideration."—"No?" The Army at Windsor, thereupon, spends again 'a Day in Prayer.' The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London;—marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's;

[36] Already indubitably sure to many of them.

* Birch, p. 101; ends the volume.

[37] Colonel Cook's *Narrative*, in Rushworth, vii. 1344.

'and other great vacant Houses in the skirts of the City and Villages 'about, no offence being given anywhere.' [38] In the drama of Modern History one knows not any graver, more noteworthy scene;—earnest as very Death and Judgment. They have decided to have Justice, these men; to see God's Justice done, and His judgments executed on this Earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendours are bred,—the reader sees them again laid bare; and black Madness lying close to the Wisdom which is brightest and highest:—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! 'Shedders of blood?' Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing Surgeon, the sacrificial Priest, the august Judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious Murderer, are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these! —Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our Chronology and swift course of events.

On *Monday 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes 'into farther debate' the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement?—debates it all Monday; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, 'till five o'clock next morning;' at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six,—One-hundred and twenty-nine to Eighty-three,—it is at Five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through that day and night; not, I suppose, without Prayer; and on the morrow morning this is what we see:

Wednesday 6th December 1648, 'Colonel Rich's regiment of horse and 'Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the Parliament; and 'the City Trainbands were discharged' from that employment.[39] Yes, they were! Colonel Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day: and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred and twenty-nine; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them: he cannot enter!" and Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what Law? and ever again, By what Law? Is there a colour or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the Books, Yearbooks, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes

[38] Rushworth, vii. 1350.

[39] Rushworth, vii. 1353:—see Whitlocke (2d edition, p. 360), Walker's *Independency*, &c.

upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, "It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books. At evening the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard-by, a 'Tavern called Hell;' and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and other remnants of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker 'in his gray suit with his little stick,'[40]—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's' Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to Town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand 'the Members of this House' from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer;—could not, for the moment, comply with the desires of the Honourable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the Majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all;[41] who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and trouble us no farther. The Minority has now become Majority; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, 'an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations,' and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows!—

LETTER LXXXVI.

Dutch Dorislaus, the learned Doctor, late Judge-Advocate, employed in many weighty things, and soon to be employed in the weightiest, wants now a very small accommodation which is in the gift of certain Cambridge people. A busy Lieutenant-General, while the world-whirlwind is piping loud, has to write for him this small Note withal:

[40] List in Rushworth, p. 1355.

[41] List in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 37;—very incorrect, as all the Lists are.

To the Right Worshipful the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall in Cambridge: These.

GENTLEMEN, 'London,' 18th Dec. 1648.

I am given to understand that by the late decease of Dr. Duck, his Chamber hath become vacant in the Doctors Commons 'here;'—to which Dr. Dorislaus now desireth to be your tenant: who hath done service unto the Parliament from the beginning of these Wars, and hath been constantly employed by the Parliament in many weighty affairs; and especially of late, beyond the seas, with the States General of the United Provinces.

If you please to prefer him before any other, paying rent and fine to your College, I shall take it as a courtesy at your hands; whereby you will oblige,

Your assured friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Whether Dorislaus got Duck's Chamber, we shall not ask; being, some three weeks hence, employed as Advocate in the King's Trial, and shortly after assassinated at the Hague for that work,[42] it proved to be of no importance to Dorislaus. The loud world-whirlwind pipes as before.

DEATH-WARRANT.

THE Trial of Charles Stuart falls not to be described in this place; the deep meanings that lie in it cannot be so much as glanced at here. Oliver Cromwell attends in the High Court of Justice at every session except one; Fairfax sits only in the first. Ludlow, Whalley, Walton, names known to us, are also constant attendants in that High Court, during that long-memorable Month of January 1649. The King is thrice brought to the Bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; 'smiles' contemptuously, 'looks with an austere countenance;'—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring; men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the Presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the

* Trinity-Hall MSS.: in *Cambridge Portfolio* (London, 1840), ii. 390.

[42] Antea, p. 253; Wood, iii. 666-8.

judgments of Heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or thing on the Earth below. Bradshaw said to the King, "Sir, you are not per- "mitted to issue out in these discoursings. This Court is satisfied of its "authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned in that "manner."—"Clerk, read the Sentence!"—

And so, under date Monday 29th January 1648-9, there is this stern Document to be introduced; not specifically of Oliver's composition; but expressing in every letter of it the conviction of Oliver's heart, in this, one of his most important appearances on the stage of earthly life.

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayr, and to every of them.

At the High Court of Justice for the Trying and Judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, 29th January 1648.

WHEREAS Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes; and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which Sentence execution yet remaineth to be done:

These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open Street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the Thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers, and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

Given under our hands and seals,

JOHN BRADSHAW.
THOMAS GREY, 'LORD GROBY.'
OLIVER CROMWELL.
('and Fifty-six others.') *

"*Tetræ bellucæ, ac molossis suis ferociores*, Hideous monsters, more ferocious than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise;[43] shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can

* Rushworth, vii. 1426; Nalson's *Trial of King Charles* (London, 1684); Phelpes's *Trial of* &c. &c.

[43] Salmasii *Defensio Regia* (Sumptibus regiis, 1650), p. 6.

conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to 'the Crucifixion of Christ.' Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you,—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary Books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!"—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment;—and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest, of Anti-Flunkyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavour* after Heroism and Veracity.

PART V.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

1649.

LETTERS LXXXVII.—XCVI.

On *Tuesday 30th January* 1648-9, it is ordered in the Commons House, 'That the Post be stayed until tomorrow morning, ten of the clock;' and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy, Sergeant-at-Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside and elsewhere, openly to all men, That whosoever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives 'ten shillings' of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself—shall see what he will receive.[1] And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and suchlike are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to everyone.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debatings, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts.

First, That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scott, an honourable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a Council of State, to be henceforth the Executive among us; which Council, to the number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeant's-maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words: 'Be it declared and 'enacted by this present Parliament, and by the authority of the same: 'That the People of England, and of all the dominions and territories 'thereunto belonging, are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, 'established and confirmed to be, A Commonwealth or Free-State; 'and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free-

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 126; Scobell's *Acts and Ordinances* (London, 1658, 1657), ii. 3.

'State,—by the Supreme Authority of this Nation the Representatives 'of the People in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and 'constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the People; 'and that without any King or House of Lords.'[2]—What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim, the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves,—and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling-down Idolatrous Kingships and setting-up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry!—

There occurred 'a stick,' as we saw some time ago,[3] in this Marriage-Treaty: but now it gathers life again;—and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on Mayday 1649;[4] and, one point fairly settled at last!—But now mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to 'John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire;' which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found 'Seventeen Letters of Cromwell,' and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.[5] From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Colonel Norton, 'dear Dick,' was purged out by Pride; lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank: Frank returned; Dick too, though in a fitful manner. And so, there being now no 'dear Norton' on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson, the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already;—a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

[2] Scobell, ii. 30; *Commons Journals*, 19th May.
[3] Letter LVI. p. 269. [4] Noble, i. 188. [5] Harris, p. 504.

For my very loving Friend Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These.

SIR, 'London,' 1st February 1648.

I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton,—after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Colonel Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto. Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the Family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction. Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein; and rest,

Your very affectionate friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'February 1st,'—it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. 'Knocking at a door,' he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him;[6] and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* apiece by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

* Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusey.

[6] *Cromwelliana*, p. 51.

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers, and all Persons whom these may concern.

WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the county of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition, and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction of Parliament:

These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth above-said, with their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his Family there; without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Oliver's seal of 'six quarterings' is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating,—emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of 'many Gentlemen from the Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their compositions,' and of what is to be done with them.[7] The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall,—not to say knocking importunately at doors in the gray of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home, with subdued thankfulness, in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district: not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Devock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

* Jefferson's *History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland* (Carlisle, 1842), p. 284.

[7] *Commons Journals*, in die.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 12th February 1648.

I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing,—if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit, in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Thomas Scott is big with the Council of State at present; he produces it in the House tomorrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland[8] in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it; the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched-up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one 'may be called into the field.' However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

* Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen.

[8] *Cromwelliana*, 14th February, &c.

ORDER.

On the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.[9] Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office; as do the whole Records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labour of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the Half-million of money, or but the twentieth part of it, wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Record Commission, had been expended upon wise labours here!—But to our '*Order*.'

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as 'Master of the Ceremonies,'—master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is nominated 'Master of the Ceremonies' by Parliament itself;[10] and glides out and in ever after, presiding over 'Dutch Ambassadors,' 'Swedish Ambassadors' and suchlike, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labours. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James's. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum:

To the Keeper of the Library of St. James's.

These are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library: to be by him disposed 'of' as there shall be

[9] *Commons Journals*, vi. 146.

[10] 2d November 1643, *Commons Journals*, iii. 299.

direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February 1648.

In the name, and signed by Order of the Council of State appointed by Authority of Parliament,

OLIVER CROMWELL
(*Præses pro tempore*).*

There is already question of selling the late King's goods, crown-jewels, plate, and 'hangings,' under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.[11]

LETTER LXXXIX.

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard; Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors with 'many civilities:' and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 26th February 1648.

I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded 'to' them,[12]—especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering 'of' affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of,—not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I

* Additional Ayscough MSS. 12,098.

[11] Scobel, Part ii. 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them.

[12] To Richard Cromwell and him.

understand, permitting it,—I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment,—yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, through multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest,

Sir,
Your humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XC.

THIS Thursday 8th March 1648–9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above sixty there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen,—our old friend 'Colonel Owen' of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe's old friend,[13]—are to die or to live?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed; shall they be respited? The House, by small Majorities, decides *against* the first three; decides in favour of the last; and as to Goring, the votes are equal,—the balance-tongue trembles, "Life or Death!" Speaker Lenthall says, Life.[14]

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

For my very worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 8th March 1648.

Yours I have received; and have given further instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

* Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen: Signature only is in Cromwell's hand [13] Letter LXXXII. p. 343. [14] *Commons Journals*, vi. 159.

I am engaged [15] to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord; and rest,

Sir,

Your assured friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Parliament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palaceyard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through 'from Sir Robert Cotton's house.' Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stept up to him; whispered in his ear;—the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been 'converted' some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, 'much 'after the manner of a stout Roman. He had no Minister with him, nor 'showed any sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the 'time he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was 'to be admired. He wore a sad-coloured suit, his hat cocked-up, and 'his cloak thrown under one arm; he looked towards the people at his 'first coming up, and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a 'little discourse with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a care-'less posture.' [16] Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven-years time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—

[15] obliged. * Harris, p. 506; one of the seventeen.

[16] Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament's law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel, Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them; let the other two be pardoned: let them draw lots which two. 'In two of the lots was written, *Life given by God;* the third lot was a 'blank. The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny; but a child drew the lots, and gave them: and the lot fell to Colonel 'Poyer to die.'[17] He was shot in Covent Garden; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman; and so ended.

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER XCI.

For my worthy Friend Dr. Love, Master of Benet College, 'Cambridge:' These.

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favour. I desire nothing but what is just; leaving that to your judgment; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[17] Whitlocke, 21st April 1649.

* Lansdown MSS. 1236, fol. 83.

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge during the Treaty there in 1644; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us; this is a Cambridge 'Dr. Love,' of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him in the old Cambridge days; nothing hard had befallen him during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker's Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him,—or is indeed necessary to be known. 'Mrs. Nutting' and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavoured to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two 'shadows of small Names.'[18]

Yesterday, Tuesday 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about 'modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland;' and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go.[19] It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, 'a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields;' to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

'*Die Martis*, 13° *Martii* 1648.' 'That it is referred to the same 'Committee,' Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, 'or any two of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, to 'know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign 'Languages? and to report to the Council.'[20] I have authority to say, that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on Thursday next; makes his proof-shot, 'to the Senate of Hamburgh,'[21] about a week hence;—and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same

[18] Cooper's *Annals*, iii. 491; Masters's *History of Corpus-Christi College* (Cambridge, 1753), pp. 143-54.—Mrs Nutting, it appears, succeeded (Cambridge MS. *penes me*).

[19] *Order-Book of the Council of State* (in the State-Paper Office), i. 86.

[20] Ibid.; Todd's *Life of Milton* (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108-123.

[21] *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem.* (In Milton's *Literæ Senatus Anglicani*, this *first* Letter to the Hamburgers is not given.)

date as Letter XCI.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before their minds the clear condition of 'Mr. Ludlow's lease,' of 'the 250*l.*,' 'the 150*l.*' &c. in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so, will find it all very straight at last. We observe, Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for 'my ould land;' land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with,—though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER XCII.

'For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.'

SIR, 'London,' 14th March 1648.

I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire still continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.[22]

I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my Son die, what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with 'on my side.' If she die, there is 'on your side' little 'money parted with;' 'even' if you have an heir male, 'there is' but 3,000*l.*, 'and' without time ascertained.[23]

As for these things 'indeed,' I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it,

[22] 'it' is not the family, but the match.

[23] See Letter LVI. p. 270.

there is 400*l.* *per annum* charged upon it. For the 150*l.* to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the 250*l.* *per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the 250*l.* *per annum* as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration of the said Lease,[24]—give such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present moneys, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of 150*l.* *per annum*,—which if you should think fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal Estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality,—if I hear well from others. And if the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance 400*l.* *per annum*, 300*l.* *per annum*.[25] I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The 300*l.* *per annum* of my old land [26] for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the mean time 'a like sum' out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted [27] you towards confidence. You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the 'Cromwell' Lands in Hantshire, Monmouth- and Gloucestershire to descend to these daughters, or else 3,000*l.* apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter 'also' is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing 'that' 2,000*l.* apiece be charged upon those lands 'for them.'

[24] 'Ludlow's Lease,' &c. is not very plain. The 'tenor of Ludlow's Lease' is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! Thus much is clear: 250+150=400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad 'maim' to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus 'for some time after.'

[25] Means, in its desperate haste: 'except that instead of 400*l.* per annum for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*'

[26] Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

[27] actuated or impelled.

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects,—whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point of moneys, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave, and rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.*

On the morrow, which is Thursday the 15th, day also of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER XCIII.

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste today; sends a brief Letter 'by your Kinsman,' consenting to almost everything.—Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers 'my ould land' to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best.—The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

'Your Kinsman,' who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters; unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,[28] is naturally very busy.

* Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

[28] *Cromwelliana*, p. 54; *Commons Journals*, &c.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

SIR, 'London,' 25th March 1649.

You will pardon the brevity of these lines; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

That I agree to 150*l.* *per annum* out of the 300*l.* *per annum* of my *old* land for your Daughter's jointure, and the other 150*l.* where you please. 'Also' 400*l.* for present maintenance where you shall choose; either in Hantshire, Gloucester- or Monmouthshire. Those lands 'to be' settled upon my Son and his *heirs male* by your Daughter; and in case of *daughters,* only 2,000*l.* a-piece to be charged upon those lands.

'On the other hand,' 400*l.* *per annum* free,[29] to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your Daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of 150*l.* *per annum* out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy-in the Lease of the Farm at Allington[30] by a just computation. I expect, so long as they 'the young couple' live with you, their diet, as you expressed; or in case of voluntary parting 'from you,' 150*l.* *per annum.* 'You are to give' 3,000*l.* in case you have a Son;[31] to be paid in two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue,—1,000*l.* within six months 'of the marriage.'

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[29] Means, 'shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be left free.'

[30] 'Ludlow's Lease,' I fancy. Anne Mayor, 'your younger Daughter,' married Dunch of Pusey; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter 27th August 1657.

[31] Grandson, *i. e.*: in the next sentence 'die' means more properly *live.*

* Harris. p. 508; one of the seventeen.

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in: modelling the Army for Ireland;—which indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman!

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,[32]—the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgment in Whitehall and the seat of authority. 'Five small Beagles,' Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to 'ride the wooden horse' lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded; and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower;[33] 'committed to the Lieutenant,' to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself: God's enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive?

LETTER XCIV.

'Compensation,' here touched upon, is the 'compensation to your younger Daughter' mentioned in last Letter; burden settled on Hursley Manor, 'after your decease,' 'to buy-in the Lease of Allington Farm.' Mayor wants it another way; which 'seems truly inconvenient,' and in brief cannot be.

[32] Given in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 44-60.

[33] 27th March, 11th April 1649 (*Commons Journals*, in diebus).

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

SIR, 'London,' 30th March 1649.

I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.[34] I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

'OLIVER CROMWELL.' *

LETTER XCV.

WHO the Lawyer, or what the 'arrest' of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These:

SIR, 'London,' 6th April 1649.

I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would have saved much time; which to me is precious. I hope

[34] The 30th of March is Friday; Tuesday is the 3d of April.

* Harris, p. 508.

you will send some 'one' up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be done on my part; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.[35] I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your Lady and Family.*

There is much to be settled before I can 'be sent down to my charge for Ireland.' The money is not yet got;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.[36] The City will lend; and now, if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march——?—

LETTER XCVI.

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty,—not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

For my worthy Friend Richard Mayor, Esquire: These.

SIR, 'London,' 15th April 1649.

Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting: where, upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which 'Letter' Mr. Barton

[35] The dog! * Harris, p. 509.

[36] 12th April 1649, Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 55).

brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;[37]—upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.

In[38] that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference 'between us,' save in this,—wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction agree, viz.: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms *not* to be your meaning,—although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it; nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

And this misunderstanding,—if it be yours, as it is your Kinsman's,—put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary;—which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance;—although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient;—who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the

[37] 'Hales' is the future Judge Hale.

[38] A mere *comma* here, instead of new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense:—'as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all,', &c.

worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto; your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l. per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about 800*l.*; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above 400*l. per annum;* and the 'other' 400*l. per annum* out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouthshire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake. Desiring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.*

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom 'no Counsel in England' could back, was of course disowned in his overzeal; the match was concluded; solemnised 1st May 1649.[39]

Richard died 12th July 1712, at Cheshunt, age 86;[40] his Wife died 5th January 1675-6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, even after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new Proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as 'a Roman weight,' for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out,—or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague 'Vertue,' 'Hughes's Letters,' and '*Ant. Soc.*' (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out,—to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.[41] If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

* Harris, p. 509. [39] Noble, i. 188. [40] Ibid. i. 176, 188.
[41] Ibid. i. 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, 'Majors or Maijors,' ibid. ii. 436-40.

THE LEVELLERS.

While Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbush-field, 'Rendezvous of Ware' as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court-Martial to die; and Trooper Arnald, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and suchlike, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out, to the due expansion, in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

'The Council of State,' says Whitlocke,[1] just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, 'has intelligence of 'certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's Hill, near Cobham in 'Surrey, and at St. George's Hill,' in the same quarter: 'that they were 'digging the ground, and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, 'once of the Army, who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief of them:' one Winstanley is another chief. 'They were Thirty men, and said that 'they should be shortly Four-thousand. They invited all to come in and 'help them; and promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten

[1] 17th April 1649, p. 384.

'to pull down park pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the neighbours 'that they will shortly make them all come up to the hills and work.' These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, 'by the country people,' and also by 'two troops of horse;' and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.[2] This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

'*April 20th*, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those that 'digged at St. George's Hill in Surrey, came to the General and made a 'large declaration, to justify their proceedings. Everard said, He was of 'the race of the Jews,' as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; 'That all the Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of 'William the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of God had 'lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our Forefathers 'under the Egyptians. But now the time of deliverance was at hand; 'and God would bring His People out of this slavery, and restore them 'to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And 'that there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which bade 'him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, and receive the fruits thereof. 'That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition. That 'as God had promised to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they 'did, was to restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of 'the Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, 'and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That they intend not 'to meddle with any man's property, nor to break down any pales or 'enclosures,' in spite of reports to the contrary; 'but only to meddle 'with what is common and untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of 'man. That the time will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come 'in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community of 'Goods.'

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. 'And for all 'such as will come in and work with them, they shall have meat, drink, 'and clothes, which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for 'money, there is not any need of it; nor of clothes more than to cover 'nakedness.' For the rest, 'That they will not defend themselves 'by arms, but will submit unto authority, and wait till the promised

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, &c. in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); ib. no. 418, § 5, &c.

'opportunity be offered, which they conceive to be at hand. And that 'as their forefathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable to their 'condition now to live in the same.

'While they were before the General, they stood with their hats on; 'and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, Because he was but 'their fellow-creature. Being asked the meaning of that phrase, Give 'honour to whom honour is due,—they said, Your mouths shall be 'stopped that ask such a question.'[3]

Dull Bulstrode hath 'set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance' of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be 'avoided' by judicious persons, seeing it is 'a weak persuasion.' The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where 'a weak persuasion' mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday 20*th April* 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money; and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. 'After a solemn seeking of God by prayer,' they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. 'The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision.' The officers did:—but the common men are by no means all of that humour. The common men, blown upon by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday 26*th April*. This night, at the Bull in Bishopsgate, there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colours from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there:—the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court-Martial. Tried by instant Court-Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, 'he has served seven years in these Wars,' ever since the Wars began. 'Religious' too, 'of excellent parts and

[3] Whitlocke, p. 384.

much beloved;'—but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horse-guard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there: and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alablaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday, this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

'About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in a file; the 'Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; 'then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by 'a footman. The Corpse was adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one 'half stained in blood; and the Sword of the deceased along with them. 'Some thousands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black 'Ribbon tied on their hats and to their breasts: and the women brought 'up the rear. At the new Churchyard in Westminster, some thousands 'more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through 'the City. Many looked upon this funeral as an affront to the Parlia-'ment and Army; others called these people "Levellers;" but they took 'no notice of any one's sayings.'[4]

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half-dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen Ribbons and black:—testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May[5] *their* 'Agreement of the People,'—their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution; Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the Perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straightway arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, 'seagreen colours in some of their hats.' The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted, in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.[6] It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law?

[4] Whitlocke, p. 385.

[5] Whitlocke's date, p. 385.

[6] 15th April 1649, *Commons Journals.*

Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay-down his arms; he shall have his ticket, and get his arrears as we others do,—we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.[7]—One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigour and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humour of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday: Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced;*[8] insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald;—threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it 'seventy-and-seven fold.' This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has, in the interim, open mutiny, 'above a Thousand strong,' with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday 14*th May.* All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed, by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieutenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by Newbridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; get to Burford, very weary, and 'turn out their horses to grass;'—Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, 'a march of near fifty miles' that Monday. What boots it? there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie

[7] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 56).

[8] Given in Walker's *History of Independency*, part ii. 168; dated 6th May.

asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, 'who could only fire some shots out of windows;'—has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court-Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday 17th May. 'This day in Burford Churchyard, Cornet 'Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was brought to the 'place of execution; and expressed himself to this purpose: That it was 'just what did befall him; that God did not own the ways he went; 'that he had offended the General: he desired the prayers of the people; 'and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he 'held out his hands, they should do their duty. And accordingly he was 'immediately, after the sign given, shot to death. Next after him was a 'Corporal, brought to the same place of execution; where, looking upon 'his fellow-mutineers, he set his back against the wall; and bade them 'who were appointed to shoot, "Shoot!" and died desperately. The 'third, being also a Corporal, was brought to the same place; and without 'the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled off his 'doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall; and bade the soldiers 'do their duty; looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing 'the least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit.'—So die the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two centuries now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herring-fishery,—will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean, who now came forward as the next to be shot, 'expressed penitence;' got pardon from the General: and there was no more shoot ing. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, The General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worse thing befall you! 'They wept,' says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland.—Captain Thompson, the Cornet's brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen-in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he

himself 'fled to a wood;' fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive;—whereupon 'a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine' ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George's Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford;—takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the 'intolerance' of that old Time to Quakerism and suchlike. If Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George's Hill, the threatened fall of 'park pales,' and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieutenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeeched; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing,—being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.[9]

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general Day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday the 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st),[10]—and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there,—Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in

[9] Wood's *Athenæ*, iv. (*Fasti*, ii. 127-155): the Graduates of Saturday 19th May 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Colonels *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Goff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scout-master Rowe: and of Monday 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138:—of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

[10] *Commons Journals*, 26th May 1649.

the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, 'speaking very loud,' as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was;—illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me: so![11] 'On almost every dish was enamelled a 'bandrol with the word *Welcome*. No music but that of drum and 'trumpet;' no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; 'no drinking of healths or other incivility:'—drinking of healths; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humour; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods; which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.[12]—

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

[11] Whitlocke, p. 391.

[12] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 59, 60).

LETTERS XCVII.—CII.

Tuesday 10*th July* 1649. 'This evening, about five of the clock, the 'Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by the way of Windsor, 'and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like 'hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders 'mares, whitish gray; divers coaches accompanying him; and very many 'great Officers of the Army; his Lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant 'men, the meanest whereof a Commander or Esquire, in stately habit;— 'with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had 'it been now standing. Of his Lifeguard many are Colonels; and, 'believe me, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. 'And now have at you, my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of 'gallantry to encounter; whom to overcome will be honour sufficient, 'and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your reputation. 'If you say, Cæsar or Nothing: they say, A Republic or Nothing. The 'Lord Lieutenant's colours are white.'[1]

Thus has Lord-Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ireland. But before going, and while just on the eve of going, he has had the following, among a multiplicity of other businesses, to attend to.

LETTER XCVII.

Barnabas O'Bryen, Sixth Earl of Thomond, Twentieth-and-odd *King* of Thomond, a very ancient Irish dignitary of the Limerick regions, whom it were still worth while to conciliate, has fallen into 'straits,' distresses; applies to the Lord Lieutenant to help him a little. The Lord Lieutenant thinks his case good; forwards it with recommendation to Harrington, of the Council of State, the proper official person in such matters. Note, this is by no means Harrington of the *Oceana*, this 'Sir James;' this is Member ('recruiter') for Rutlandshire, and only a distant cousin of the Oceana's.

What the Earl of Thomond's case was, as we have not seen the

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 62).

'enclosed' statement of it, shall remain somewhat vague to us. Thomond had not joined the Irish Massacre in 1641: but neither would he join against it; he apologised to the King's Lieutenant on that occasion, said he had no money, no force; retired with many apologetic bows into England to the King himself; leaving his unmoneyed Castle of Bunratty to the King's Lieutenant,—who straightway found some 2,000*l.* of good money lying hidden in it, and cheerfully appropriated the same. I incline to think, it may be for this Two-Thousand-and-odd pounds, to have it acknowledged as a debt and allowed on the Earl of Peterborough's estate, that the poor Earl, 'in the modesty of his desires,' is now pleading. For he has been in active Royalist services since that passive one; in Ormond Wars, cessations, sequestrations, is a much-mulcted, impoverished man. And as for the Earl of Peterborough his son-in-law, he was one of poor Earl Holland's people in that fatal futile rising of St. Neot's, last year; and is now wandering in foreign parts, in a totally ruined condition. Readers who are curious may follow the indications in the note.[2] Earl Thomond's modest desire was allowed. Bunratty Castle, where that 2,000*l.* was found 'buried in the walls,' is now quite deserted by the Thomonds; is now 'the largest Police-Barrack' in those Limerick regions.

'*For the Honourable Sir James Harrington, Knight, of the Council of State: These.*'

SIR, 'London,' 9th July 1649.

You see by this Enclosed, how great damage the Earl of Thomond hath sustained by these Troubles, and what straits he and his family are reduced unto by reason thereof. You see the modesty of his desires to be such as may well merit consideration. I am confident, that which he seeks is not so much for advantage of himself, as out of a desire to preserve his son-in-law the Earl of Peterborough's fortune and family from ruin.

If the result of the favour of the House fall upon him, although but in this way, it's very probable it will oblige his Lordship to endeavour the peace and quiet of this Commonwealth. Which will be no disservice to the State;—perhaps of more advantage than the extremity of his Fine. Besides, you showing your readiness to do a good office herein will very much oblige, Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[2] Ludlow, i. 21; Whitlocke (2d edit.), p. 420, see also p. 201; *Commons Journals*, vi. 279, 445 (15th August 1649 and 23d July 1650); Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 216; &c. &c.

* Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 150).

LETTER XCVIII.

HERE likewise is a Letter which the Lord Lieutenant, in still greater haste, now in the very act of departing, has had to write,—on behalf of his 'Partner' or fellow Member for Cambridge; which likewise the reader is to glance at, before going:

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire.

SIR, 'London,' 10th July 1649.

I beseech you, upon that score of favour, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever had from you, let me desire you to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the Public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favour to,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

John Lowry, Esquire, is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's 'losses,' 'estate,' 'calling,' or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, some call him a 'chandler' or trader,[3] of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former 'Partner,' one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with 'Mr. Vines' at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the 'new

* Harris, p. 516; Harleian MSS. no. 6988—collated, and *exact.*

[3] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge.*

Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths,' in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: "Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House;" Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: "this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes;" — certainly you shall be protected! — Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.[4] What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again, nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, '10th July 1649, about five in the afternoon.' In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, the 17th of July 1649, we find as follows: 'The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esquire, was this 'day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred pounds be allowed 'unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in the said Petition men-'tioned; and that the same be charged upon the revenue: and the 'Committee of Revenue are authorised and appointed to pay the same: 'and the same is especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to 'take care the same be paid accordingly,'[5]—which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry, and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued 'Cheque in Ward in the Port of London,' —which dignity is accordingly assured him till 'the first day of October next.'[6] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest —gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

[4] See *Commons Journals*, vi. 229, 241.

[5] Ibid. vi. 263.

[6] Ibid. vii. 727.

LETTER XCIX.

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man; he has written in behalf of 'Major Long;' for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

LOVING BROTHER, Bristol, 19th July 1649.

I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries:—it's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a very good pretence for it! I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her from me, I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

I hope my Sister[7] is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,[8] to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol.—Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[7] Mrs. Mayor. [8] Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.

* Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen.

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: 'Received 27th July 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury.' He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it 'some shorthand,' and 'an account of his cattle and sheep.'—Who the 'Major Long' was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to 'do' for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby [9] and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up,—towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER C.

The new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has sent some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army; [10] which fortunate event, warmly recognised in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and 'Mr. Owen' also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. 'My Son' Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard's Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise?

[9] At Tenby 2d August, *Commons Journals*, vi. 277.

[10] Rout at Rathmines or Bagatrath: Ormond's own Account of it, in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, ii. 433, 407-11: Jones's Account, in Cary's *Memorials*, ii. 159-62. *Commons Journals*, vi. 278 (14th August 1649).

'For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.'

LOVING BROTHER, 'Milford Haven,' From Aboard the John, 13th August 1649.

I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with Nineteen-thousand men or thereabouts; Seven-thousand Scots and Three-thousand more were coming to 'join him in' that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with Four-thousand foot and Twelve-hundred horse; hath routed this whole Army; killed about Four-thousand upon the place; taken 2,517 prisoners, above Three-hundred 'of them' officers, some of great quality.[11]

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise,—and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto!—

I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography:—these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for Public services,[12] for which a man is born.

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister, and my Cousin Ann your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest,

Sir,

Your loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[11] The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, ubi supra).

[12] Services useful to all men.

'P.S.' Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know, from time to time, what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business; let not this hinder.*

Of Jones and his Victory, and services in Ireland, there was on the morrow much congratulating in Parliament: revival of an old Vote, which had rather fallen asleep, For settling Lands of a Thousand Pounds a-year on him; and straightway, more special speedy Vote of 'Lands to the value of Five-hundred Pounds a-year for this last service;'—which latter Vote, we hope, will not fall asleep as the former had done.[13]

LETTER CI.

Same date, same conveyance.

To my beloved Daughter Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley: These.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER, From Aboard the John, 13th Aug. 1649.

Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son; and be listening what returns He makes to you,—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them,—and not otherwise.[14] I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may grow

* Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, iv. 267: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[13] *Commons Journals*, vi. 278, 281 (14th, 18th August 1649).

[14] How true is this; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect old or new!

in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near: which we see by His wonderful works: and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter. I rest,

Thy loving Father,

Oliver Cromwell.

'P.S.' I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father's nag when thou intendest to go abroad.*

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the 'coach,' in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps 'thy Father's nag' is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,[15] Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; 'where,' say the old Newspapers,[16] 'he was received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the great guns 'echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people re-'sounding in every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the 'City,—where the concourse of the people was very great, they all flocking 'to see him of whom before they had heard so much,—at a convenient 'place he made a stand,' rising in his carriage we suppose, 'and with his 'hat in his hand made a speech to them.' Speech unfortunately lost: it is to this effect; "That as God had brought him thither in safety, so he "doubted not but by Divine Providence to restore them all to their just "liberties and properties," much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war: "and that all persons "whose hearts' affections were real for the carrying on of this great work "against the barbarous and bloodthirsty Irish and their confederates and "adherents, and for propagating of Christ's Gospel and establishing of Truth

* Forster, iv. 268: From certain MSS. of Lord Nugent's.

[15] Carte, ii. 83. [16] In Kimber, *Life of Cromwell* (London, 1724), p.126.

"and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding Nation of Ireland to its former "happiness and tranquillity,—should find favour and protection from the "Parliament of England and him, and withal receive such rewards and "gratuities as might be answerable to their merits." 'This Speech,' say the old Newspapers, 'was entertained with great applause by the people; 'who all cried out, "We will live and die with you!"'

LETTER CII.

Sir George Ayscough, now vigilantly cruising on those coasts, 'Vice-Admiral of the Irish Seas,' who has done good service more than once,—he ought not to suffer in his private economics by absence on the Public Service.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament: These.*'

Sir, Dublin, 22d August 1649.

Before my coming for Ireland, I was bold to move the House on behalf of Sir George Ayscough; who then I thought had merited the favour of the Parliament, but since, much more, by his very faithful and industrious carriage in this place.

It seems, whilst he is attending your service, a Lease he holds of the Deanery of Windsor had like to be purchased over his head, he not coming to buy it himself by the time limited. He holds a very considerable part of his estate in Church-leases; one or more being in Impropriate Tithes, which he and his ancestors have held for a good time: all which is like to determine, and go from him and his, by your Orders.

I found the Parliament well to resent the motion I made on his behalf at that time. I desire you please to revive the business; and to obtain the House's favour for him, which they intended and expressed. He will, I presume, herewith send his humble desires: for which I beg your furtherance; and rest,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

* Tanner mss. (in Cary, ii. 163).

Ayscough is a Lincolnshire man. Last year, in the time of the Revolted Ships, he stood true to the Parliament; and brought his own ship off to them, in spite of perils. Serves now under Blake; is fast rising as a Sea-officer. The Lord Lieutenant's request in behalf of him has already been complied with.[17]

[17] *Commons Journals*, 8th August 1649 (vi. 276);—see ib. 9th July 1649 (on which day most probably, the day of Thomond's Letter too, Cromwell had been 'moving the House' for him). Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 317.

A DECLARATION BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Michael Jones's Dublin Army, like all Armies hitherto in Ireland, is of a quite unsatisfactory structure, of habits and practices quite unsatisfactory. The Lord Lieutenant is busy modelling it; rearranging it under new and more capable Officers; above all, clearing it of bad men: an Irish friend informs us, 'There hath been an huge purge of the Army 'which we found here: it was an Army made up of dissolute and 'debauched men.'[1] 'The Officers reduced are not a little discontented,' writes another friend: but the public service so requires it. Officers and men, and all Ireland are to know that henceforth it is on a new footing we proceed. Here is a Declaration, legible on such market-crosses, church-doors and the like, as we have access to; well worth attending to in a distracted seat of war.

This Declaration *is appointed to be printed, and published throughout all Ireland: By special direction from*—Oliver Cromwell.

Whereas I am informed that, upon the marching out of the Armies heretofore, or of parties from Garrisons, a liberty hath been taken by the Soldiery to abuse, rob and pillage, and too often to execute cruelties upon the Country People: Being resolved, by the grace of God, diligently and strictly to restrain such wickedness for the future,

I do hereby warn and require all Officers, Soldiers, and others under my command, henceforth To forbear all such evil practices as aforesaid; and Not to do any wrong or violence toward Country People, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the Enemy; and Not to meddle with the goods of such, without special order.

And I farther declare, That it shall be free and lawful to and

[1] Newspaper Letter in King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 7; another, ib. § 22.

for all manner of persons dwelling in the country, as well gentlemen and soldiers, as farmers and other people (such as are in arms or office with or for the Enemy only excepted), to make their repair, and bring any provisions unto the Army, while in march or camp, or unto any Garrison under my command: Hereby assuring all such, That they shall not be molested or troubled in their persons or goods; but shall have the benefit of a free market, and receive ready money for goods or commodities they shall so bring and sell: And that they, behaving themselves peaceably and quietly; and paying such Contributions, proportionately with their neighbours, as have been, are, or shall be duly and orderly imposed upon them, for maintenance of the Parliament's forces and other public uses,—shall have free leave and liberty to live at home with their families and goods; and shall be protected in their persons and estates by virtue Hereof, until the 1st of January next: By or before which time, '1st of January next,' all such of them as are minded to reside, and plough and sow, in the 'Army's' quarters, are to make their addresses, for now and farther protections, to the Attorney-General, residing at Dublin, and to such other persons as shall be authorised for that purpose.

And hereof I require all Soldiers, and others under my command, diligently to take notice and observe the same: as they shall answer to the contrary at their utmost perils. Strictly charging and commanding all Officers and others, in their several places, carefully to see to it That no wrong or violence be done to any such person as aforesaid, contrary to the effect of the premises. Being resolved, through the grace of God, to punish all that shall offend contrary hereunto, very severely, according to Law or Articles of War; to displace, and otherwise punish, all such Officers as shall be found negligent in their places, and not to see to the due observance hereof, or not to punish the offenders under their respective commands.

Given at Dublin, the 24th of August 1649.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 439, § 25.

IRISH WAR.

The history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil; —demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call 'Repeal of the Union;' and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these, plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to coöperate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object; but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together: Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond 'against the Regicides.' They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and

Scotland;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favourable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk; but made of iron and clay;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it; Oliver descends on it like the hammer of Thor; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish people; their case is pitiable enough! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; difficult to render clear and concessible;—nay, at that date of the World's History, it was hardly recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacrings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognisable. A just, though very intricate claim: but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre: what could come of it? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousandfold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called; but a great want of other things! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies: savage hordes rather; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid,—driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always 'in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them.' Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech;—alas, false in thought, first of all; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them; who have said always to the harsh Fact, "Thou art not that way, thou art this way!" The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way: the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter;—as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up, to deface this fair green piece of God's Creation with *their* talkings and workings! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black Controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long; incurable, and very dim to us: till here at last, as in the torrent of

Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time!—

Oliver's proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Irish Letters of his in their own natural figure, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this: but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely? That is a question which should be asked; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's Judgments; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery;—which, in fact, is this Editor's case too! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it; has to think: "Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men's minds against the God's Fact; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow!"—But in Oliver's time, as I say, there was still belief in the Judgments of God; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing Capital Punishments,' of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just: God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable;—equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognising eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is a Soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well beseems all soldiers and all men to have always;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art

thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's Justice; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril? Thou wilt then judge Oliver with increasing clearness; otherwise with increasing darkness misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete; the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace,—such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognisable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature! Most rough, unkempt; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags; coarse, drossy: yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth; pouring on like a fire-torrent; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements: not uninteresting to see! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere: "Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs; whose very thought is false, representing not fact, but the contrary of fact,—behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living! As articulate-speaking veracious orderly men, not as a blustering murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!"—They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place;

and according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it.[1] To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds: what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Friend's face, little as it recognises him,—poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves; and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping, inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart;—close neighbour to pity, to trembling affection, and soft tears! Some readers know that softness *without* rigour, rigour as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact.—To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted, in good part, of Englishmen.[2] Perfectly certain this:—and therefore let "the bloody hoof of the Saxon," &c. forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

[1] Two instances: King's Pamphlets, large 4to, no. 42, § 19, 6th-15th Sept. 1649.

[2] Ludlow, i. 301.

LETTERS CIII.—CVI.

STORM OF TREDAH.

The first of this set, a Summons to Dundalk, will be fully understood so soon as the Two following it are read. The Two following it, on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, 'witnessing it from the batteries,' hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!—The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER CIII.

For the Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk: These.

Sir, 'Tredah,' 12th September 1649.

I offered mercy to the Garrison of Tredah,[1] in sending the Governor a Summons before I attempted the taking of it. Which being refused brought their evil upon them.

If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your Garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may thereby prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this Offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame. I rest,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

[1] 'Treedagh' he writes.

* Autograph, in the possession of the Earl of Shannon, at Castle-Martyr, in the County of Cork.

The Chief Officer commanding in Dundalk never received this Letter, I believe! What, in the interim, had become of Dundalk and its Chief and other Officers, will shortly appear.

LETTER CIV.

'To the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.'

SIR, 'Dublin,' 16th September 1649.

It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah. After battery, we stormed it. The Enemy were about 3,000 strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.

The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left 'of' where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having, the day before, summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. 'As' for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. * * * * *

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the Tenalia; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. 'I rest,

'Your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'*Tenalia*,' I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The 'Sir Edmund Varney' who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgehill. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.[2] There is in Wood's Life[3] an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER CV.

'*For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*'

SIR Dublin, 17th September 1649.

Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavouring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me,—from whence endeavours were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn,—I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weather-beaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday the 30th of

* Whitlocke, p. 412.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Prefixed to the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

August[4] last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavour the regaining of Tredah; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

Your Army came before the Town upon Monday following.[5] Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday the 9th[6] of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat-down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat-down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the Chart enclosed.

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavour to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Town-wall and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

Upon Tuesday the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the

[4] Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through the Letter.

[5] 3d September. [6] 10th.

place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Castle being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died: and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned;—which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which they put to the sword. And this 'Tenalia' they held: but it being without the Wall, and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt: wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall,—they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and 'of' the Church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not 'now' annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let-in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: "God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their Army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part 'of ours' they pleased,—and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near 4,000.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk;[7] which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of,—as also 'of' another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Tredah, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Tredah, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your

[7] Antea, Letter CIII.

men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's-day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Castle's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Castle and a Captain of his regiment slain; Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon the place, though many be wounded.

I most humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased 'that' this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying-on affairs here, 'such' as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long—I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply; which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many: and

therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

The defendants in Tredah consisted of: The Lord of Ormond's regiment (Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel), of 400; Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's, of 2,000; the Lord of Westmeath's, of 200; Sir James Dillon's, of 200; and 200 horse.*

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.[8] Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability: surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank in a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot,—poisoned, say some, by the gift of a 'pair of russet-leather boots' which some traitor had bestowed on him.[9]

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well 'work remorse and regret:' for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, That it *is* a judgment of God: and that it did 'save much effusion of blood,' we and all spectators can very readily testify. 'The execrable policy of that Regicide,' says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, 'had the effect he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut'—In fact, it cut through the heart

* Newspapers; in *Parliamentary History* (London, 1763), xix. 201.

[8] 10th August 1649 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 277). [9] Carte, ii. 83.

of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to 'burn' Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which 'drink up' some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two, to reduce Carlingford, Newry,—to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster: of whose progress here are news.

LETTER CVI.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

MR. SPEAKER, Dublin, 27th September 1649.

I had not received any account from Colonel Venables, —whom I sent from Tredah to endeavour the reducing of Carlingford, and so to march Northward towards a conjunction with Sir Charles Coote,—until the last night.

After he came to Carlingford, having summoned the place, both the three Castles and the Fort commanding the Harbour were rendered to him. Wherein were about Forty Barrels of Powder, Seven Pieces of Cannon; about a Thousand Muskets, and Five-hundred Pikes wanting twenty. In the entrance into the Harbour, Captain Fern, aboard your man-of-war, had some danger; being much shot at from the Sea Fort, a bullet shooting through his main-mast. The Captain's entrance into that Harbour was a considerable adventure, and a good service;—as also was that of Captain Brandly,[10] who, with Forty seamen, stormed a very strong Tenalia at Treda, and helped to take it; for which he deserves an owning by you.

[10] Antea, p. 411.

Venables marched from Carlingford, with a party of Horse and Dragoons, to the Newry; leaving the Foot to come up after him. He summoned the place, and it was yielded before his Foot came up to him. Some other informations I have received from him, which promise well towards your Northern Interest; which, if well prosecuted, will, I trust God, render you a good account of those parts.

I have sent those things to be presented to the Council of State for their consideration. I pray God, as these mercies flow in upon you, He will give you an heart to improve them to His glory alone; because He alone is the author of them, and of all the goodness, patience and long-suffering extending towards you.

Your Army has marched; and, I believe, this night lieth at Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, by the Sea-side, between thirty and forty miles from this place. I am this day, by God's blessing, going towards it.

I crave your pardon for this trouble;

And rest,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

P.S. I desire the Supplies moved for may be hastened. I am verily persuaded, though the burden be great, yet it is for your service. If the Garrisons we take swallow-up your men, how shall we be able to keep the field? Who knows but the Lord may pity England's sufferings, and make a short work of this? It is in His hand to do it, and therein only your servants rejoice. I humbly present the condition of Captain George Jenkins's Widow. He died presently after Tredah Storm. His Widow is in great want.

The following Officers and Soldiers were slain at the storming of Tredah: Sir Arthur Ashton, Governor; Sir Edmund Varney, Lieutenant-Colonel to Ormond's Regiment; Colonel Fleming, Lieutenant-Colonel Finglass, Major Fitzgerald, with eight Captains, eight Lieutenants, and eight Cornets, all of Horse; Colonels Warren, Wall, and Byrn, of Foot, with their Lieutenants, Majors, &c.; the Lord Taaff's Brother, an Augustine Friar; forty-four Captains, and all their Lieutenants, Ensigns, &c.; 220 Reformadoes and Troopers; 2,500 Foot-soldiers, besides Staff-Officers, Surgeons, &c.*

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 441, art. 7, 'Letters from Ireland,

Venables went on, rapidly accomplishing his service in the North, without much hurt; though not without imminent peril once,—by a camisado, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant, we observe, still dates from Dublin, but is to quit it 'this day;' his 'Army has already marched:' Southward now, on a new series of operations.

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printed by Authority' (p. 13). *Parliamentary History* (xix. 207-9) has copied this Letter from the old Pamphlet (as usual, giving no reference); and after the concluding 'Surgeons, &c.' has taken the liberty of adding these words, '*and many inhabitants*,' of which there is no whisper in the old Pamphlets;—a very considerable liberty indeed!

LETTER CVII.

STORM OF WEXFORD.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

SIR, Wexford, 14th October 1649.

The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,[1] about a mile above the Castle of Arklow, which was the first seat and honour of the Marquis of Ormond's family. Which he had strongly fortified; but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted; wherein we left another Company of Foot.

From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Limbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company,—advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;[2] where was a

[1] River Darragh;—a branch of what is now called the Avoca; well known to musical persons.

[2] Wallop is Member ('recruiter') for Andover; a King's-Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and obtained in payment this 'fair House,' and Superiority of

strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy; and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person,—a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us: which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

Upon Monday the First of October we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of 'part of' their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Sinnott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom I sent a Summons, a Copy whereof is this enclosed; between whom and me there passed Answers and Replies, Copies whereof these also are:

1. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"Having brought the Army belonging to the Parliament "of England before this place, to reduce it to its due obedience: to "the end effusion of blood may be prevented, and the Town and "Country about it preserved from ruin, I thought fit to summon "you to deliver the same to me, to the use of the State of England.

"By this offer, I hope it will clearly appear where the guilt will "lie, if innocent persons should come to suffer with the nocent. I "expect your speedy answer; and rest,

"Sir,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Enniscorthy: properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present.—Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved.

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"SIR,—I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery of this "Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my honour to do of "myself; neither will I take it upon me, without the advice of the rest "of the Officers and Mayor of this Corporation; this Town being of so "great consequence to all Ireland. Whom I will call together, and "confer with; and return my resolution to you, tomorrow by twelve of "the clock.

"In the mean time, if you be so pleased, I am content to forbear all "acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. Expecting "your answer in that particular, I remain,—my Lord,—your Lordship's "servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

2. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 3d October 1649.

"I am contented to expect your resolution by twelve "of the clock tomorrow morning. Because our tents are not so "good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot "agree to a cessation. I rest,—your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,—I have advised with the Mayor and Officers, as I promised, "and thereupon am content that Four, whom I shall employ, may have a "Conference and Treaty with Four of yours, to see if any agreement "and understanding may be begot between us. To this purpose I desire "you to send mine a Safe-conduct, as I do hereby promise to send unto "yours when you send me their names. And I pray that the meeting "may be had tomorrow at eight of the clock in the forenoon, that they "may have sufficient time to confer and debate together, and determine "the matter; and that the meeting and place may be agreed upon, and "the Safe-conduct mutually sent for the said meeting this afternoon. "Expecting your answer hereto, I rest,—my Lord,—your servant,

"D. SINNOTT.

"Send me the names of your Agents, their qualities and degrees. "Those I fix upon are: Major James Byrne, Major Theobald Dillon, "Alderman Nicholas Chevers, Mr. William Stafford."

3. "*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "Before Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"Having summoned you to deliver the Town of Wex- "ford into my hands, I might well expect the delivery thereof, and "not a formal Treaty; which is seldom granted but where the "things stand upon a more equal foot.

"If therefore yourself or the Town have any desires to offer, "upon which you will surrender the place to me, I shall be able to "judge of the reasonableness of them when they are made known "to me. To which end, if you shall think fit to send the Persons "named in your last, intrusted by yourself and the Town, by whom "I may understand your desires, I shall give you a speedy and "fitting Answer. And I do hereby engage myself, that they shall "return in safety to you.

"I expect your answer hereunto within an hour; and rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 4th October 1649.

"SIR,—I have returned you a civil Answer, to the best of my "judgment; and thereby, I find, you undervalue me and this place so "much, that you think to have it surrendered without Capitulation or "honourable Terms,—as appears by the hour's limitation in your last.

"Sir, had I never a man in this Town but the Townsmen, and "Artillery here planted, I should conceive myself in a very befitting "condition to make honourable conditions. And having a considerable "party, 'along' with them, in the place, I am resolved to die honourably, "or make such conditions as may secure my honour and life in the eyes "of my own Party.

"To which reasonable terms if you hearken not,—or give me 'not' "time to send my Agents till eight of the clock in the forenoon to- "morrow, with my Propositions, with a farther Safe-conduct,—I leave "you to your better judgment, and myself to the assistance of the "Almighty; and so conclude.—Your servant,

"D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"Sir,—My Propositions being now prepared, I am ready to send my "Agents with them unto you. And for their safe return, I pray you to "send a Safe-conduct by the Bearer unto me,—in hope an honourable "agreement may thereupon arise between your Lordship and,—my Lord,— "your Lordship's servant,

"D. Sinnott."

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General[3] with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns; betook themselves, by the help of their boats, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbour, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy,—both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing what had happened, sent another small vessel to her; which our men also took.

The Governor of the Town having obtained from me a Safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,[4] about five-hundred foot. Which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my Safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased:

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 5th October 1649.

"My Lord,—Even as I was ready to send out my Agents unto you, "the Lord General of the horse came hither with a relief. Unto whom "I communicated the proceedings between your Lordship and me, and

[3] Michael Jones. [4] Carte, ii. 92.

"delivered him tne Propositions I intended to despatch unto your "Lordship;—who hath desired a small time to consider of them, and to "speed them unto me. Which, my Lord, I could not deny, he having "a commanding power over me.

"Pray, my Lord, believe that I do not do this to trifle out time; but "for his present consent;—and if I find any long delay in his Lordship's "returning them back unto me, I will proceed of myself, according to my "first intention. To which I beseech your Lordship give credit; at the "request,—my Lord,—of your Lordship's ready servant,

"D. Sinnott."

"*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Town of Wexford.*

"Sir, "Wexford, 6th October 1649.

"You might have spared your trouble in the account "you give me of your transaction with the Lord General of your "horse, and of your resolution in case he answer not your expecta- "tion in point of time. These are your own concernments, and "it behoves you to improve the relief you mention to your best "advantage.

"All that I have to say is, To desire you to take notice, that I "do hereby revoke my Safe-conduct from the persons mentioned "therein. When you shall see cause to treat, you may send for "another.—I rest,

"Sir, your servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."

Our cannon being landed,[5] and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east end of the Town, next the Castle, 'which stands without the Walls,'—it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.

Upon Thursday the 11th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor's stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender:

[5] 6th October (ib.).

"*For the Lord General Cromwell.*

"Wexford, 11th October 1649.

"Sir,—In performance of my last, I desire your Lordship to send me "a Safe-conduct for Major Theobald Dillon, Major James Byrne, Alder- "man Nicholas Chevers, and Captain James Stafford, whom I will send "to your Lordship instructed with my desires. And so I rest,—my "Lord,—your servant,

"D. Sinnott."

Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed,—which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view;—together with my Answer:

"*The Propositions of Colonel David Sinnott, Governor of the Town "and Castle of Wexford, for and on the behalf of the Officers "and Soldiers and Inhabitants in the said Town and Castle, "unto General Cromwell.*

"1. *In primis*, That all and every the Inhabitants of the said Town, "from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall have free and unin- "terrupted liberty publicly to use, exercise and profess the Roman "Catholic Religion, without restriction, mulct or penalty, any law or "statute to the contrary notwithstanding.

"2. That the Regular and Secular Roman Catholic Clergy now "possessed of the Churches, Church-livings, Monasteries, Religious- "houses and Chapels in the said Town, and in the suburbs and franchises "thereof, and their successors, shall have, hold and enjoy, to them and "their successors forever, the said churches, church-livings, monasteries, "religious-houses and chapels, and shall teach and preach in them "publicly, without any molestation, any law or statute to the contrary "notwithstanding.

"3. That Nicholas, now Lord Bishop of Ferns, and his successors, "shall use and exercise such jurisdiction over the Catholics of his "Diocese as since his consecration hitherto he used.

"4. That all the Officers and Soldiers, of what quality or degree "soever, in the said Town and Castle, and such of the Inhabitants as "are so pleased, shall march with flying colours, and be conveyed safe, "with their lives, artillery, ordnance, ammunition, arms, goods of all "sorts, horses, moneys and what else belongs to them, to the Town of

"Ross, and there to be left safe with their own party; allowing each "musketeer, towards their march, a pound of powder, four yards of "match, and twelve brace of bullets; and a strong Convoy to be sent "with the said soldiers, within four-and-twenty hours after the yielding-"up of the said Town.

"5. That such of the Inhabitants of the said Town as will desire to "leave the same at any time hereafter, shall have free liberty to carry "away out of the said Town all their frigates, artillery, arms, powder, "bullets, match, corn, malt, and other provision which they have for their "defence and sustenance, and all their goods and chattels, of what quality "or condition soever, without any manner of disturbance whatsoever, and "have passes and safe-conducts and convoys for their lives and said goods "to Ross, or where else they shall think fit.

"6. That the Mayor, Bailiffs, Free Burgesses and Commons of the said "Town may have, hold and enjoy the said Town and Suburbs, their "commons, their franchises, their liberties and immunities, which hitherto "they enjoyed; and that the Mayor, Bailiffs and Free Burgesses may "have the government of the said Town, as hitherto they enjoyed the "same from the Realm of England, and that they may have no other "government, they adhering to the State of England, and observing "their orders, and the orders of their Governors in this Realm for the "time being.

"7. That all and every the Burgesses and Inhabitants, either native or "strangers, of the said Town, who shall continue their abode therein, or "come to live there within three months, and their heirs, shall have, hold "and enjoy all and singular their several castles, messuages, houses, lands, "tenements and hereditaments within the land of Ireland, and all their "goods and chattels, of what nature, quality or condition soever, to them "and their heirs, to their own several uses forever, without molestation.

"8. That such Burgess or Burgesses, or other Inhabitant of the said "Town, as shall at any time hereafter be desirous to leave the said Town, "shall have free leave to dispose of their real and personal estates "respectively to their best advantage; and farther have full liberty and a "safe-conduct respectively to go into England or elsewhere, according to "their several pleasures who shall desire to depart the same.

"9. That all and singular the Inhabitants of the said Town, either "native or strangers, from time to time and at all times hereafter, shall "have, reap and enjoy the full liberty of freeborn English subjects, without "the least incapacity or restriction therein; and that all the Freemen of "the said Town, from time to time, shall be as free in all the seaports, "cities and towns in England, as the Freemen of all and every the said "cities and towns; and all and every the Freemen of the said cities and "towns to be as free in the said Town of Wexford as the Freemen

"thereof, for their greater encouragement to trade and commerce together "on all hands.

"10. That no memory remain of any hostility or distance which was "hitherto between the said Town and Castle on the one part, and the "Parliament or State of England on the other part; but that all act and "acts, transgressions, offences, depredations and other crimes, of what "nature or quality soever, be they ever so transcendent, attempted or "done, or supposed to be attempted or done, by the Inhabitants of the "said Town or any other, heretofore or at present adhering to the said "Town, either native or stranger, and every of them,—shall pass in "oblivion; without chastisement, challenge, recompense, demand or "questioning for them, or any of them, now or at any time hereafter.

"D. SINNOTT."

"*For the Commander-in-Chief in the Town of Wexford.*

"SIR, "'Before Wexford,' 11th October 1649.

"I have had the patience to peruse your Propositions; "to which I might have returned an Answer with some disdain. "But, to be short,—

"I shall give the Soldiers and Noncommissioned Officers quarter "for life, and leave to go to their several habitations, with their "wearing-clothes;—they engaging themselves to live quietly there, "and to take-up arms no more against the Parliament of England. "And the Commissioned Officers quarter for their lives, but to "render themselves Prisoners. And as for the Inhabitants, I shall "engage myself That no violence shall be offered to their goods, "and that I shall protect the Town from plunder.

"I expect your positive Answer instantly; and if you will upon "these terms surrender and quit, 'and' shall, in one hour, send "forth to me Four Officers of the quality of Field-Officers, and "Two Aldermen, for the performance thereof, I shall thereupon "forbear all acts of hostility.

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."*

* The rest of the Wexford Correspondence is in *Tanner* and elsewhere; this, which completes it, being considered hopelessly lost, must be taken as a very interesting little Document, now that it has turned up. Autograph (or Facsimile Copy? much interlined and very hastily written), now (March 1846) in the possession of Edward Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

Which 'Answer' indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army,—the Captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near three-hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than Two-thousand; and I believe not Twenty of yours from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two 'instances' of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sank, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbour. The other 'instance' was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have used for a Mass-house, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they[6] had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more:—I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the Garrison, they had been more moderate.[7] Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe- and barrel-staves; which are under commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about

[6] The Townsfolk.

[7] Not forced us to storm them.

the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbour.

This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here;—where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward;—and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall near fifteen feet thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing,—and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

'P.S.' A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the Water, with about 1,800 horse 'and' 1,500 foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the Enemy made haste from him.*

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences,

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 65-7); completed by Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 168-185), and the Dublin Autograph given above at p. 168.

when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss;[8]—must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him;[9] to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird's best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

'In October and November this year there ran and were spread 'frequent rumours that Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell was routed 'in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he bore all down before him like 'ane impetuous torrent: how that he had taken Tradaffe and Washeford,' Tredah and Wexford; 'and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had 'exercised all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, 'even brutishly against Nature. On these rumours Will Douglas,' no great shakes at metre, 'did write these lines:

> "Cromwell is dead, and risen; and dead again,
> And risen the third time after he was slain:
> No wonder! For he's messenger of Hell:—
> And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
> What's past; and for more game new counsel takes
> Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes."'[10]

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[8] Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 316, &c.

[9] 11th October 1649, Balfour's *Historical Works* (Edinb. 1825), iii. 432.

[10] Balfour's *Historical Works*, iii. 433.

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